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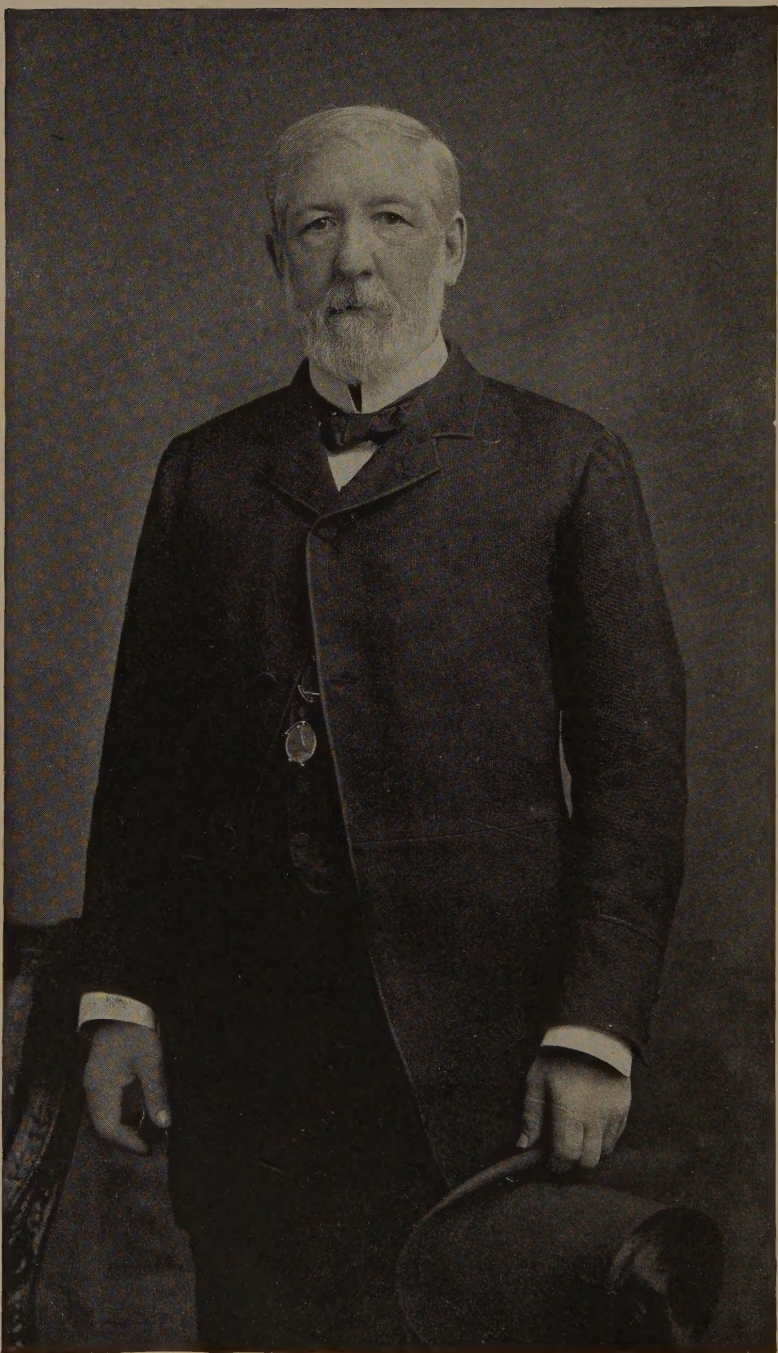
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CENTRAL



James G. Haine
11

BIOGRAPHY

OF

JAMES G. BLAINE

BY

GAIL HAMILTON

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NORWICH, CONN.

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1895

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. GALBRAITH	1
II. BLAINE	13
III. COLONEL BLAINE'S PEACEFUL YEARS	34
IV. JAMES BLAINE	49
V. EARLY EDUCATION	63
VI. FINDING THE ROAD	84
VII. MAINE	98
VIII. IN CONGRESS	136
IX. THE CONKLING-FRY INCIDENT	157
X. VACATION IN EUROPE AND WORK AT HOME	182
XI. THE SPEAKER	222
XII. CREDIT MOBILIER	268

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIII. FROM THE SPEAKERSHIP TO THE SENATE . .	310
XIV. THE WORK OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION .	394
XV. IN THE SENATE	432
XVI. SECRETARY OF STATE	479
XVII. YEARS FROM 1882 TO 1888	569
XVIII. AGAIN SECRETARY OF STATE, 1889	651
AT LAST	720

NOTE. — *The reader is indebted to Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who, at the request of Mrs. Blaine, and with the approval of Gail Hamilton, completed Chapter XVIII., and wrote the concluding pages of this Biography.*

THE PUBLISHERS.

TO DISCOVER AN UNKNOWN LAW OF HUMAN LIFE.

Intellectual energy, like every other of which we have knowledge, is the product of antecedents. A great genius never comes by chance. It always bursts upon the world, as the new star in Auriga burst upon us, unexpectedly, but only because we have not explored the depths out of which it has come. Every man at birth is an epitome of his progenitors. He starts out with the elements of his character drawn from the widest sources, but so mixed in him that he differs necessarily from every other individual of his race. Here is the problem of life. Not the dome of St. Peter's, but how the hand that rounded it acquired its skill; not the play of "Hamlet," but how the mind that gave it its wondrous birth was developed,—these are our chief concern. — EDWIN REED.

I.

GALBRAITH.

THROUGH the mists of that yesterday which we call antiquity loom up the stalwart forms of the Galbraiths moving resolutely, if to us vaguely, around the foot of Ben Lomond and along the shores of the storied lake. A fragment of Gaelic verse epitomizes their honorable history:

“Galbraiths from the Red Tower,
Noblest of Scotch surnames.”

Loyally adhering to Lord James Stuart, they had brought their noble surname to Baldernoch — whence it was but a step to the Clyde — whence their continued share in the world's movement took them to the Isle of Gigha. Here they held with the later McNeills an otherwise undivided sway till the nearness of Ireland tempted them over the easy stretch of blue water to become the Galbraiths of Donegal.

The world movement in which they were involved was a wider one than the Galbraiths knew. So long ago as Julius Cæsar was winning fame in Great Britain, the Scotch, under the name of Piets, and the Irish, Scots, were surging back and forth into each others' lands till on the crest of the human wave Ireland rode triumphant as Scotia Major, and Scotland followed meekly content to be Scotia Minor.

By intellectual prowess Ireland justified her right to the lordly name. Converted to Christianity by St. Patrick and St. Columba, she battled for religion as warmly as she had battled for booty in her good old pirate-pagan days, and won. Religion brought in schools, learning, literature, and sent out missionaries to all the world — the world of England, France,

Switzerland, Italy, Germany. Even Iceland warmed herself in that new sun. When Europe awakened from her long sleep and began to crave colleges, Scotia Major was ready to man them with her professors.

But another wave of barbarism churned down from the North and swept all before it — colleges, houses, churches. Then William with his Normans stormed up from the South and ground the people between the upper and nether millstones — to a finer standard, but to diminished sway; for Scotia Minor ceased to be minor and became Scotland the only, and Scotia Major was fain to fall back upon her pet name and become green Erin.

But this was not all the movement. Crowding also from the East came the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles, pushing Britons to the wall; who, in their turn, with the eagerness of self-preservation, were as sedulously pressing westward and crowding out as they could the Scots from Wales and Cornwall, and crowding up with Saxon Lowlanders against the Celtic Highlanders, and then with the Northmen crowding even into north Ireland till the human caldron boiled like a pot, out of which seething came presently the sturdiest race on earth — the Scotch-Irish.

Whereabouts on their journeyings the wand of Elizabeth touched the Galbraiths, history does not say, but more generous tradition supplies them with knighthood and a coat of arms from her royal hand in 1560 — three wolf heads and a dagger to Archibald Galbraith for having killed more wolves than any man in his shire and thus become to the afflicted farmers a public benefactor.

By her protracted wars Elizabeth had been harder than the wolves upon the north of Ireland, which was reduced to abject misery. On account of the great rebellion of O'Neill and O'Donnell, their estates had been confiscated and reverted to the Crown. James, upon his accession, found the land a "devastated waste." He determined to reclaim it by filling it with a peaceful, thrifty, industrious population. He knew his Scots. By offering "allotments" under certain conditions of improvement, he induced thousands of the better classes, many belonging to the nobility and gentry, to emigrate to Ulster, carrying with them their Presbyterianism of John Knox and the

Westminster Catechism, for the free enjoyment thereof. Then Charles I. succeeded to the throne, and would by all sorts of silly persecution, oaths, fines, imprisonments, confiscations, break down their prosperity, which his father had fostered, for the sake of breaking down their Presbyterianism, which was not his ism. Recourse was even had to butchery. Pastors were forbidden to preach and to baptize. Churches were closed. Rents on lands leased from the Crown were raised so that multitudes were reduced to poverty; raised still further under Charles II., under James II. The Scotch-Irish did not like it. They would not submit like Irish Catholics. They were not enough to resist successfully. They were only one-tenth of the entire population. Had they been the nine-tenths there would have been no Home Rule Question to vex the Parliament of Man to-day. But, being only one-tenth, they sought and found a more excellent way. Ireland was not the home of their ancestors. America beckoned and they came — first, a few bold experimenters, then a great army in many successive regiments. In 1729 it is estimated that 6,000 of the Scotch-Irish had come over. Before 1750 nearly 12,000 had arrived annually for several years. Some went one way and some another, but the greater number made their home in Pennsylvania. They took to the frontiers by natural attraction. Their fighting qualities made them a desirable buffer between the peaceable Quakers and Germans and the wilderness Indians. They were splendid men to settle a new country; fighting men who feared no foe: splendid men to found a new State; Bible men to whom God was a living King, and themselves his responsible subjects.

Among these malcontents were the Galbraiths. Upon the death of John Galbraith in Ireland, his two sons James and John closed connection with the old and threw in their lot with the new. John tarried in Philadelphia, and his descendants went their way and out of our way westward, while James lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plains and hills of Conestoga that they were well watered and fertile everywhere, and chose him all that land to dwell in. Fires had destroyed the timber, but the scrub oak prophesied the great forests which afterwards justified his faith. He was a man in the full

maturity of vigorous life, and he came as an emigrant should, with his wife, Rebecca Chambers, his sons and daughters and grandchildren, and all his household goods. Himself fifty-two years of age, his eldest son, John, twenty-eight, brought his Scotch lassie of twenty-five, Janet, and their three-year-old Robert. There was Andrew, twenty-six, and his wife and their year-old baby John. There was James of fifteen, and Eleanor, and Isabel, and Rebecca named for her mother, names still retained among their proud descendants. The family in this vast, rich, strange land clung together. The father had no sooner settled his sons around him than he bestirred himself at once to found a church in the wilderness. Within a year after his arrival the church was organized. In less than two years his religious home stood firm fixed upon the sweetest spot in Pennsylvania, a pleasant wooded hill with a perennial spring bubbling up its cool waters for man and beast and forming the beautiful "run" which follows its own sweet will through fertile meadows, winding a thousand turns till it joins the Chickquesalunga,—compressed by modern haste and waste into the feeble "Chickies"!

The meeting-house of their faith and hope and aspiration was built of logs and loose stones gathered from the surrounding woods, and there for ten years they worshipped God and rejoiced in their new freedom. So strong was their influence, so sweet their memory of green Erin in spite of all they had suffered there, and so vigorous and well-assured their hope, that Conestoga was fain to yield up her name to their wooing and permit them to become in the New World what they had been in the Old, the Galbraiths of Donegal.

This little Donegal church became the famous nursery of Presbyterianism in middle and western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina. Andrew Galbraith was elected its first ruling elder. As early as 1721 we find him making application to Newcastle, Del., for "supplies" for his church. This young ruling elder, as was meet, his father located next to the church he was to serve and rule, and honors and responsibilities came swift upon him. Along the beautiful Donegal run, next to the glebe land, under patent from the Penns, his farm grew green on hill and meadow,



THE DONEGAL CHURCH AND WITNESS TREE, LANCASTER CO., PA.

and Andrew prospered with it and attested his right to the "noble surname." Upon the organization of Lancaster county he was appointed first coroner, and afterwards became a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, remaining such as long as he lived in Lancaster. In 1732 he was elected to the General Assembly.

In the early history of the province the Quakers held the political power. Pennsylvania was ruled by governors appointed by Penn and approved by the king, and it was a pleasant little family arrangement which had worked smoothly hitherto; but these new colonists threatened to displace the old order. Invited they had come, but in such numbers that their Quaker hosts feared lest themselves should be supplanted and the strangers turn proprietors. They swarmed all along the beautiful Susquehanna, and when challenged for their title said "it was against the laws of God and nature that so much land should lie idle while so many Christians wanted it to labor on," and that they had as good a right to enter and occupy as the Penns!

As early as 1729, James Logan, in a letter to the Proprietaries, wrote: "The Indians themselves are alarmed at the swarms of strangers (Scotch-Irish), and we are afraid of a breach with them. The Irish are very rough to them." In 1730, he complained of the Scotch-Irish, "in a disorderly manner possessing themselves, about that time, of the whole of Conestoga manor, of 15,000 acres."

The argument is not without logic. Logic or no logic, it seems that with the Quakers on one side fighting them at the ballot-box, and the Indians on the other with powder and shot, it was a substantial victory for the Scotch-Irish that they "*rested* chiefly in Donegal, as a frontier people at an exemption from rent."

This struggle was still on when Andrew Galbraith sat down by the gentle welling of Donegal spring. The township being settled entirely by Scotch-Irish, — Presbyterians, — they naturally challenged the supremacy of the Quakers in the organization of the new Lancaster county. Andrew Galbraith was brought out by the Donegalians for the Legislature on the eve of the election. The Quakers became very active to defeat

him. The election was held at the courthouse at the county seat, the only voting-place. Believing that the office should seek the man and not the man the office, Mr. Galbraith made but little effort in his own behalf. His wife seems to have been of a different mind. Her motto was, She serves her country best who serves her husband best, and she mounted her fleet and favorite mare, Nelly, and galloped through the settlement, persuading her neighbors to go down to Lancaster and vote for her Andrew. Thus it came that she rode gallantly at the head of an enthusiastic procession of mounted men down to Lancaster courthouse, where she halted, drew up her men in line and harangued them manfully, and of course they brought her candidate in, elected by three votes over one of the most popular Quakers in the county, throwing out, it must be admitted, some Quaker votes for a slight informality. But certainly the Quakers were awed or persuaded into harmony thenceforth, and reëlected Mr. Galbraith many times without contest. When the roving spirit took him from Donegal, we hear of him at Pennsborough on a perambulating committee, pacing between the Pennsborough meeting-house and the Great Spring to establish just boundaries, and wherever and whenever he appears, he is always the discreet and public-spirited citizen.

The third son, James, stood by his father and brothers in noble character, patriotic service, and public record. He was twice elected sheriff of the county, he was a justice of common pleas of the county, he was an officer in the Indian wars. Up in Swatara they followed hard upon the feet of Donegal, organized a congregation, and were "supplied" by the friendly Donegalians with the stated preaching of the gospel according to John Knox.

Presently came over the sea a most unhappy father and mother, seeking a lost son. During one of the many political excitements in the British Isles the boy had disappeared, and his parents, under the impression that he had gone to America, came to search for him about 1730. The father could not find his son, but he was too valuable a colonist to be let go. A clergyman of the Presbytery of Bangor in Ireland, educated in Edinburgh, he was hospitably and unanimously received by the

Donegal Presbytery, and was installed at the meeting-house in Swatara, which then took the name of Derry. Little Derry bore herself handsomely to him, and appointed representatives who, on his settlement, executed to him the right and title to the "Indian town tract," on the north side of the Swatara, of three hundred and fifty acres.

Young James Galbraith, who had been deeply interested in the Derry church, became still more interested in the new clergyman's pretty daughter, who to her beauty added rare accomplishments, great excellence, and it may not be invidious to say the hope of a fortune through her mother, Elizabeth Gillespie, who was heiress to a handsome estate in Edinburgh. This daughter, Elizabeth Bertram, presently became his wife, and for her he bought the farm on Spring creek, next to her father's, close to the church and including the inevitable grist-mill, and moved thence, taking his own father with him, who had then reached the goodly age of seventy-seven.

But the peaceful glebe-life had warlike interruptions. He and his brother John were elected captains in companies of "associators." Then he rose to be lieutenant-colonel, and fought a good fight in the French and Indian wars of eight stormy and terrible years. A letter to Governor Hamilton gives in a few bold lines a vivid picture of life in that early time. The post-script tells the spirit in which it was met:

DERRY, the 10th August, 1756.

HONORED SIR, There is nothing heare allmost evry day but murder committed by the Indians in som part or oather, about five miles above me, at Monaday Gape, there was two of the provance solders kild, one wounded; there wase but three Indians, and they came in amongst ten of our men and committed the murder, and went off safe, the name or sight of an Indian maks allmost all mankind in these parts to trimble, there Barbarity is so Cruel where they are masters, for by all appearance the Devall commitans, God permits, and the French pays, and by this the Back parts by all appearance, will be Laid waste by flight with what is gon and agoing, more espesaly Cumberland County, Pardon my freedom in this where I have don amiss.

Sir, your most Humble Servant to Command,

JAS. GALBREATH.

P.S. — Sir I am in want of the Pistols.

The next year he was appointed one of the commissioners to build a fort at Wyoming; and when he had stayed long enough at Spring run, over he also went to Pennsborough, and was appointed commissioner for Cumberland county by Governor Penn, and in course of time became owner of land enough to constitute a German principality. April 10, 1777, he was appointed "Lieutenant of Militia in room of Col. Ephraim Blaine, who declined;" but owing to his great age, which prevented him from performing active duty, the Council appointed John Wilkins and James Blaine his assistants. And having given all his sons to officer the war of the Revolution, he died at the good old age of eighty-three, directing his bones to be carried over to the old Derry churchyard, where for forty years the dust of his father had lain.

John, the eldest brother, more closely though not more really to our purpose, seems to have been as quiet and as shrewd as Andrew. He bestowed himself promptly along the Donegal meeting-house run, next neighbor to Andrew, and at a point where the present turnpike, following the lead of Peter Bizalio's Indian trail, crosses the run. That old Indian trader had located a path for his pack-horses, and the Irish emigrants had followed this trail, which at about the time of the Galbraiths' advent rose to the dignity of a public road, leading to the settlement at Chicquesalunga. The Indian trail, become a public road, did what railroads have done since — opened up the country to settlers.

Being by trade a miller, John Galbraith built himself straightway a grist and saw mill, and having also cannily settled along the "great road," handy to the Scotch-Irish settlement, and to the Conoy Indian town, and connecting with the Paxtang and Conestoga road (now nearly covered by the Lancaster and Harrisburg turnpike), he also bethought himself to set up an "ordinary;" wherefore:

To the Honourable bench the humble petition of John Galbreath of Donnegall in the County of Chester

Humbly Sheweth

That your humble petitioner dwelling on a great road and many travelers passing thereby has great encouragement for their relieve and accommodation to take up ordinary to which your petitioner is likewise requested

by the neighborhood for their publick and common advantage in as much as great quantity of barley is raised and malted which by reason of the great distance from a market without publick houses here will turn to no account to their great loss for which valuable considerations your petitioner humbly craves that this hon. bench may be pleased to grant him license to brew and Sell beer and ale

And your humble petitioner as in duty bound Shall ever pray

We whose names are Subscribed inhabitants of Donnegall and Connos-togoe do hereby certifie and confirm the truth of the above petition and also most humbly with Submission to the hon. bench recommend the above petitioner John Galbreath as a fitt person to keep ordinary dated at Donnegall this vi day of Aug 1726.

Among the names of those who thus became surety for his good conduct of the ordinary were his father's, — spelled as it is pronounced, James Galbreth, — his brother Andrew, who supplied an *a* after the *e* in the "noblest of Scotch surnames," James Alison, and Richard, whose land, six hundred and thirty-six acres, ran along the old road and up to Andrew Galbraith's land near the Donegal meeting-house, till in the second generation the family sold it all and went West, to be represented in our day by Senator Allison; Robert Buchanan and William, who may have stayed in Pennsylvania to give her a president of the United States; James Brownlow, who stirred the spirit of '76 in Parson Brownlow; Moffats and McFarlands, Hays and Howards and Cochrans, were all on hand thus early to stand sponsors for the quality and quantity of the beer and ale which their thirsty souls longed for. This ordinary still stands, — a stone house with straight lines erect and firm, — though the present turnpike has risen five feet higher along its front than was the old roadbed, and has thus turned the front of the ordinary into a one-story house, while the rear remains as of yore, in two stories. The doorway facing the road has been built in, and the old mill has disappeared; but Donegal run, narrow and deep and blue and clear, winds between its clean green banks and sparkles to the bending boughs above it, as blithe as in John Galbraith's day, singing its eternal song.

And here John Galbraith bore himself steadfastly for law and order. He was a member of the first jury drawn in Lancaster county, and was twice elected sheriff. In "Cressap's war," between the Marylanders and Pennsylvanians, he demeaned

himself like a true member of the Church Militant, and when Captain Cressap ordered a glass of rum and drank damnation to himself and his men if they ever surrendered, John Galbraith was one of the men who forced him to the alternative.

The Galbraith farm, and the Galbraith tavern, and the Galbraith mill show how untiring was his personal and peaceful activity; and if the "great roads" did not bring men enough to his "ordinary," what should hinder the making of branch roads so that Vinegae's ferry and Anderson's ferry and Rankin's ferry and Conewago falls and all the ends of the earth — their earth — should have easy right of way to Galbraith's mill and Galbraith's well-brewed beer and ale?

But to all his prosperity came a blight. His first-born son, the Robert who had sailed from Ireland with his father and mother, died in his early prime. By will he left his little son John a sacred charge to his father, and afterwards the young widow, by her own will became, with her little daughter, Rebecca, a sacred charge to her prosperous young neighbor, Capt. John Byers, — which scarcely brought separation, for his smiling acres lay close by, and all the orchards and meadows were broad and pleasant — a delectable land for the two grandchildren, John and Rebecca. The stone house, thrown open to them, was ample and comfortable, and in the wide dooryard the flowers still bloom and the shade of lofty trees invites to quiet and hospitality. But the restless spirit returned upon these Scotch-Irish rovers and bore them away from all these fertile valleys to the even then ever-receding West, and little John and Rebecca were seen no more under the bending boughs of Donegal run.

Upon the grandfather fell the bitterness and the sweetness of death while yet he was hardly more than sixty years of age. To his Scotch lass Janet and his brother James he left the settlement of all his earthly affairs, since they alone remained in the neighborhood of dear Donegal.

Then all the fair lands went this way and that — a farm and mill to John Bayley, the farm on the east of Donegal run to Hiestands, and of all the Galbraith and Byers estates no remnant owns to the name, or blood, or race.

But little Rebecca fared well at the hands of her stepfather in her new home, until on a June evening she gave her noble Scotch surname, the vigor of her Galbraith blood, and the courage of her eighteen years to Ephraim Blaine.

Not only do our character and talents lie upon the anvil and receive their temper during generations, but the very plot of our life's story unfolds itself on a scale of centuries, and the biography of the man is only an episode in the epic of the family.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



DONEGAL CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD, LANCASTER CO., PA.

II.

BLAINE.

AS dimly as the noble Galbraiths, through the wavering, lifting, lowering mists of nigh three hundred years may be discerned another heroic figure: a brave soldier, a sturdy Protestant, from whose strength of mind and body alone gleams the spark that lights him down the generations to recognition and the faint remembrance of a name. Out from Scotland, also, he went to Ireland, and his children, having had emigration in their blood, thought another the easier, and found it but a natural remedy for the evils that still surrounded them in Ireland—high taxes, manufactures prohibited, trade lessened, industry vexed with repeated insurrections; and ever voices coming to them from friends and neighbors, across the great tides calling, who had found a rich, free, generous land, where they could enter into their own and govern themselves.

Thus it was that at about the middle of the eighteenth century, near 1745, James Blaine and Isabella his wife took their little son, Ephraim, scarce out of babyhood, and journeyed from Londonderry into the Western World.

Donegal claims him, and to Donegal he must have come first, for in the year 1767 Temple Thompson, of Donegal, died, leaving two hundred acres of land and other property to three minor children, of whom he appointed James Blaine guardian; indicating that he had tarried in Donegal and was probably a relative of the family. He at any rate took charge of the children and educated them, fulfilling the trust of the dying father; but he made his abiding-place in Toboyne township, extending his interests in many directions; for he lived long and prospered. Tradition locates one of his homes in Philadelphia, though he may have shared it with his eldest son.

An old-fashioned two-story brick house on the north side of Arch, in the neighborhood of Fourth or Fifth street, was many years ago pointed out as the Blaine house. He was in Carlisle long enough to make warm friendships, to mature the slow-growing plant, confidence, and to lend his Scotch-Presbyterian sympathy and assistance in building the old stone church which, with improvements and enlargements, still stands on the public square in Carlisle.

In Toboyne township, then on the frontiers, he took up a large tract of land on the south side of the blue Juniata, and immediately assumed a leading part in the affairs of the province so long as it continued a province, an active interest in the state when it became a state, in the nation when a nation was born.

While Pennsylvania was still English, and the French were putting the Indians on their track of blood and fire and torture that themselves might gain control of the New World, James Blaine, for all his Scotch-Irish blood, was sturdily on the English side, though in the stubborn and brutal Braddock he saw repeated in the wilderness the same British policy which had driven him from Donegal to the wilderness. Just as sturdily, when Pennsylvania would throw off her leading-strings and become American, James Blaine gave all the wisdom and sympathy of his declining years, as well as the sons of his strength, to the struggle for independence, nor laid down the torch of life till he had seen that struggle end in victory.

As his family grew to maturity each took up a tract of land around him on the sunny side of the same Juniata. As late as March 24, 1777, a deed from James Blaine and Isabella Blaine his wife, residents of Toboyne township, Cumberland county, conveys to William Blaine, "one of their sons," four hundred acres in Toboyne.

So they took root and extended themselves in the new country, carrying with them wherever they went, and upbuilding wherever they stopped, the church and the school-house; at peace with all the world, so long as the world would ordain the things that make for peace, but desiring only peace under liberty.

Successful in all his business activities, happy in all his

domestic relations, the father of nine children who survived him, the first recorded grief of James Blaine was the death of his wife Isabella — a loss in some degree repaired by his subsequent marriage with Elizabeth Carskaden, daughter of George Carskaden, of Toboyne, his friend and neighbor. That she was a practical rather than a pretentious woman appears in the successful compression she put or permitted upon her own rather impressive name when bestowing it upon her son James "Scadden." But the second marriage did not apparently disturb the family harmony, for by will his executors were "my beloved son Ephraim and my beloved wife Elizabeth," who long survived him. Their honorable exactitude appears in an inventory which shows accounts of debt and credit, carefully estimated and duly balanced, to the smallest detail.

Of the nine children, Ephraim, the little Irishman, was the eldest. He received a classical education at the school of Rev. Dr. Alison, a school famous in its time. No better proof is needed of the principle that it is the teacher, and not boards, buildings, or machinery, that accomplishes education than the number of distinguished men of that day whose biography records their education by Rev. Dr. Alison. There was a commanding reason why the north of Ireland young gentleman should be sent to Dr. Alison's school, inasmuch as he had come himself from the Irish Donegal, and had settled in Toboyne township, neighboring the Blaine home. He was moreover pronounced the greatest classical scholar in America, especially in Greek, and "a great literary character;" and he not only wore in their season all the honors thereunto appertaining in his own State, but had the distinction of being the first of his presbytery who received the honorary degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow.

On the recommendation of Franklin he had been early made a tutor to the son of John Dickinson, author of the famous "Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer," which did no small work in arousing the people to recognize and resist the tyranny of the British ministry. Having permission to take a few other pupils, he at length opened an academy to which it was considered a great advantage and privilege to be admitted. He had a taste of the field, and as chaplain saw varied and active

service. He was a statesman, and opposed the throwing off of the proprietary government, a compliment which Richard Penn returned with a tract of one thousand acres of well-watered, fertile Susquehanna land. And even in that early day, his humane and just mind developed the emancipation of his slaves by will, as logically as it wrought the evolution of subjects into citizens.

It is little that "his failing was a proneness to anger," since he was "placable and affable;" and a quick and generous anger may be but an intellectual stimulus to the bright, but discursive minds with which the school-master deals.

When young Ephraim left the patriotic and stimulating training of this school he went armed with a recommendation from Dr. Alison for an ensigncy in the provincial service, and indorsed as "a young gentleman of good family." Nearly all his short life had been passed within sound of the rifle-shot, and it is not strange that he should have turned to military service. Dr. Alison's recommendation was honored, and young Blaine was appointed commissary sergeant. There and then began the apprenticeship which subsequently availed himself and his country so greatly in the acquisition of Independence. The wars between the provincials and the Indians were flagrant, and with many varying fortunes were steadily tending towards Indian subjugation and provincial supremacy. But the struggle was bitter and long. Dr. McGill has said, "The rich and beautiful Cumberland valley became the bloodiest battle-ground we have ever had since the beginning of our American civilization. There the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians had been suffered to pour their stream of immigration, in order that they might stand guardsmen for the nation through nearly the whole of a century."

Colonel Burd, of Carlisle, was sent to open a road from Brad-dock's road on Laurel hill to the Monongahela, and thence to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. Opening a road in that time meant the construction of forts at various points for defence. On a hill overlooking the Monongahela, on the site of the present town of Brownsville, Colonel Burd built a fort, and on Sunday, the 4th of November, 1759, his chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Alison, preached a sermon in the fort, and on the same day left for

Philadelphia, having no objection, it would appear, to travelling on Sunday. It is pleasant to think that his late pupil, the young ensign of good family, then just eighteen, may have joined his teacher and preacher after the sermon was over, and strolled along the heights, gathering into his youthful vision all the majestic sweep of river, the smiling intervale beyond, and the wall of hills rising abruptly behind it, brilliant, glowing, quivering in the autumn sunshine, — sheltering hills, kindly river, happy valley, to which a most dear life of his life was one day to be intrusted.

In 1763 Ephraim Blaine was connected with the Second Provincial Regiment, was in the Bouquet expedition, and shared in the dangers and triumphs of the savage "Pontiac war." In the performance of his duties he traversed the State, largely then a wilderness, from Carlisle to Pittsburg, and gained a familiarity with its topography, its wealth of resources, its picturesqueness, and its promise, which in the subsequent Revolutionary struggle was of the greatest service to the nascent nation and to his own fortunes.

Attracted no doubt by his Carlisle comrades and by the vicinage of Rebecca Galbraith, he seems early to have chosen Carlisle for his permanent home. One month after he had completed his twenty-third year, the prudent young officer purchased from James Fleming and wife, for one hundred and fifty pounds Pennsylvania currency, a house-lot in Carlisle — judging accurately that peaceful tides were flowing in.

The young soldier's valet, by the way, had but an unwilling mind for the tame duties of peace, and his master was forced to offer in Franklin's "Gazette":

THREE POUNDS REWARD.

Run away from the Subscriber in Carlisle an Irish Servant Man named Michael Futrill, aged about twenty-six Years, about 5 feet 8 inches high, dark Complexion, short black curled Hair, pitted with the Small Pox; had on when he went away a blanket Coat, Buckskin Breeches, white Shirt, Thread Stockings and Pumps; he served his time with Col. James Gillespie in Lancaster County; he has been in the Army and it is supposed he will go towards New York. Whoever takes up and secures said Servant so that his Master may get him again shall have the above Reward from the subscriber

EPHRAIM BLAINE.

Even Dr. Alison's slaves were only to be free when the doctor had no further use for them!

Whether the thread stockings and pumps ever found their way back to their master, history does not inform us; but on May 8, 1765, the treaty of peace was signed; on the fifth of June Governor Penn's proclamation opened Indian trade, and on the twenty-sixth, just one month after he had completed his twenty-fourth year, Ephraim Blaine celebrated the new peace by taking to himself as wife Rebecca Galbraith.

Before the honey-moon was over he appeared in court in answer to a summons as a grand juror, was sworn, and served as a good citizen. On October twenty-second he was summoned again, but evidently thought this was more than his share of public duty and failed to appear. At various times thereafter he was summoned, and served until, on the 22d October, 1771, he made his first return as sheriff of the grand jurors he had summoned.

He had, however, been doing something beside serving on the grand jury; for at this time, though only about thirty, he owned, besides the corner lot in Carlisle which he had bought before his marriage, four hundred acres of land on the beautiful Conodoguinet creek, and all the indications are that he must have been in easy circumstances.

In the bond given by him when he was made sheriff his father was one of the sureties; and as five good men and true, composing the Executive Council, attested to the recorder for the county of Cumberland that they did approve of Robert Callender and James Blaine as sufficient sureties for Ephraim Blaine, his due execution for the office of sheriff of the county of Cumberland, it follows that both were known for men of substance. Robert Callender was a very rich man. He was an old Indian trader, and had had much trouble from friend and foe in the Indian fightings. In a single encounter when he was convoying a train of eighty-one pack-horse loads of goods, sixty-three were destroyed, valued at three thousand pounds. In vain he protested that they were not destined for the hostile Indians, but were for the Illinois, and to be stored at Fort Pitt. He was charged with intending "to steal up the goods" before the trade was legally opened, which was, no doubt, the aspect that his superior shrewdness and sagacity assumed to the more

laggard traders. Certainly he stood on a good footing both with young Ephraim and his father, since the three combined to be "held and firmly bound unto our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith &c. in the sum of two thousand pounds lawful money of Pennsylvania to be paid to our Sovereign Lord the King his heirs and successors to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves our heirs executors and administrators and every of them jointly and severally firmly by these presents sealed with our seals and dated the fourteenth day of October in the eleventh year of his Majesty's reign," before John Agnew, Esq., one of His Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Cumberland aforesaid.

Unquestionably both father and son had profited by Robert Callender's experience, for Ephraim was in his turn a skilful and successful Indian trader and established headquarters at Carlisle. Whether he had himself threaded on horseback the wilderness with which he had first become familiar as a soldier, armed with a rifle as bright, and appurtenances as various, and followed by a retinue almost as large, of horses with packs and men with the luggage, or whether he confined himself to presiding over the collection and distribution of his stores at Carlisle, we are not told. On his appointment as sheriff of Cumberland county he seems to have given up Indian trade.

He never made trade subservient to patriotism, never encroached on what might be due to the country, being constitutionally on the side of law and order, even against some of his own friends; for through the piping times of peace, the bugle blast of war was ever sounding. Turbulence was the natural after-swell and roar of past storms. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians were fain to enjoy the liberty which they valued so highly and had bought so dearly, and sometimes they verily thought they did God service by resisting the powers that be.

During the prevalence of Indian war an act of assembly prohibited the selling of guns, powder, and other warlike stores to Indians, but a company of traders, tempted of the devil, risked the safety of the community by selling their wares, irrespective of law, to the Indians. The ruling Quakers,

supposed to be friendly to the Indians and hostile to the Presbyterians, did not interpose. Wherefore the law-and-orderly Cumberland men took the enforcement of law into their own hands by seizing the goods, blankets, lead, tomahawks, scalping-knives, gunpowder. Two Germans, who had murdered ten peaceable Indians, were arrested and lodged in Carlisle jail, but a warrant was issued for their removal to Philadelphia for trial. The Carlisle folk counted this an encroachment on the right of a citizen to be tried by a jury of his countrymen in the county where the crime was committed. Some seventy men well armed appeared at the door of Carlisle jail early one morning, surprised the keeper, effected entrance, and bore away the murderers. Colonel Armstrong the sheriff, William Lyon, the Presbyterian clergyman-soldier John Steel, then a youngster of twenty-three and all the more likely for that to be on hand, Col. Ephraim Blaine, and others, gathered to the assistance of Sheriff Armstrong in pursuing the rioters; but they escaped to Virginia. One is fain to believe that the chase for such law-breakers was not over-hot.

Colonel Blaine's peaceful pursuits were remarkably successful. He became one of the wealthiest men of interior Pennsylvania at that day. In his purchases of land he had an eye for the picturesque and beautiful as well as for the fertile and productive. In 1772 he built the mill on his Cave farm, so called from a cave in the rock that has never been thoroughly explored unless by a dog that is said to have gone in at the farm and come out in Carlisle! We can still drive along the peaceful country road that Colonel Blaine built for the farmers to come to his mill; and a mill then was an immediate vital industry. The mill is not there, but the Conodoguinet goes down, as of old, past the place where the mill-wheel went turning round and round, and curves into a broad, tranquil stream, spreading smoothly under the willow; and beyond water and willow we see the pleasant country house to which its owner came for summer rest, and whither his friends drove out from the city for many a gala feast.

Across the water, half hidden by trees and vines, can still be discerned the black mouth of the mysterious cave which gives its name to the place. On a high wooded knoll behind the

house, but easily accessible by a safe road, is a far fair view of the goodly land into which he entered and took possession, amply wooded and watered, framed in with purple hills, fruitful under a caressing sun.

Joining his father, or perhaps joined by his father, in erecting and supporting the First Presbyterian Church in Carlisle, his pew in the church was steadily occupied, and his "stipend" was as regularly found on the treasurer's list — among the highest contributors, along with the familiar Byers and Galbraiths. His children were reared in the habit of attending church, and of paying their share of money and of moral influence in sustaining the institutions of the gospel. His voice was wanting in no good word, his hand in no good work.

But another war-cloud was rising in which the red-coats were to be vanquished as the red-skins had already been. Into this war Ephraim Blaine, still a young officer, entered with the energy of youth, with the enthusiasm of conviction, with the advantage of experience. He joined at once in raising and officering a battalion of associators, of which he was commissioned lieutenant. On July 12, 1774, a meeting of the citizens of Cumberland county was held to take action upon the act of Parliament closing the port of Boston. At that meeting Colonel Blaine, together with his old teacher and friend Francis Alison, John Armstrong, Robert Callender, Jonathan Hoge, and others, was appointed a member of the committee "to correspond with the committee of this province or of the other provinces upon the great objects of the public attention, and to coöperate in every measure conducing to the general welfare of British America."

One week after, he made his last return as sheriff of grand jurors, and gave himself wholly to the greater work. In December, 1775, the Committee of Correspondence for Cumberland County reported to the Committee of Safety that they had expectation of raising an entire battalion in the county in addition to the twelve companies already sent to the front, and among the officers therefor recommended Ephraim Blaine as lieutenant-colonel. The next month Col. Ephraim Blaine, of the First Battalion of Cumberland County Militia, was directed to hold an election for field officers of the battalion. But his

remarkable executive ability had brought him to the notice of the Supreme Executive Council, and on April first, by a resolution of Congress, Ephraim Blaine was appointed commissary of provisions. He thereupon resigned his commission and entered the Commissary Department.

For this department he was specially fitted by his superior business qualifications, his large personal credit, his intimate knowledge of the resources of the Middle States, attested by his success in managing his own private affairs.

August sixth, of the same year, he was elected deputy commissary general of purchases, "in the room of Mr. Buchanan." On the transfer of Gen. Nathaniel Greene to field service, at the personal request and recommendation of General Washington he was made commissary general of purchases of the Northern Department, a difficult position, demanding not only integrity, but infinite patience, prudence, and worldly wisdom. To this position he continued to be elected and reëlected by Congress.

Colonel Blaine's life thenceforth, till independence was attained, lay in furnishing the soldiers with food, sometimes to the point of keeping the army from starving. His highest promotion came during the memorable and critical winter of Valley Forge. With a bankrupt and listless Congress, with an army perishing of hunger and cold, and saved only by the gayety of the British officers and the blandishments of the Tory ladies of Philadelphia, who served their country by keeping the Howes, and Andrés, and Burgoynes writing verses and dancing Meschianzas instead of going out in the snow and sleet to destroy Washington and his remnant at Valley Forge, — the terrible winter was softened and made tolerable by Colonel Blaine's strenuous exertions in the service of his country and of his revered chief and friend, General Washington.

Every school-child remembers Valley Forge, for the sufferings of the soldiers and the footsteps tracked in blood; but every child does not know that all the while "hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams, or of money to pay the teamsters;" that when ordered to be ready to march against the British, the army answered that fighting

would be preferable to starving. Three days, reported a commander, we "have been destitute of bread. Two days we have been entirely without meat." Washington reported, an "alarming deficiency, or rather total failure, of supplies." On the 23d December, 1777, he reported: "Since the month of July, we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general; and to want of assistance from this department, the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency." "We have, by a field return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot, and otherwise naked."

And — alas! that we must say it — in this bitter time critics arose to carp and sting, to attribute to Washington the misery of the soldiers and the low estate of the war. Many men in the region round about preferred to send their grain to the British dancing in Philadelphia rather than to the patriots dying at Valley Forge. What wonder that Washington cherished forever a tender friendship for the man who stood at his side faithful among many faithless; eager, active, loyal, helpful, untiring, self-suppressing, through that season of stress and test? Back and forth from Carlisle to Valley Forge, from Valley Forge to Carlisle, went Colonel Blaine, consulting friends and neighbors, urging the laggard traders and farmers. Then it was seen why he had been foreordained a miller, a farmer, a tradesman. Night and day, every mill that he owned, every mill that he could control or influence, was kept running to feed the soldiers. He ordered, pleaded, urged, remonstrated, impelled. I have heard that insistent and irresistible voice bearing down all opposition. The sore need of money may be inferred from such simple facts as that with an estimate of \$8,000,000 voted for a year, the whole sum actually raised by the States during the first five months was \$20,000. Out of his own means, and by his influence over his neighbors, and by all his business reputation with men of means and affairs, Colonel Blaine advanced a saving fund, for the distressed and apparently abandoned army.

At one time (January, 1780) the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania drew a single warrant in his favor for one million of dollars, to reimburse him for advances which his own

means and exertions had provided; and at another time a warrant for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was credited to him by the same authority, in payment of similar obligations.

And while he was gathering in provisions and pouring out money he was also hammering away at Congress, whose journals are fretted with his name. April 5, 1777, the day before his promotion to the generalship, Congress "Ordered that there should be advanced to Ephraim Blaine Esqr. in part payment of the balance due to him for provisions furnished the troops, and in advance towards his furnishing provisions in consequence of his late appointment \$15,000." Another time it is resolved that a copy of the letter from Ephraim Blaine and its enclosures be transmitted without delay to the several States, who are hereby requested to take into their serious consideration the present want and distress of the army, and that they furnish and forward, by means the most efficacious, the supplies requested from them. Even as early as 1775 the Committee reported that there is due to Ephraim Blaine for expenses incurred by the treaty with the western Indians, and paid by him, the sum of "533 odd" dollars. There is a "Mem of money paid sundry persons in 1776 when out with the Militia." By 1780 at least, Congress opened its heart to Colonel Blaine, and "Resolved him a salary at the rate of \$40,000 by the year until the further order of Congress, also six rations a day, and forage for four horses,"—not too high a salary if we look at some of his accounts:

Feb. 14 1779 Col. Blaine bo't at vendue

- 1 chafing dish
- 1 roasting jack
- 1 mahy [mahogany] china table
- 1 chest of drawers
- 1 mahy tea table
- 1 china bowl
- 6 cups & saucers

at the extraordinary, if one may not say extravagant, price of £365 5s. 3d.¹ The "1 mahy tea table," at least, is still in good preservation, and is held in affectionate reverence by his kin.

¹The pound in Pennsylvania currency was of the value of \$2.66 2-3. The value of pounds, shillings, pence, Pennsylvania currency, was expressed in dollars and ninetyeth parts of a dollar. The penny was 1-90, the shilling 12-90, and the pound 240-90 of a dollar. The latter was therefore \$2 60-90, or \$2.66 2-3.

Mrs. Irwin's bill for sugar and coffee is :

274 lbs. of sugar and 112 lbs. of coffee £702-5-0, at \$2.66½ per £.

1779, John Cox's bill for a night's lodging and boarding of Colonel Blaine, his servant and two horses, is £64.

Decem^r 17. 1779. Colo Blain D^r

To a Mug of Toddy	£3	0	0
Rum To Sert	0	15	0
Dinner & Club	4	0	0
Quarts of Corn	1	10	0
Supper	3	0	0
Club	9	7	6
2 Bottles of Clarrett	22	10	0
Lodging	0	7	6
Rum To Serv ^t	1	10	0
Breakfast	3	0	0
Ditto for Ser ^t	2	5	0
Hay	5	0	0
	55	5	0

One account is not so surprising as the receipt:

Ephraim Blaine Esq. bought

1 Cag old spirits 10 gallons	£5	10	0
Cag		3	6
	£5	13	6

Reed at same time the contents in full for Michael Gratz

ALEXR. ABRAHAMS.

Rec^d. 18th Oct—1779 from Eph^m. Blaine fifty seven thousand Dollars which I promise to replace in two Day

57,000 Doll^r

ROBERT ALISON

The first item of an account with Mr. Nichols, but well after the war, is for "Mhde [merchandise] delivered Gen. Washington," £78.

£31 14s. 2d. Pennsylvania currency he paid to Alexander Blaine and John Holmes, Esq., for keeping General Morris's gray horse Ajax through the winter, by order of Col. George Morgan, who sent him down from Pittsburg.

An account made out for him in March, 1780, by George Morton, who was an assistant in Colonel Blaine's office, is

supplemented with a note in Colonel Blaine's own handwriting, whose severity scorches still through the century:

SIR: Annexed you have a statement of your acct. nearly as it will be settled in the Creditors' office for which there will be a considerable balance against you, for which I am accountable—if there appears any error you can have it altered. Mr. Morton knows more of the amt. than I do. I knew nothing of Mrs. Blaine's being indebted to you untill the other Day and I am astonished to see the note you have written her upon that subject. Mr. Morton will regulate the charges between us if any error and Mr. Russell will fix the Exchange agreeable to rule. If money due to you, it shall be paid and if the balance is against you, I shall expect it. I am Sir
Your hble Servt.

EPH. BLAINE.

Colonel Blaine could not only say sharp words on occasion, but take decisive and incisive action, as the records show, even against Alexander Hamilton! But he was equally prompt to suppress all underhand scheming. Parts of an interesting little correspondence between Blaine and Harrison attest his vigilance and his loyalty.

TO COLONEL HARRISON.

CAMP 1st Jan. 1778.

SIR: What I mentioned to you yesterday, thought it my duty. The person who gave me my information is John Jones, Inn Keeper, near the Windsor Forge; he told me a Captain Reese belonging to one of the Penna. Regiments, his brother and another man were present; he seemed a little guarded in mentioning the matter to me and said he was astonished to hear the gentleman express himself so publicly; part of his conversation was to the effect, that the General was not the man people imagined, nor yet the General; and that he was unpardonable for missing the many opportunities he had over the Enemy;—the whole conversation can be had from that gentleman. . . . A very little time will discover some of those ill-natured malicious men; he assured there are but very few and are preparing weapons to break their own heads.

NOTE BY R. B. N. HARRISON.

Colonel Blaine in a conversation the day preceding the date of this letter told me General Conway had said G. W. — he is the gentleman alluded to.

General Conway's little unpleasantness at that time made it imperative to know who was on the Lord's side, and what they were doing who were on the other side! In his intentness Col.

Blaine is sometimes brusque ; and both he and his correspondents are often too eager to be elegant. While orthography and punctuation are little to the purpose, I have supplied both when necessary to the sense. Homely their details and plain their words, but the place whereon they wrought is holy ground :

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1779.

Busy collecting food — will go as far as Winchester in Virginia. My doubt about being able to procure a plentiful supply of Flour for our coming is very great — there are near seven months before we can have any relief from the Crops now in the Ground, and indeed sorry I am to inform you that the scarcity of grain is not so real as artificial. Extortion seems generally to prevail with mankind — some from a desire of obtaining large prices hold back from sale — others from disaffection and dislike to our currency.

TO ROBERT L. HOOPER, JUN., ESQ.,

A.C. OF PURCHASES AT EASTON.

12th. I am afraid of Our Salted Provisions Spoiling. See that yours is in proper Order and the pickle Sound. — One Weeks Neglect may occasion considerable loss in that Article —

16th. “ Am exceeding sorry to find that there is the least Appearance of any of your Beef spoiling, it will be a great loss, and give the malicious Room to charge us with Neglect. Let every Measure be adopted to preserve it — believe Severe smoking will be the best but first have it clear drained from the Old pickle — and make a Strong fresh Pickle, which let it lay in, twelve Hours before you hang it

24th — The Acco^t I have received of Your Salt Provisions being Spoiled distresses me exceedingly. It will oblige us to buy fresh Beef before it is fit to Use ; and at a most extravagant Price, and exclusive of the great Loss the publick will Sustain it will occasion great Clamour with many people —

July 1st — I have had Letters from the Commissary Gen^l of Purchases and Issues, and from General Sullivan — who has also wrote the Board of War — that all the Salt Provisions are Spoiled — beg to hear from you by very first Express —

PRINCE TOWN 29th Jan^r., 1780 —

SIR: I have done all in my Power to Obtain Money from the Treasury board for the use of my Department but have been disappointed — The Treasury being exhausted of the Monies limited and the taxes coming in very slow — have Obliged Congress to delay payment of Large sums want^d, for the Commissary and Quarter Master's Department — I have not been able to Obtain a sum Necessary for the present Demands of my assistants in the vicinity of Camp for the daily supplies of our Army at Head Quarters — You must therefore wait till Congress have it in their

power to Obtain money by tax and dispose of bill of Exchange which they are now about selling, — without the Immediate wants of the Garrison at Fort Pitt, call your attention. In that case you will make Immediate application to the Treasury Board for a sum of money sufficient to make the Necessary Purchases in your District, for the above purpose, and I make no doubt they will furnish you with it. I am now on my way to New England; when I return shall give you every Assistance in my Power, and am with much regard Sir

Your most Obed^t.

and most

Hble Serv^t,

EPH BLAINE C.G.P

PETARABAH 1st. of May 1780

SIR

I received yours of the 16th. of April and have noted the contents — about that time I will be with you and have been as ready some time past as I now am. — Wou'd request you to use your influence to send M^r. Darah down to Elk as it will require a few days yet, to compleat my Acc^{ts} — Some acc^{ts}. I believe I never shall get settled as people are not disposed to receive such money as I have to pay them. and we have no tender law for any species but hard Stuff — Do tell Monsieur the French Agent if he wants any Supplies of the Victual kind fo his fleets or Armies, I am his man, provided he will furnish plenty of Gold — God knows I have made a pretty hard time past. the whole of my Commission not worth one Damn. —

I am with Esteem S^r

Your Obed^t. Serv^t.

PATRICK EWING —

COL^o. EPHRAIM BLAINE —

Philadelphia, 25th May, 1780, records :

Executive and Legislative objection to his plans for supplies. He insists, they give in.

Philadelphia, 27th May, 1780, he reports that he will send one thousand barrels of flour soon :

Be assured of my utmost exertions in adopting ways and means to procure supplies tho' I am loaded with debt and have not had a shilling this two months.

TO COL. BLAINE.

SPRINGFIELD 10 August 1780

SIR

I recerved yours of 9 today. I should long er now have Settled but having a Suit out ditermoned that I brought against a Miller for what you



MANSON OF COLONEL ALEXANDER LOWREY, LANCASTER CO., PA.

are pleased to call froud I could not Settle my accounts before it was done I purpose to be with you in a few days

ANSWER.

SIR

Admitting the causes above stated, it was your indispensable duty to have acquainted me with the circumstance of the Miller, which you urge as an apology for your neglect, and by such information you would have saved me the trouble of writing upon such a disagreeable subject as that of embezzlement. —

The performance of Colonel Blaine's duties carried him throughout Pennsylvania, and from New England to the Carolinas, and it is pleasant sometimes to find him at old Donegal with his intimate stanch friend Colonel Lowrey, whose home, "Locust Grove," stood on the sunniest slope of the Susquehanna, a half mile from its bank. He had come from the north of Ireland when about six years old. He had been Colonel Blaine's companion on the Bouquet expedition, he had marched with General Forbes to Duquesne, and had escaped with his life from the massacre of Bloody run; more happy than his brother John, who had been killed by the Indians at the "Forks of the Ohio," in 1750. Both land-lovers and land-owners, both Indian traders of many years' standing, with Indian trading-stores in Carlisle, Colonel Lowrey and Colonel Blaine were not only sentimental friends in Donegal, with fresh Scotch-Irish reminiscences, but hard-headed business friends in the world of money-making, co-patriots in the great cause of independence, and intimate and sympathetic in all. Colonel Lowrey, too, had become an officer in the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by his bravery, his fidelity, and his sagacity. His home on the river nearly opposite Anderson's ferry was on the great line of travel, and during the war sheltered many officers despatched on important business to and from headquarters. When Congress was in session at York, many distinguished people who had dealings there stopped over at Colonel Lowrey's. Sometimes when the ice prevented the boats from passing, the travellers were detained for days, and the hospitable owner drew liberally upon his large flocks of turkeys for the sustenance and good cheer of his friends. It is pleasant to think of neighborly festivities relieving the

stern tension of war, and the ample rooms of the hospitable Lowrey house echoing between the roar and rush of battle the inextinguishable laughter of the gods.

They had need to hearten each other in Donegal, for the Pennsylvania Quakers, if patriotic, were non-combatant. While Howe and Cornwallis could get no forage in the country around New York, because it was so closely watched by that arch-rebel George Washington and his handful of starveling soldiers, the hills and valleys of Pennsylvania mocked them with rich granaries. Bertram Galbraith, son of James, therefore cousin to Rebecca Galbraith Blaine, brought the battalions of Donegal and the country to arms; but the non-combatants resisted arms, and kept Colonel Galbraith and Colonel Lowrey in the saddle day and night, arresting the rebellious, encouraging the loyal, throwing the ring-leaders into jail by way of intimidation, bailing them out again by way of conciliation, and giving their own personal obligation to the farmers for payment of forage and cattle taken for the use of the army.

On a Sunday morning, Colonel Galbraith sent an express to Donegal to Colonel Lowrey to call out his Donegalians against the advancing British. The express arrived at the meeting-house during service. The congregation immediately adjourned to the grove, and the men joined hands in a circle around one of the big trees, since called "The Witness Tree," and pledged themselves anew to the sacred cause of freedom.

Their beloved Scotch minister, Colin McFarquhar, had not been in the country quite long enough to establish a clear record, so they sweetly forced him inside the circle and made him take off his hat and hurrah for the Continental cause, which he did with as good grace as possible, whatever may have been his predilections, and lived among them in love for many years thereafter; while Colonel Lowrey marched on with his men to the front, and when they could find no red-coats for a target, amused themselves by firing at tavern-signs which bore any relation to the tyrant George, till they reached the Brandywine, where the joking ceased.

Washington lost at Brandywine, and Gates won at Saratoga. And when, forgetting Schuyler, he came down from Saratoga to persuade Congress that he alone had won the battle from

Burgoyne, and deserved to be put over the head of Washington, Colonel Lowrey met him on the river-banks, as a loyal brother-officer needs must, and having, manlike, bidden him to his house, hurried up apace to inquire too late of Mistress Lowrey, "My dear, can you entertain company to-day?" "No, my dear," emphatically protested the good housewife, "there is nothing —" "Sh! don't say a word!" interrupted the colonel, in no stage whisper. "They are right at my heels!" Mrs. Gates was among them, and the little girl who nestled shyly in a corner and absorbed everything with eager eyes, to transmit it to this generation, remembered even the ribbons the lady wore; but, alas! she transmitted them to a male child, and, for all he can tell of their color or texture or fashioning, they might as well have been torn to tatters in Burgoyne's defeat!

Gates had good cheer at the Lowrey house, but Washington remained at the head of the army.

Ah! what eager ambitions, what high hopes, what bitter rivalries, what splendid determination and heroism, have travelled up and down that beautiful slope to the Susquehanna, in the old days when the slope was unvexed with houses, and nothing lay between the home and the majestic river but the green turf or the unbroken snow!

The lady of the manor was as heroic as there was any call for; witness the courtesy with which she perforce opened her house to her Gates guests and made them welcome; but she also loved ornamentation and beauty, and Colonel Lowrey being away when she was ordering the trappings of her new carriage, she innocently enough bespoke a coat-of-arms to be thereon emblazoned, meaning no treason, only decoration; but when the colonel came home and saw the accursed thing, thunder gathered on his brows. "Bring me a hatchet," he commanded a waiting servant. The hatchet was brought, and the pretty bauble was hacked off the carriage and buried by his own hands, and no man knoweth of its sepulchre to this day.

Colonel Blaine's children were too young to serve him except through their bright spirits, their fresh interest, and the inspiration of their free future beckoning. He was but thirty-four. To his little boys of seven and nine the war was but a wide playground; but his brothers Alexander and William

were his loyal and able assistants, both active officers, the former in his own department, Assistant Commissary of Issues. Alexander is represented through his daughters in our generation by his descendant, Judge Shiras, of the Supreme Court, by the Hon. Robert J. Walker, and until within a few years by his daughter, Mrs. Anderson, who, nearing her one hundredth birthday, carried into our time her tall figure, her striking presence, and traces of the great reputed beauty which had made her young days brilliant.

An account of provisions issued to the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, detachments, artificers, wagoners, etc., at Carlisle, from January to September, 1777, by Alexander Blaine, Assistant Commissary of Issues, beautifully ruled and written by his own hand, has escaped destruction, to show that our patriot army disposed of 109,403½ lbs. of bread to 116,552 "Jills" of "Rum or Whiskey."

Alexander Blaine had also been fitted for the work by an excellent education, and by long experience in business affairs. So early as 1768, when he could have been hardly more than twenty-five years old, he received from the Hon. John Penn, Esq., his certificate of character and license to trade with the Indian nations and tribes.

To the wonderful triumphant end of the war, Ephraim Blaine held his even course, strong, sustained, effective, untouched by envy, unmoved by calumny, unswerving under opposition, loyal to his chief, loyal to his cause, marshalling his inglorious flour and whiskey for the preservation of life as strenuously as if he had been intrusted with the glory of battle. And presently even the dates of his severe business letters and the dry terms of his orders and despatches are musical with the notes, fragrant with the blossoms, of approaching peace.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

YORK TOWN 30th. May 1781,

COLONEL JAMES WOOD

Commanding the Convention troops, Lancaster.

DEAR SIR

I am ordered by the board of War to make Provisions for the Convention troops and their guards amounting to near three thousand men, and have it laid in at convenient places upon the route in which the are Ordered to

march — I have already given the necessary Orders and the places of deposit between Frederick Town and North river is this place, Reading Easton, Sussex Court House, and Fishkill Landing — Flour and Whiskey will be procured but have reason to doubt a difficulty in Obtaining meat — I shall Employ some person, who will meet you at this places, and give attention to the supply of those troops untill they reach Rutland in Massachusetts Bay — I am now upon my way to Carlisle where I shall remain a few days. If you could inform me the time you expect to reach this place will do my self the honor of waiting upon you —

COL. WOOD.

Commanding the Convention Prisoners :

READING 17th June 1781,

DEAR SIR

I expected to have had the pleasure of seeing you at this place but am disappointed. Captain Alexander, the person whom I have appointed to attend the Convention Troops upon their March to the Eastward and use every endeavour in his power to procure supplies at the sundry ports upon the route, and attend to your Orders and Instructions, upon meeting the Hessians troops in Marsh Creek, and thinking you would be up Immediately did not proceed but return'd with them to this place, where he will remain untill he hears from you. He is a Gentleman on whom you may rely, and will closely attend to your Instructions and put every part of them into execution

That his even course was sustained only by loyalty to his chief and his cause is occasionally seen. "Please your Excellency," he wrote from Philadelphia the year before, "it has not been in my power to obtain a single shilling of money from the Treasury Board: My people are so much indebted that their credit is quite exhausted with the Country. . . . The treasury being exhausted, my Agents greatly involved, the delay of our public finances and the general change in the system of the Quartermaster and Commissary-General departments has made my office one of the most disagreeable man ever experienced. Indeed nothing would induce me to continue under present appearances but the duty I owe my country and regard to your Excellency, which ever shall be motives to command my best services and surmount every other difficulty."

III.

COLONEL BLAINE'S PEACEFUL YEARS.

COLONEL BLAINE came out of the war still a young man, his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated. Instantly he took up again with undiminished ardor, promptitude, and effectiveness all the old business of life — trade, lands, exchange ; all the old pleasures of life, social and domestic. The establishment of Congress in Philadelphia, with his revered friend General Washington, at the head of the government, made that city the social centre of the new nation, and Colonel Blaine availed himself of its advantages as far as possible by making Philadelphia his winter home, and taking his full share in its duties and festivities. His fortune had been impaired, or at least diminished, by his generous contributions to the patriot cause, but it was still ample for a gentle and wide hospitality, for the best rearing of his children, and for the demands, small or great, of an extensive business.

FROM COLONEL BLAINE, FORT PITT 25th. Nov^r. 1783

TO MR. WILLIAM BELL, *Merchant, Philadelphia :*

DEAR SIR

I have this moment returned from being up the Monongahala River in pursuit of One of the Deputy Surveyors — and fortunately met with Col^o. Marshall who has Fayette County which Extends from the Mouth of Sandy River to Kaintuck, and back to the Mountains. I have Obtained a deputation for M^r Lyon who goes with me as a Surveyor — M^r Marshall has given me bad Encouragement Respecting Vacant lands — however I shall proceed on Friday Morning and adopt every possible measure to accomplish my business. I shall have excessive fituage and do not Expect it will be in my Power to return before the last of February — After I reach the Mouth of sandy River and Explore that Country and locate my lands I will have to ride One hundred & fifty Miles to M^r Marshalls Office to Enter them. This will take considerable time, then after the surveys are made I must return them and have the drafts signed and Certified. M^r Elliot has been gone some days. When he has his business a little settled

at the falls he will proceed to Green River and endeavour to lay the warrants I have sent with him. You will be so kind as to hurry up the goods which I wrote for by M^r Tate and Rather add to the list as many of the articles are much wanted. Speak to M^r Ludhom M^r A & Co and tell them to keep my note untill I return at which time they shall be punctually paid with Interest— You will much Oblige me in paying M^r. Gren the Waggoner who Brought up part of my goods the sum of fifty pounds, and I forgot to settle with M^r. Galaugher in record that for some delph ware which I bought from him. Pray will you pay him. Pray endeavour to have our Indian cargo early in the Summer there will be a great demand. I shall have a very Considerable Remittance to carry down with me upon my Return in money and piltry —

You will please to pay attention to my family, and should my son Return from France before I come home, I shall take it a very particular favour if you will make it your business to See him often and give him your friendly advice. He is an unweildy boy and will stand in much need of it, please to present my Compliments to M^{rs}. Bell and believe me with much Reguard Dear Sir

M^r BELL.

And being at Fort Pitt he improved the occâsion to turn an honest penny, for we find a conveyance to him of three lots in the city of Pittsburg, by John Penn, Esq., and John Penn, Jr., —grandson and great-grandson of William Penn, late proprietaries of Pennsylvania.

PHILAD^A. 26th Ap^l. 1785

GENTLEMEN

we find by information you have not been able to dispose of the goods you had from us neither have you paid us the money agreeable to Contract. We have therefore sent M^r. Alexander Blaine to act for us with full power to receive from you the debt due to us — We think from the best Information you cannot proceed to Canada without the greatest danger of losing your property, and therefore deprive you of your good intentions (paying what you owe) by losing verry Considerably on your adventure and putting it out of your power to pay at a future day. M^r. Blaine has full power and authority to dispose off John Lauman One third of the Cargo for cash or piltry upon such terms as he may think prudent; should he fail in this, he has special instructions to Bring the goods back to this City, we therefore advise you to put the property into his hands to sell what he can at Skenactady for Cash or peltry, and what he can not sell to bring back to this City where they may be sold with Little or no loss and the neat proceeds thereof go to your Credit. We again Repeat to you the danger in attempting to proceed from where you now are, as we have undoubted information of the Risque and the property is too Valuable to be trifled with, and we must also expect punctuality of payment in a very short time

— We also think your Own prudence will Immediately Acquiesce with the plan we have proposed, therefore have not a Doubt of your Complying in Opinion and doing every thing for your own advantage, as also for Gentleman

your Obedt. Hble Servt.

P Post

To GEN^L. IRVINE.

PHILAD^A. Sept. 1787

DEAR SIR

You will be much surprised to find I have been in Philadelphia ever since you left it. My friend Stewart & self have differed and have been in equal distress for want of money, indeed he has been very diffident. I could say a great deal but shall Omit it respecting him. I would have wrote you long ere this but the perplexity I have been under owing to this Virginia affair has given me much trouble and distress—Mr. Pollock has agreed with Mr. Hamilton for Bird's place and goes up in a day or two. He has taken it at the Stiff Price. I had a good deal of trouble before I got them to a Compromise—the Convention are still siting and perhaps will not break up this month yet, various are the Conjectures Respecting their deliberations. Some people take upon them to say that the Legislative branches of the Respective States will not be trusted with the final determination, but that a Convention of the people at large will take place and that their delegates will have the finishing of the business—and I am of Opinion it will answer best, as the prejudices of party will not prevail so powerfully as in the different assemblies—

Pray how does your new Government come on, and are your Officers of Gover^t yet appointed? The sale you have made is a Large One. I know all the Boundaries Except the town North of Siota, within those Lines the Eastern Gentry have secured a very Valuable tract of Country, as I suppose they will have all the Valuable Lands upon Muskingum, Hackhack-ing, and the North side of Siota—I hope they have given a Dollar per lot. I wish I had One Township which I could Locate at that price (within their claim) indeed I might say fifty. Pray favour me with a Line upon that Subject & who are supposed to be the Officers. I have been inform'd the Candidates who are in Nomination for Governor, are Gen S^t. Clair, Gen^t Parsons, and your self. I should suppose the appointment of Gen. Parsons would be impolotick as he is one of the Principle Proprietors concerned in the purchase, and it would be giving him an undue influence which might be attended with evil Consequences. This is an idea which has struck me in thinking on the matter, therefore suppose Congress will have the same Opinion and that the appointment will rest between you and the President.

I find you are disposed to sell some ranges of Lots in the Course of this month. Pray can you lay your hands upon a few thousand Acres, if they are sold in tracts of 640 lots, for Instance the Mingo Bottom. There is a Valuable tract of Land upon the Ohio River about fourteen Miles below Wheeling, at the Mouth of a Creek Called Captina I wish you could



ELEANOR BLAINE.

purchase five or Six Lots at this place to include the Mouth of said Creek and Extend an Equal distance up & down the river. The Land is Valuable and would command a price in a short time. I will Join you in the purchase, I shall leave the City in a day or two, and you will not see me untill I return from Kentuckey

My Son has been home above two weeks; he knew nothing of your being in New York altho he was two days in that place, and called at Mr. Elsworths to get Lodging. He promises to be a Cleaver Likely fellow, and I hope will do well. If you have any thing to do in that New Country, I wou'd wish to get him an Apointment, such as his Capacity might be equal to, say Secretary, or what Else you please,

His children were indeed growing into maturity, companionship, and support. His two sons had received a liberal education, and had become handsome and accomplished gentlemen, known in life and to be remembered long after they had left it for their distinguished bearing and social graces. Both followed their father into mercantile pursuits, including also traffic in lands. James, the eldest, named for his father's father, had been sent abroad for special professional training to Bordeaux, and for further travel and wider acquaintance with the world. Souvenirs of his tour yet remain to his great-great-grandchildren. There is a tradition that the young gentleman developed abroad a greater fondness for society than for business, which is not improbable considering his age, for he was not seventeen when he returned from his first trip, and a very young man when he returned from his second. John Bannister Gibson, the illustrious Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, wrote that "James Blaine, at the time of his return from Europe, was considered to be among the most accomplished and finest-looking gentlemen in Philadelphia, then the centre of fashion, elegance, and learning on this continent. His reputation as a *model gentleman* was honorably sustained throughout life." He and his brother Robert entered upon business together in Carlisle, and gradually came into the management of their father's affairs as well as their own. John Adams, President of the United States, willing to do Colonel Blaine a service, nominated his son James as captain in the United States Infantry. Domestic joys came to crown their success. Both married young and married happily in their own sphere of life. The

wife of the eldest was Jane Hoge, daughter of David Hoge, Esq., a public-spirited citizen, whose name is closely identified with the upbuilding of civilization in both eastern and western Pennsylvania. He had relinquished the sheriff's office to Colonel Blaine the year after his daughter's birth, and threw in his interests, though not his residence, to the formation of Washington.

December 22, 1791, Robert married Susanna, daughter of Paul Metzger, of McAllister's town, now Hanover. Their happy home in Carlisle, and on the Cave farm, is still represented not only in tradition, but in living charm and force.

It was no doubt in view of these marriages that Colonel Blaine bought the Middlesex estate which became so dear to him.

It had happened, in the order of events, that his old friend Robert Callender, who had been his surety when he assumed the office of sheriff, died in 1776, leaving by will his Middlesex estate to his son Robert Callender, then a minor. Fifteen years afterwards the property was sold from this son at sheriff's sale, Robert Buchanan being the sheriff, and Ephraim Blaine was minded to buy it. In the deed which conveyed it to him, Oct. 12, 1791, it is described as containing "563 as 139 prs." called "Middlesex," with fifty acres adjoining. At an earlier date it had belonged to the Chambers family, and as James Galbraith's wife, Mrs. Ephraim Blaine's great-grandmother, was a Chambers, it is not improbable that in reverting to her the estate had come to its own again.

In 1792 the father, James Blaine, passed away from earth, well stricken in years. He had lived through the storm and stress of Indian and civil war, supporting his sons with his patriotism, and rejoicing with them in the triumph of the cause which all upheld with all their strength, the one giving to it the blessing and approval of his patriarchal years, the others their prime and power. He had lived to see that his experiment of a change of home had not been a mistake. For the petty restrictions of the British government and the consequent exasperations and hardships, he had come into a land where freedom was limited only by the laws which he and his wise compeers had made in their wisdom, and where

possessions were limited only by the ability of brain and hand and honor. He had been able to rear his children in comfort to intelligence and self-respect, and he saw them, all but the one who had gone before him, clothed in the sovereign power of self-governing citizens, held in esteem by the republic which they had served. Surely he could wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down, not to pleasant dreams, for dreams were no part of the faith of Scotch Presbyterians. Their creed was no such stuff as dreams are made of. They died under contract with God, in full expectation that he would, and moral demand that he should, grant them immortal life in Jesus Christ our Lord.

James Blaine's will made no bequest to his eldest son, to whom he had already given great gifts, but commended his family and his estate to the care of that beloved and trusted son.

A deeper sorrow came to the family the next year—deeper, because not in line with nature's intent. A large business at that time was carried on between Carlisle and New Orleans and other points south. A common mode was to load flat-boats with provisions, float down to New Orleans, and remain until the cargo was sold at what profit the times permitted, sometimes only after a three months' waiting in the use of means.

From one of these long absences James Blaine returned to find only a grave instead of his young wife and the child whom he had never seen.

A letter from Carlisle, April 18, 1793, says with quaint pathos :

"We lost a very worthy female inhabitant of Carlisle a few days ago (the wife of Mr. James Blaine) who died & was buried in the absence of her husband. He arrived the day after the Funeral; & upon hearing of the sad disaster, ran to the graveyard, almost distracted, & there remained a good while fixed in the deepest sorrow."

In the deepest sorrow he looked again upon her face and obtained some locks of her hair, from which ten rings were made for remembrance—five with her hair and his own entwined, five with such mourning emblems as love could command from the art of that period.

Two, at least, of these rings remain to-day in the ownership of a granddaughter of the young wife's sister.

In the old graveyard at Carlisle her brief story is told :

"In Memory of Jane Blane, Wife of James Blaine, who died the 15th of April, 1793, in the 24th year of her age.

"Reader behold and drop a tear
Beauty's remains lie bury'd here ;
But Heav'n which lent the transient boon
Hath bid her sun go down at noon.
Ye fair since hers may be your case
Forget the beauties of the face.
Go first in virtues paths and tread,
Then safely mingle with the dead,
And you'll with Sister Seraphs join
Where Heaven's refulgent glories shine."

In June, of the same year, Colonel Blaine's life was touched by another tragedy, as far as possible from the dignity of his father's composed farewell, or the pathos of his daughter's early death. John Duncan, a brother of Judge Duncan, had some political dispute with James Lamberton, the grandfather of the late Hon. Robert A. Lamberton, LL.D., President of Lehigh University of Pennsylvania, — a dispute which presently became an altercation, so violent and personal as seemed in the judgment of those days to demand blood. A challenge was sent and accepted, and Col. Ephraim Blaine was chosen second. The duel was fought, and Duncan was killed at the only exchange of shots between them ; departing "this life June 22nd 1793 aged thirty-one years."

But for all grief, disappointment, or death, the world goes on. In May, of the next year, the bereft husband was in New Orleans again on his three months' business trip, and in October he was back in Carlisle helping his father to entertain the President of the United States.

The whiskey insurrection was testing the new government. Like most insurrections, it had a reasonable side. The Scotch-Irish had emigrated for liberty, which for them included freedom from restrictions in trade. They had hardly fought through their last fight with the old home tyrant, when here was their own chosen government putting an enormous tax on whiskey. But in the extreme West, whiskey was



ROBERT BLAINE.

the chief currency! Rye was the chief product. As rye it could not be taken to market. A horse could carry only four bushels. Of rye changed into whiskey, he could carry twenty-four bushels. Freight in wagons to Philadelphia was from \$5 to \$10 a hundred pounds, and such freight ate up both profits and rye. There was no trade down the Ohio, and lower Mississippi was held by Spaniards. Whiskey was the only high road to salt, which was \$5 a bushel; to iron and steel, which were \$15 and \$20 the hundred weight. Consequently distilleries were everywhere, but few of them paid cash for grain. The men of the interior saw the men on the coast drinking their imported wines which transportation by land would make too costly; and they said among themselves, If we cannot import, why shall we not make? Why should we be called upon to pay duty for drinking our grain, any more than for eating it? And it is hard to see that the question was ever more logically answered than with Light Horse Harry's fifteen thousand troops. But that logic carried the day. President Washington, Colonel Blaine, and the others drank their "cags" of wine, and decided that law, whether good or bad, must be enforced. The nation was not seated firmly enough in the saddle to permit the horse to take the bits in his mouth for a moment.

"September 30, 1794," says Jacob Holtzheimer, "that great and good man General Washington, President of the United States, set out from his house on Market street, with Secretary Hamilton on his left and his private secretary on his right, to head the Militia to quell the Western Insurrection." His arrival in Carlisle gave a great week to the stirring little town. The President's body-guard was composed of New Jersey cavalry, handsomely uniformed, and himself had no superior for personal dignity and imposing presence. But public sentiment in Pennsylvania was republicanism flavored with whiskey, and the soldiers and the citizens were often at odds—once at so great odds that Governor Mifflin found it necessary to soothe the excited crowd from the balcony of the hotel on South Hanover street. Mr. Paul Metzger, father of Mrs. Robert Blaine, and his twelve-year-old son, George, were then on a visit to Carlisle, dividing their time between Mrs.

Robert's house and that of Dr. McCoskrey, father of the late Bishop McCoskrey. General Washington had visited at Mr. Metzger's home in Hanover, and of course little went on which the lively lad did not see. When his host gave a dinner-party to the President, Governor Mifflin, Colonel Blaine, and other distinguished men, George, being his guest, was, though but a lad, invited, or he it said permitted, to appear at the table. This honor he was too shy to accept, but in the prospect of a street fight the small boy's shyness vanished, and through the whole commotion he stood at the Governor's elbow, and so was able to tell us all about it.

The President's headquarters were on the opposite side of the street, where both Colonel Blaine's houses were devoted to his accommodation and entertainment. In the one which Colonel Blaine himself occupied on the corner just south of the public square, the President and staff were guests at his table. In the one adjoining they were lodged. Mrs. Blaine was at this time an invalid, attended and cheered by her young niece, Margaret Lyon, who had been almost reared in her uncle's house; and the young daughter-in-law mounted her horse every day, and, leaving her little brood at home, rode in through the green fields, from the Cave Farm, and assumed supervision of the President's entertainment and chaperonage of the young maiden. The sons, Captain James and Robert, took charge of the outdoor arrangements, seeing that "the President's horses" and accoutrements were properly cared for, and all expenses promptly met; as witness many a bill, order, and account:

SIR, Deliver four bushels of Oats for the President's Horses.

JAS BLAINE

7th. Octr. 1794

MR. ROBT. BLAINE.

Receiv'd of John Logan, one Load of Hay for the President's Horses —

JAS. BLAINE.

1st. October 1794

Pay him three pounds

E. BLAINE.

Thus the father had only to devote his time to his distinguished guest, who, in turn, made himself thoroughly agreeable,

especially delighting young Margaret, by praising her "flannel cakes," and begging her to give him her receipt for them that he might carry it home to his Patty! Yes, "My Patty." Cumberland county and Washington county join hands on that!

History says that while the President was at Carlisle he heard that the insurrection had been quelled. A private theory, firmly held, is that he enjoyed his visit there so much that he was willing to believe the insurrection had never arisen! This theory all must adopt who know what that Blaine home-circle was — the host dignified, courteous, hospitable, brilliant, the centre of all life and love and gayety; the children young, bright, strong, devoted, — an harmonious family circle; the guests pleased, stimulated, happy, and giving happiness; every comfort, convenience, and entertainment that money and generosity and native elegance could supply — all, hosts and guests, at their best in mind, body, and estate.

And the next January James and Margaret were married; but when he bought the engagement ring, Mistress Peggy used to tell her grandchildren, the French jeweller, Pierre Lorette, asked him what initials were to be engraved on it. "Oh, your own," replied the light-hearted lover. "And I was so vexed!" laughed the grandmother. For "Peggy" was just entering one of its periodical obscurations as a fashionable appellative, and its owner aspired to the dignity of "Margaret," — but she wore the ring on her faithful hand to her life's end.

Margaret Lyon brought to the family not only her winning personality and her Blaine inheritance, but the strength of another stock. When Ephraim Blaine went his way from his father's house to wealth, credit, and renown, his sister Eleanor went her way and found them all in Samuel Lyon, who had also come over from that fruitful north of Ireland, with his father John Lyon and his mother Margaret Armstrong. Now the father, John, was a strong, true man, and having chosen for himself two hundred seventy-three acres and sixty-three perches of fine, fertile, romantic country, besides the proprietary grant to John Lyon *et al.*, of twenty acres of land for the use of the Presbyterian church of Tuscarora, he worshipped God, and there he lies buried. But Margaret Armstrong, whom he

took to wife in Ireland, has come down to us through the one hundred and fifty years all a-sparkle with brilliant intellect, with wise and wide intelligence; fit to adorn any society, but better employed in the upbuilding of a State;—sister of that Homeric hero who never found his Homer, John Armstrong, the fearless warrior who, with two hundred and eighty farmer-soldiers, marched two hundred miles up the west branch of the Susquehanna, across an ambushed mountain wilderness, to the great encampment of the Indians at the Great island, quietly surrounded them in their midnight revelry in that stronghold of Kittanning, at daybreak fell upon them,—and Pennsylvania had rest from slaughter for a while.

In 1758 Colonel Armstrong and Colonel Washington, marching ahead with the Provincials under Colonel Bouquet, in General Forbes's expedition against Fort Duquesne, formed an acquaintance which ripened into a warm personal friendship. When the French, taking alarm, fired their fort and fled, it was Colonel Armstrong's own hand which raised the British flag over the ruins of Fort Duquesne, and it became Pittsburg.

In the Revolutionary war, as brigadier and major-general, he took as active a part, and fought the battle of the Brandywine as earnestly as that of Kittanning. When, in 1779, Col. Stephen Bayard wished to name the fort he had built at Kittanning for Colonel Brodhead—or himself, that sturdy soldier disdained the compliment, and disdained to return it to Colonel Bayard. He replied frankly, not to say bluntly, "I think it a compliment due to General Armstrong to call that fort after him; therefore, it is my pleasure from this time forward it be called Fort Armstrong, and I doubt not we shall soon be in the neighborhood of a place where greater regard is paid to saints than at Kittanning, where your sainthood may not be forgotten." And this answer not being considered final, he wrote again nine days after: "I have said that I thought it a compliment due to General Armstrong to name the fort now erecting at Kittanning after him; and I should be very sorry to have the first fort erected by my direction in the department named after me. Besides, I should consider it will be more proper to have our names at a greater distance from our metropolis. I never denied the sainthood of Stephen or John

but some regard to priority must be necessary even among saints." The fort has sunk into the past, but grateful Pennsylvania erected a monument more durable than brass to the hero of Kittanning; for she not only presented him with a piece of plate and a silver medal, but gave the name of Armstrong to the county which included the battlefield.

A year after this more than Homeric hero had led his host to Kittanning he was writing, "To-morrow we begin to haul stones for the building of a meeting-house on the north side of the square." When the Indians had been subdued and the stone church reared, the next project of these lofty State-builders was a college, and Dickinson College arose; the witness on the spot is that "nothing of that kind could have gone forward at this period without the ardent sympathy and coöperation, if not the controlling influence, of Gen. John Armstrong." His education, his wealth, his political and social position made him the first man to be consulted, and gave his opinions the highest influence in all questions of general interest in Church or State.

It was natural that such a man should work out the Pauline faith, and think him worse than an infidel who provideth not for his own house. With the aid of his nephews, Margaret Armstrong's sons, and by order of the Proprietaries, he had laid out the town of Carlisle, and marked the corner lots that Ephraim Blaine afterwards bought. As fast as his nephews became available he availed himself of them and swept them into places of honor and profit and hard labor—surveyors, justices of the peace, assessors, holders of all the honorable offices through which a free people governs itself. And when he could command no more offices he created new ones, all tending to the grace and glory of the blossoming wilderness. Like himself, mighty men of war these boys became, fighting the foe wherever he appeared, Indian or Quaker or British, or even their own too liberty-loving Scotch-Irish, if it came to revolt against the established order; for though they loved liberty, it was liberty under law.

Samuel Lyon, father of Margaret Lyon, son of Margaret Armstrong, settled on land adjoining his father's, and presently inherited one-half his father's farm. In addition to his state

and town offices he was, in 1780, made commissary general of purchases for the Revolutionary army, doubtless through the representations of his brother-in-law; for nepotism in that serious time seems to have been the guide-post to appointment and promotion, men taking for vitally important work the men they knew best. Establishing himself in Carlisle, he was brought into close official relations with his brother-in-law, until in due time the family tie was further established by the union of Margaret Lyon with James Blaine.

In less than one month after his son's second marriage, Feb 5, 1795, Colonel Blaine lost the wife of his youth — Rebecca, daughter of the Galbraiths. A second month, and the bride's great-uncle, John Armstrong, "eminently distinguished for patriotism, valor, and piety," joined her in the unseen world; the stern and strenuous life, the sweet and cherishing life, going out alike in the odor of sanctity. The last years of the mother had been spent in comparative seclusion, on account of illness and increasing infirmities which banished her from the activities of society, and from all but the ministrations of the family. The household niece, Margaret, could no longer make her uncle her first thought, because her cousin had appropriated it. It is not then strange that the beautiful young widow, with whom Colonel Blaine had been thrown into peculiarly close and pathetic relations four years before, should come into his mind and into his heart. He was fifty-six years old and she was thirty-eight — no forbidding disparity where the man was courtly and commanding, rich and distinguished, handsome and cultivated, in the prime of a successful life, enlarged and softened by experience, in charity with all the world, a man of quick as well as wide views, of prompt decision, unflinching resolution, successful execution, eminent unselfishness, sought by the humblest, valued by the highest.

Some years before, Colonel Blaine, among other transactions, had bought a lot of land on the west side of North Hanover street, on the public square at Carlisle, not far from his own houses, which were on the east side of South Hanover street, just south of the public square. On this lot he built two houses, whose every line speaks the lavishment of love and the love of beauty. In his sheriff's receipt-book is a receipt for

brick, whose date indicates that its destination was to these houses. Their fine and stately architecture is still a pleasure to the eye and a repose to the soul. No modern Eastlake sentiment can draw more heavily on "sincerity" than these doors, with their massive colonial bulk, their hinges reaching nearly across the door, and showing to the most careless their easy ability to sustain the swing. The arched windows, the ornate yet elegant mantels, the ample and cheerful rooms, are given over to business, but speak yet of the home courtesies and comforts of the past. These houses, complete in every detail, the loving father — wise man — conveyed to his proud and devoted sons, Sept. 18, 1797; to James Blaine the one on the southerly part of the lot, together with three hundred acres of land; to Robert Blaine the one on the northerly lot, together with the Cave mill and farm of two hundred and fifty acres, and four hundred acres of mountain land.

Two days afterwards, September 20, he married Sarah Elizabeth Postlethwaite Duncan, the granddaughter of Joseph Rose, a distinguished Irish barrister from Dublin who had died in Pennsylvania, and widow of him who had fallen in the fatuous duel; and thus he gained for the solitude of a saddened hearth seven years' companionship with a woman whose Irish wit and beauty, whose elegance and social accomplishments brought down to the middle of the present century, living witness of the charm which had been confessed by three generations.

One son was born to them, whom they named for his father Ephraim, and to whom the happy father gave the Middlesex home which he seems to have loved best of all, from which he could never stay long away, and in which he spent the greater part of his closing years. But his beloved wife, Sarah Elizabeth, besides personal devises, was to enjoy the whole estate at Middlesex during her life, "if she continues unmarried" (with ample provision, however, even if she should not continue unmarried), paying out of the same "all that may be necessary for the proper support and education of my son Ephraim Blaine until he shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years." When Ephraim was twenty-one he was to enter into possession of the estate, but was to pay one-half the profits to his mother during her life and widowhood; "and if my said son Ephraim

should die before he would arrive at the age of twenty-one years and without having lawful issue to inherit the same estate, then I give and devise to my grandson Ephraim Blaine son to my son James Blaine, all the mills and water powers erected on my said estate at Middlesex with two hundred and fifty acres of land adjoining to the said mills to be laid off at the discretion of such of my Executors as shall be void of all interest in the said division and the remainder of my said lands at Middlesex I give to my Grandson Ephraim Blaine son of my Son Robert Blaine;" and after various other and ample devises to wife and son Ephraim, "all the residue of my estate real and personal I do give and devise to be equally divided between my two sons James and Robert, and I do hereby appoint my two sons James Blaine and Robert Blaine and my Friend David Watts Executors of this my last will and Testament." The will of a just man mindful of his obligations and acquainted with human nature.

The three young Ephraims were not far apart in years — the nephews a little older than the uncle; but he was not destined to enter into his inheritance. Of the many children who played around the water-brooks of Cave farm and the Letort mill-race, it was the infant heir of those broad lands, the beautiful, curled darling of his father's old age, whose little feet stumbled on the brink. Margaret Lyon, Mrs. James Blaine, was spending the day at Middlesex. The little boy, dressed in his pretty white suit, with his long, fair curls freshly brushed, was brought in to be duly admired and petted by the guest, his cousin and sister-in-law, then dismissed to run about at his liking. Shortly afterwards, not hearing him at play, they called and sought him — in vain. He had wandered down to death in the swift-rushing mill-race.

The father did not long survive him, but died in his bereaved home on Feb. 16, 1804, in the sixty-third year of his age.

His beloved wife, Sarah Elizabeth, was loath to remain in the house of her repeated sorrow, and withdrew to Philadelphia, where she "continued unmarried," leading such a life of dignity and distinction as beseemed her blood and name, till, in 1850, she passed away at the ripe old age of ninety.



JAMES BLAINE.

IV.

JAMES BLAINE.

HIS father gone, the old Scotch-Irish rover reappeared in the son with renewed vigor. The large business in new, rich lands, which to the hereditary Blaine vision that saw clearly into the future, were big with promise, had a tendency to keep the land-hunger ever alive. With all his graces and amenities, James Blaine had a watchful outlook for business, and could be short, sharp, and decisive upon occasion. The records of the court at April sessions in 1798 present a true bill of indictment against James Blaine for assault and battery, and defendant being charged submits to the court with protestations of innocence, whereupon the judgment of the court is that the defendant pay a fine of four dollars towards the support of the government, pay the costs of prosecution, and stand committed until this judgment be complied with. But though the court pronounced this stern decree, it is to be noted in a marginal "aside" that clerk and attorney forgave their fees; whence we may infer that the weight even of the court opinion was on the side of the defendant, whose most accomplished kinsman, worthily wearing and transmitting the family honor, affirms that whipping the other fellow is often worth more than four dollars, and only hopes he was well whipped!

To James Potter, Esq., he writes:

CARLISLE 12th April 1802

By your agreement with my Father you engage to Patent the Land you exchanged with him in Woods's district, when you were called upon for that purpose; I now request you will perform your part of said agreement as soon as you conveniently can, as I have an opportunity of selling to advantage

Please to answer this Letter by some one of your Gentlemen & oblige

Sir

Yours &c

BLAINE

for

Eph. Blaine.

As an executor of his father's estate he writes from Carlisle in 1804:

SIR

I am much surprised that I have not heard from you respect^g. the Patent for the tract in Armstrong County. You certainly ought to have procured it for us before this. My Father left my Brother & me Executors, I now write as such and must urge you to take out the Deed and transmit it to us between first of May next as by that time we mean to proceed to that Country & make sale of some of our Lands.

At the first and second session of the Ninth Congress (1805) James and Robert Blaine, executors of their father's estate, presented a petition for compensation for Revolutionary services in the Commissary Department; but I find no record and no tradition that such petition was ever granted.

From time to time they kept alive before an unheeding Congress the indebtedness of the country to their father, for services rendered and money advanced.

So late as 1818 the journal of Congress calmly records that "Mr. Baldwin also presented a petition of James and Robert Blaine, executors of the last will and testament of their father, Ephraim Blaine, deceased, a deputy commissary general and commissary general of purchases in the Revolutionary army, praying compensation for the services of their said father, and for a reimbursement of the moneys advanced by him for the purchase of various supplies for the said army;" but I find no record that Mr. Baldwin got any reply to his petition.

Boys and girls grew up around them, and the two homes were filled with young life. It is pleasant to remember that when a little daughter was laid in Margaret's arms, the divinity in her remembered that other young mother lying out in the churchyard with her dead child on her heart, whom the young father had never seen, and she gave to her own warm living baby the dead mother's name, Jane Hoge. "How did you like to call her that?" used her grandchildren to ask, with infantile mercilessness. "I did not care, my dear," was the reply of gentleness from which experience had banished all pain.

An infant child who lived barely long enough to receive the seal of baptism on his forehead bore to the grave the name of George Washington. "Why did you give him that name?"

prattled another grandchild. "Oh! my dear, *we knew he would not live!*" In the hour of sudden grief and danger and pain, his was the first name they thought of, whose renown was not then a cold and remote splendor but a living household fame.

Ephraim, named for his grandfather, with his mother's Lyon name incorporated, bright, handsome, debonair, was early sent to school and college — which was then probably hardly more than a school, but in its moderate and modest bills was a full-fledged college.

15th. August 1807

Rec^d: from James Blaine eight dollars being the tuition due to Washington College up to the first day of this month for Ephraim Blaine —

D: 8:00

PARKER CAMPBELL

Treas^r. W. C.

At one time there were four Ephraim Blaines in Washington College. Their distinguishing sobriquets were "big Eph," "little Eph," "red Eph," "devil Eph," and "gentleman Eph," scattered somewhat promiscuously among the group. The big and devil Eph seem mostly to have been confined to the son of James, and little Eph and gentleman Eph to the son of Robert. That these sobriquets were not distributed from mere caprice may be inferred from many anecdotes still current, perhaps the earliest being that when devil Eph's mamma called attention one day to the swift ruin attending his trousers' knees the very young gentleman retorted, "That is because Dr. Brown [the President] keeps us at prayers so much."

Leaving college, Ephraim Lyon studied law in the office of Mr. Watts, son of David Watts, an intimate friend of his father, and father of H. M. Watts, late District Attorney of the United States, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria in 1868, who presently became an intimate friend of Ephraim's son. Ephraim also, like his father, was sent to travel in Europe, as a matter of mental and social finishing. But there is no tradition that he or his father ever visited the land from which they came — that north of Ireland, that Londonderry and Donegal, which had done so much more for them than all the splendors of the grand tour. Mr. Watts had the

pleasure of seeing his pupil admitted to the bar before he removed from Carlisle; and the younger Watts, who as a boy knew him well in Carlisle, renewed the acquaintance after his removal to Pittsburg to practise law.

All the going back and forth, the inspection, survey, exchange of lands, and the other traffic, only increased the restlessness of these land-lovers; and presently they left—never to return—the heritage of Middlesex, their beautiful finished Carlisle home, and all the fair hill-country round about, the waterbrooks of the Conodoguinet and the Letort, just as their forebears had left Donegal run and the Chicquesalunga,—and pitched their tents on Muddy creek in Greene county, in what was then the far West; but Margaret found it too far and lonely, and even James missed his good Carlisle society. So back they fared to Brownsville, where he owned lands in and about the town, thence to Sewickley, an outpost of Pittsburg, on the Ohio river.

In his various wanderings he tarried long enough to acquire local interest and influence, and everywhere he carried on his mercantile business in connection with his investments and other transactions in land. In Brownsville he was commissioned as justice of the peace, and entered into the social and business life of the place with zeal and sympathy. Indeed, all the Blaines seem to have considered all Pennsylvania as their natural home and heritage, and wherever James Blaine went he could feel that the feet of his father had trodden the path before him, and all the landed property had been his father's choice, prevision, and judgment as well. Gordon, one of the earliest travellers, braved the contempt of the Old World by testifying that "This country may, from a proper knowledge, be affirmed to be the most healthy, the most pleasant, the most commodious, and the most fertile spot of earth known to European people."

At Sewickley, not ill chosen for beauty or for business, James Blaine established himself in a comfortable and even imposing house, with the river that seemed necessary to Blaine contentment, and the plateau commanding a lovely view and allied with a historic past. In the centre of an orchard of twenty-five acres is a large mound where tradition

fought a fierce battle between French and Indians, and after the fight buried braves and valuables. This mound has never been disturbed, and the ghosts of the fallen wander at will, harming nobody.

Here lived and prospered James Blaine, and here his son Ephraim Lyon brought his bride. A letter of 1820, from one of their friends, says playfully, if somewhat incoherently, "The Duke of Sewickley, late Middlesex, it is said, will take a wife from the backwoods, and has selected Maria Gillespie as the object."

Maria Gillespie, thus summoned from the "backwoods" to the suburbs of lofty Pittsburg, was from the same radiating north of Ireland, but of another clan and religion. Neal Gillespie, senior, according to family tradition, came from Scotland to Donegal county, barony of Inisowen, Ireland, famous for its whiskey-smuggling. There he made a runaway match with Eleanor Dougherty, was married by some wandering priest, and came immediately to this country. Under the penal laws, unless it were by a registered priest the marriage was counted invalid. To ensure the legality of the tie, and prevent question of the legitimacy of their children, a subsequent marriage ceremony was performed by a Protestant Episcopal rector in this country, in lieu of a priest willing to assume the risk of such a service. Neal Gillespie was a man distinguished for force of character, for penetration and executive power. He saw the possibilities of the West, and, leaving wife and children behind him, went out and selected a location full of promise and richer in fulfilment.

During the middle of the last century a friendly Indian, named William Peters, yet more generally known as "Indian Peter," lived on lands in the Youghiogheny valley, adjoining a German, with whom he could not agree. Thereupon Indian Peter wrote the Proprietaries' agent, saying that he could not get along with the "d——d Dutchman," and wished to give up his land for another tract. His request was promptly complied with. On the 5th day of April, 1769, but two days after the land-office was opened, a warrant was granted him for a tract containing three hundred and thirty-nine acres situated on the west side of the Monongahela river. This land was surveyed

Oct. 7, 1769, by James Hendricks, Deputy Surveyor-general, who gave it the name of "Indian Hill."

Indian Peter at once left his "d——d Dutchman" and took up his abode on Indian hill. On the 22d day of February, 1775, the Virginia court licensed Michael Cresap "to keep a ferry over the Monongahela from his house at Redstone Old Fort to the land of Indian Peter."

On this ferry Neal Gillespie, pushing westward, fixed his eyes, and on Indian Peter's hill he laid his hand. Washington county was rapidly filling up, and Redstone Old Fort was becoming a business centre, by land and water. The first flatboat that ever descended the Mississippi went from Redstone Old Fort in 1782. The tide of emigration from East to West broke at Brownsville. After long and toilsome journeys over mountain roads and by Indian trails the emigrant could embark peacefully on Kentucky or New Orleans boats, and float pleasantly towards the desired haven; or if his destination was nearer at hand, he crossed the ferry and made his way to the delectable mountains of Washington and Greene.

Indian Peter was gone, but Marey Petters and William Petters remained, and they did "bargain and seal to said Neal Gillespie the Tract of land which we now poses and all the tenements and boundries of said Land at forty five Shillings pr. Acker the tearm of Peaments the 15th of next October fower hundred Pounds to be Paid in money or moneys worth for this Peament two ton of Iron at teen pence Pr pound and one Negro at Preasment of two men, one hundred pound more to be pead at the same time of this Preasment or Else to Draw In Trust for one Year, the Remainder of the Purches money to be Pead in two Peaments — First in the [year] 1786, the Next the year 1788, Each of these Peaments to be mead in October 15th the above Bound marey Petters and william Petters asserts to meak the said Neal Gillespie a proper Right for said land for which we have seat our hands and Seals."

Signed with the mark of Marey Petters and William Petters, and in consideration of the sum of £56 15s. 9d. was granted by the Commonwealth unto Neal Gillespie "a certain tract of land called 'Indian Hill,' excepting and reserving only the fifth part of all Gold and Silver ore for the use of this Commonwealth,

to be delivered at the Pit's mouth clear of all charges, whereof the Hon. Charles Biddle, Vice-President of Supreme Executive Council, hath hereto set his hand in the year of our Lord Jan. 31, 1787, and of the Commonwealth the eleventh."

Thus Neal Gillespie obtained full title and control of Indian hill and of the ferry on the great thoroughfare from Cumberland to Wheeling, — a route as important in that day as the great Pennsylvania system of railroads in the present; and there he built up a fortune with strong hand, and there he brought his family and lived "in his palace" on Indian hill; and when his wife Eleanor died he buried her beside his "palace," and married Anna Brown, the sister of Thomas and Basil Brown, the founders of Brownsville. His son Neal succeeded to the business and the estate; and, possessing the energy and the force of his father, added to both business and wealth through the rapid growth of the country.

The other son, John, was equally vigorous and brilliant. Both had the true rollicking Irish temperament, and were impetuous, impatient, outspoken. This temperament, in John especially, sometimes burst forth in a way that astonished even the strong, racy individualities that surrounded him; as when once, conducting a lawsuit in court, across the river at Brownsville, it suddenly dawned upon him that he was on the wrong side of the case. The evidence was not turning out satisfactory. He instantly rose in his wrath, kicked over the table, spilling ink and scattering books and papers in all directions, picked up his hat, strode from the courtroom, and never touched the case again.

Susan, a daughter, married Philemon Beecher, an able and distinguished lawyer, long a member of Congress from Lancaster, Ohio, and became a strong Scriptural Presbyterian. Another sister, Eleanor, married Hugh Boyle, also of Lancaster, Ohio.

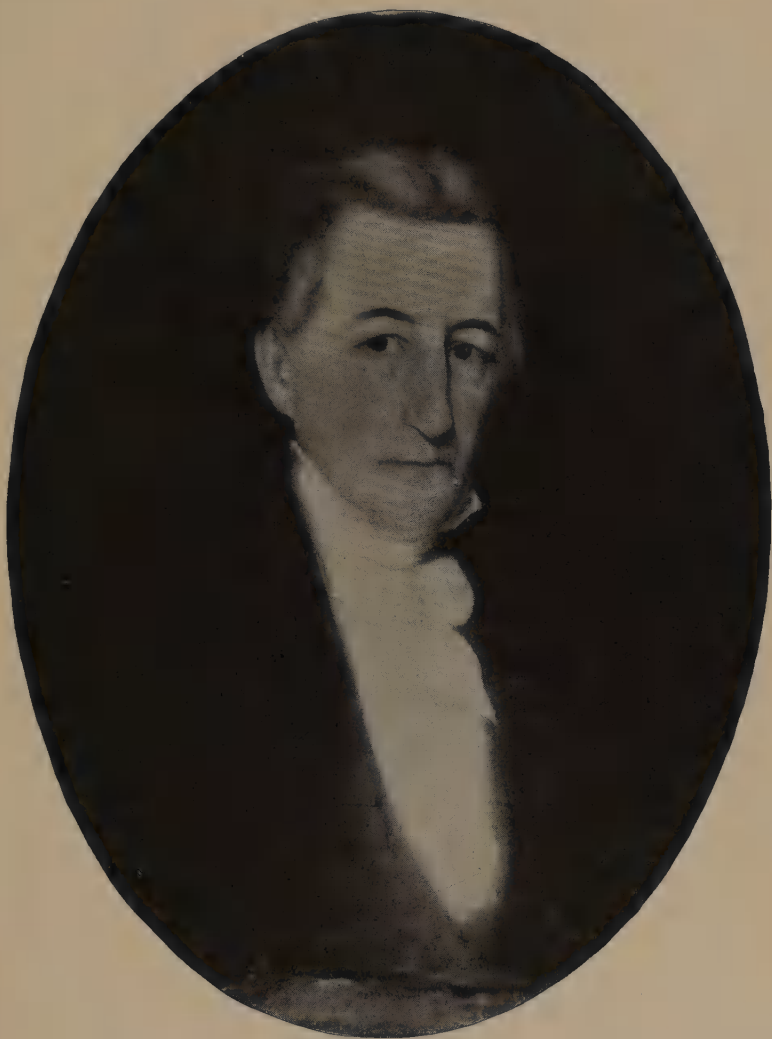
Young Neal Gillespie led a busy life, always taking heed to mingle pleasure with business. Every year he loaded his flatboats with all the corn and wheat and other produce he could raise or buy in the region round about, and sent it down to New Orleans, while he and his brother went by land, — by stage or horseback, — at least part of the way, through all the

cousinable and otherwise social part of the route. Coming back with his pocket full of money and his mind free from care, he would, as a certain descendant said of him, make the wilderness blossom. The home of his intellectual and religious sister Susan lay in the way of his journeying, and he never failed to pay her a visit of duty and affection. The sister would welcome her brother, but, having a reputation to sustain as a member of the Presbyterian church and of the best society in Ohio, would take the sisterly liberty of locking herself into her own room, not having the heart to lock her brother out of the house, while the young lawyers and other rising young men of Lancaster held high festival with the brothers in her house, or, if *too* jovially inclined, adjourned to the Swan tavern to drain the last drop of festivity. Thus they celebrated the memory of Inisowen.

The home of Mr. Purcell in Virginia was another rendezvous of young Neal Gillespie. "Sit just there," said a descendant of Mr. Purcell not long since, to a descendant of Neal Gillespie, whom he had invited to dinner; and directing the old lion-footed table to be moved a little further forward, "There, now you are at the very table and in the very place where your grandfather, Neal Gillespie, used to sit. He would come here bringing eighteen or twenty of the very best horses from Kentucky. There were a lot of pretty girls around, and when he came we would have a party, and oh! how he would dance!"

But the prettiest girl of all to him was a daughter of the house, Tamar Elizabeth Purcell, who became his wife and succeeded the Irish Eleanor and the Indian "Marey" as mistress of Indian hill.

Of their children, John, the eldest, known for his fine Greek and Latin scholarship, died before his father, at the age of thirty-eight, leaving a daughter, to become Mother Angela, the first superior of the Sisters of The Holy Cross in America. William Louis was educated for a priest, but fell in love with a girl and resumed the world with its natural cares, joys, and responsibilities. Maria Louise, said by her admirers to have been the most beautiful woman in Pennsylvania, and who was indeed fair to look upon, even in her old age, and as gentle and loving as she was beautiful, was the young woman of whom Ephraim



MR. BLAINE'S FATHER.

Lyon bethought himself on the heights of Sewickley, and here he went into the "backwoods" to bring. From the Roman Catholic church at Pittsburg, the Rev. Father Maguire came down to marry them, at the old Indian-hill farm; and Ephraim Blaine bore her home on a characteristic wedding-journey, handling his horses himself, loving with an ardent if not equal love both bride and steed. I do not know whether it was on this or a later or an earlier journey that he began to indoctrinate her into horsemanship with his daring feats. "Maria, do you see those two trees yonder?" "Oh! my dear, don't — don't try to go between them!" cried her prophetic soul. "Oh, no danger!" And away they would whirl and *never* hit a tree! "I don't know how many years," gasped the poor lady, with smiling, pathetic pride, "I was in terror of my life when your father asked me to drive."

But they reached Sewickley in safety and shared also the social and business life of Pittsburg.

There children were born to them, and there, alas! they died. The first little boy bore the name of his grandfather and his great-great-grandfather scarce one swift year, and then was laid in the old Roman Catholic burying-ground at Pittsburg. Twenty-one, twenty-three, twenty-five, twenty-seven, through the decade of 1820, came little Blaines in regular succession, and the declining health of the Brownsville father drew the mother to her old home on the Monongahela. The Sewickley father also was falling into decline. The same year that brought him a daughter-in-law had taken away from him a daughter — Eleanor, by her marriage with John Hoge Ewing.

When David Hoge delivered up his sheriff's staff to Ephraim Blaine in Cumberland county in 1771, he went straightway West and bought up a large portion of the Chartiers valley, and upon it he laid out the town of Washington to be the capital of the new Washington county. In the log house of David Hoge the first court of the county was held, Oct. 2, 1781. Having thus secured the capital, he followed up his advantage by giving four lots for a courthouse and prison, two lots to His Excellency George Washington, who dearly loved land, and who especially had an abiding faith in corner lots, and who accepted them without a qualm of bribery. Seventy or eighty acres

wise David Hoge laid aside for a common, and then speedily sold the whole enterprise to his sons John and William, who took up residence there, while he preserved for himself his own homestead in Cumberland county.

The son William married Isabella Lyon, Margaret's sister, which may have made it easier for her to call her own little daughter for Jane Hoge, who had been William's sister. It had also established a special personal interest and family centre for the Blaines in Washington. William Hoge was elected and reëlected member of Congress, and was afterwards made associate judge. After his death, his wife married Alexander Reed, from Donegal, son of Robert Reed, who was called to Ireland from Scotland to preach against the Arian heresy, and preached it so successfully that his church at one time had one thousand communicants, and his children and great-grandchildren became sole occupants of its pulpit for one hundred and fifty years. His first wife had been daughter of that Colin McFarquhar who preached in Donegal church for thirty years, and who had been fain to attest to his loving, but doubting, parishioners his loyalty, by going inside the circle around The Witness Tree and swinging his hat with a hurrah for the Continental cause!

Mr. Reed was a public-spirited citizen whom all the world delighted to honor, and Isabella's house had thus been a pleasant and wholesome home to her kinsfolk, and there her young niece, Eleanor, had met an extremely clever and promising young man, by the name of Ewing. His father, coming down from that inexhaustible Scotch-Irish hive through York, had received his education under the direction of his kinsman, Dr. John Ewing, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who had served his country on weighty public and political commissions, and braver still, had breasted Dr. Johnson with the soft answer that not only turned away his wrath, but turned it into complacency for the ignorant Americans who "never read anything." "We have all read 'The Rambler,' sir," returned — it is so bland one cannot say retorted — the suave Ewing. An intimate friend of John Hoge, Mr. Ewing had given the name to his son, and when the boy came to Washington to attend

the college, John Hoge took him into his own family. After his graduation the young man remained in Washington studying and practising law, practising the gospel also by every good word and work. It was this young man whom Eleanor Blaine had met on her visits to her aunt Isabella in Washington. On the footing of a cousin, though in fact no relation, a classmate of her brother Ephraim and born the same year, it befell that one week after Ephraim Blaine married Maria Gillespie, Eleanor Blaine married John Hoge Ewing — in her Aunt Isabella's house, — because, if married in Sewickley, the way thence was so rough, and the steamers so uncertain, that they ran the risk of having to take their wedding journey in a flatboat, with all and sundry of its inconveniences and discomforts.

Another daughter of James Blaine had also married in Washington, — the little Jane Hoge, — whose husband was the founder of the first newspaper established in Washington. Thus when age was drawing on and Sewickley grew too remote from kindred for the repose of the evening of life, the elder Blaines could but be attracted to the place where so many of their family had gathered. Moreover, a house awaited them, not too far for neighborhood or too near for independence, to which John Hoge Ewing and his wife Eleanor besought and brought her parents. Here James Blaine — a tall and handsome man still, with figure scarcely bowed and only a becoming portliness, with head whitened by years and bright eyes undimmed — came with Margaret Lyon to the society and vicinity of their own people, and there on the green hillside that might well suggest the Cave farm of his youthful years, he passed the serene evening of his life among his children and his grandchildren.

The Sewickley homestead went to strangers — a sect or community called the Economites, who gladly bought the Blaine lands and added thereto. The old Blaine dwelling-house still stands, but was moved to a different site and used for a school-house, though still some personal belongings remain to speak of the refined and cultured family that once occupied it. The earth yields her increase as of old, and the breezes sing as freshly, but the factories of the Economites

are as deserted as the drawing-rooms of James Blaine, and the life of the place is garnered in the wine-cellars where the fifty-year-old wine and the year-old cider, drunk instead of water, mock the Prohibitionists with their witness that the Economites know no drunkenness or peevishness, but are rich, charitable, musical, and happy!

It has often been said that if James Blaine and Ephraim his son had kept this farm instead of selling it, the heirs would have been worth millions. Yes; and if Lord Donegal's predecessors had retained their property and managed prudently, his income would have been \$1,250,000, whereas his whole Irish property is \$205,000. And as James Blaine's grandson was wont to quote, — what we may adopt, as Virgil did his Homer, with variations, — if Columbus had sold the feather in his cap and put the money out at compound interest, the Duke of Veragua would have been richer than all the United States of America, to which he is holding out his hat; but nobody desired to pay interest on Columbus's feather, and Columbus needed the feather to wear; and James Blaine and his son wanted the \$25,000 more than they wanted to live in Sewickley and compound interest for their descendants — not to suggest that it was better for the descendants to compound their own interest. So there is no discredit to be visited either upon heart or head; for how could James Blaine or Ephraim his son see that the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad and all the Panhandle lines were coming around by Sewickley, and that the angel of the bottomless pit would turn the key at the forks of the Ohio, and its smoke and fire should be belched through a thousand chimneys as the smoke of a great furnace, and the sun and the air be darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit?

So Ephraim and Maria went to Brownsville — first in the grand old house which their father built, the first stone house erected west of the Monongahela; afterwards colonizing in a house of their own building close at hand. And there on Sunday, the 31st of January, A.D. 1830, from all the sturdy strength, the unconquerable will, the joyous vigor, the civic virtues, the patriotic passion, the home sanctities of all the Galbraiths and Blaines and Armstrongs and Lyons and Gilles-



MR. BLAINE'S MOTHER.

pies, a boy was born, whom for his grandfathers on the one side they named James, and for his grandfathers on the other side they named Gillespie, to whom it was given to serve his country on the heights, and to uplift in her name the standard of peace on earth, goodwill to men — James Gillespie Blaine.

Here, but for the one little unknown quantity, this biography would be finished. But for the one fact of differentiation, the man is accounted for. The mental soil from which he sprang turns up rich in all the qualities that nurture statesmen; yet proof need not be furnished that, without the mysterious germ of genius, all the fruitful soil is no more fruitful than the arid sand-bank. Therefore the quest goes on. Man, by searching, cannot find out God, but the search is the noblest effort and occupation of humanity. We may not solve the mystery of the Divine germ, but having studied its habitat we may further seek its actual environment — what sun fed it, what dews refreshed it, of what rains it drank vigor, what rocking winds nerved its tender roots and shoots to sinewy strength and steadfastness, till it brought forth boughs and bore fruit and became a goodly cedar.

V.

EARLY EDUCATION.

THUS the new little life placed itself; in the open, hills climbing to the sky, the broad eternal river, and along and across its eternal current the eternal ebb and flow of human life and human interests; parental tenderness and parental culture to cherish growth; a large and varied family circle to represent the great human family outside.

It was a happy life, and the memory of it never faded — unless memory itself fades in the grave. Development was healthy, natural, simple. There was no precocity. The man's own theory of his boyhood was that he was uncommonly slow and dull, so that some of his elders believed him deficient. He did not learn to read till he was seven years old. He lived outdoors with his magnificent playthings, the river, the woods, the hills, the farms; with his sympathetic and agile play-fellows, the birds and squirrels and horses, the farmers and the gardeners. All the seed sown, all the harvests gathered, all the bloom of spring, all the ripening autumn, was his interest and his sport. If he learned no books, he had the culture of obedience to parental law, and of intimacy with his father and mother.

He had also the liberal education of the National Road on which the Blaine and Gillespie homes were located, and which brought Brownsville to the forefront of the world, while Pittsburg was considered and called by Brownsville "the back door."

Washington had made it his first duty after his retirement from the command of the army to arrange for easy communication between East and West, either by land or water, and thus make a community of interests and prevent the new nation from falling to pieces. The country had had glory enough. What it now needed was stability. Just as Rome built her Appian Way, just as Egypt bordered the Nile with her

National Roads to all points whithersoever the tide of travel could flow, so Washington projected for the young nation its channels of life. As a surveyor and a soldier he had marched through the wilderness, and he knew where to go. It is said that he first made the acquaintance of Albert Gallatin sitting on a log on the Monongahela, surrounded by frontiersmen talking about the best route for a new road. To one of them with a foreign look who had volunteered an opinion, George Washington vouchsafed a surprised glance and no reply till he had completed his examination, when he announced, "Young man, you are right. Your route is the true one." The young foreigner came to be his secretary of the treasury and right-hand man, Albert Gallatin.

During his administrations and the succeeding ones to 1811 the road was before Congress, and in the summer of 1820 it was open for travel from Cumberland in Maryland, to Wheeling in Virginia, contiguous on the East to Braddock's line of march from Cumberland to Fort Duquesne. It had cost the government nearly \$1,700,000, and of it at the beginning of the century, just as truly as of the Central and Pacific roads in its later years, might Edward Pierrepont say, "It matters little what the government advanced to build them. This great highway is of priceless value to the nation. Had it cost the Federal treasury ten times more than it did, it were money well invested."

All the expectations which had been cherished of the travel and trade that would pour through it fell far short of the reality. The stories of its glories are innumerable. Twenty-five stage-coaches, with every seat occupied, would pull out at the same time from Wheeling on the west, from Cumberland on the east. Thirty stages, fully loaded, stopped at one hotel in a single day; sixteen coaches, crammed with passengers, in close procession crossed the bridge at West Brownsville. If one is to believe the reports, an unbroken line of presidents, presidents-elect and ex-presidents, senators and representatives and secretaries, were passing through Brownsville on their way to and from Washington the great. Little Washington, as the county seat of Washington is affectionately called, was for a while left aside, but by vigorous urging of her claims she had induced

the great road to come her way. Over this road the world rolled past the Blaine house, and the little ones became a part of it. There were long lines of wagons going east with produce of the fields, going west with the produce of the mines and manufactories. There were men on horseback and in private carriages, and foot passengers and four-foot passengers innumerable. This made an army of men to feed and lodge, which caused public houses to spring up, one for every two miles along the road. Drovers with their teams stopped anywhere upon the route; but passengers were lodged chiefly at the large towns, like Brownsville and Washington; stations precisely as far apart as were the stations on Egypt's national roads — with the difference only that the Coptic drivers rested their camels by day and the Pennsylvania drivers rested their horses by night. Forty great Conestoga six-horse teams, carrying from five to six tons each, would be picketed around the yard and on the commons of a single tavern, and a continuous procession of these huge caravansaries passed daily over the great road.

In all this stirring world the accomplished father, still in his early prime, took an active and leading part, and the eager sympathetic mind of the boy was in full touch with affairs, and quickened by the contact. The Monkey-box mail and the Oyster express had as many charms for a boy as had the statesmen and merchants, the Monroes and Jacksons, the Polks and Bells and Clays, who stopped to rest. The National Road was turned over to the State, but without loss of importance. Of the times and seasons of the stage lines, the National, the Good Intent, the June Bug, and the Pioneer, the boy knew the arrivals and departures and prowess, as well as the drivers. He knew which drivers could harness four horses in four minutes and change teams before the stage ceased rocking, and he shared their ambitions and their successes. The drivers' orders were to make time on the ten or twelve mile relays even if they killed horses, — ten miles at full run if they were a little behind; and if a poor horse fell disabled he was unharnessed and dragged aside. Even so late as President Polk's day such trouble came, and the President-elect, on his way to his inauguration, alighted and lent his helping hand to the poor off wheel-horse that had failed. Henry Clay, arriving from the

South at Cincinnati, and finding the Ohio river frozen, came by stage to Lancaster; thence the roads were impassable till a young German was induced to drive him to Wheeling, won by the fifty dollars offered, which fifty dollars became the basis of the largest farm in the county. In 1841, driver Noble was driving Henry Clay down the hill at Brownsville to the bridge, when the wheels encountered a rut and Clay was thrown through the window and left standing upon his head in the mud, and the historian would bate not one jot or tittle of that perpendicular, out of regard to the proprieties or even necessities of the story. The Monkey-box mail and other mails brought to the Blaine doors the earliest and widest news of the world's doings. One of the lad's first literary recollections was of the arrival of the English illustrated newspapers, and his father reading them aloud and exhibiting their pictures to such as gathered to listen, of family and neighbors. Thus he grew familiar with much that was interesting the people long before he could read it himself, and as his retentive memory served him for a somewhat intelligent judgment he became actively concerned for the girl-queen of England, and a violent Whig partisan at the early age of seven. Perhaps his first lesson in French History was given him by his father's French gardener, who was setting out strawberry plants, and said to the little lad who was watching him: "That is the way the king's strawberries are set." "What king?" asked the boy. "Louis Philippe." And thus the story became a personal association.

His happy, careless, busy life at Indian hill continued till he was nearly ten years of age — varied by occasional attendance at neighboring schools. His first sally into the great world was in the winter of 1839 — when, nothing loth, he visited a houseful of Gillespie-Ewing cousins in Lancaster, Ohio. Hugh Ewing, who was three years his senior, and Thomas, who was about his age, grandsons of Eleanor Gillespie, who had married Hugh Boyle, were his most intimate friends and companions. They attended a private school on Wheeling street at the top of the hill, kept by William Lyons, an Englishman, a younger brother of Lord Alfred Edward Lyons, who won fame in the Crimean war, and an uncle of Lord Lyons, who was British minister at

Washington soon after our war of the Rebellion. Mr. Lyon numbered among his accomplishments portrait-painting, and, after the fashion of England, offered a prize to the most meritorious scholar, which in this case was the portrait of the winner painted by Mr. Lyon. Thomas was so inconsiderate of his guest as to win the prize from him, and even rejoice over the success. His cousin James, however, came in as a handsome second. We may afford, perhaps, to turn aside long enough to drop a tear over the ignoble fate of the prize. The portrait was hung in the proud father's office. When the elder Mr. Ewing went to Washington to enter President Harrison's cabinet, the office was rented to two dress-makers, and they, heedless of its high emprise, used the canvas for a pin-cushion, to its utter ruin as a work of art.

When school was over and summer came on, the boys made many visits about the beautiful country surrounding Lancaster — going forty miles south to the home of Mrs. Ewing's sister, Mrs. Samuel Denman, a first cousin of Mrs. Blaine. Mr. Denman was a salt manufacturer on Sunday creek, two miles above its mouth. Here the boys' club was increased by the addition of the two Denman boys, "Hamp" and Matthias, of about the same age, and the five had "royal fun" for several weeks that summer, blackberrying, swimming in the Hocking river and Sunday creek, building salt furnaces and boiling salt, collecting from the coal mines impressions of sigillaria and lepidodendra, club mosses and tree ferns, in which the roofs of the coal mine abounded.

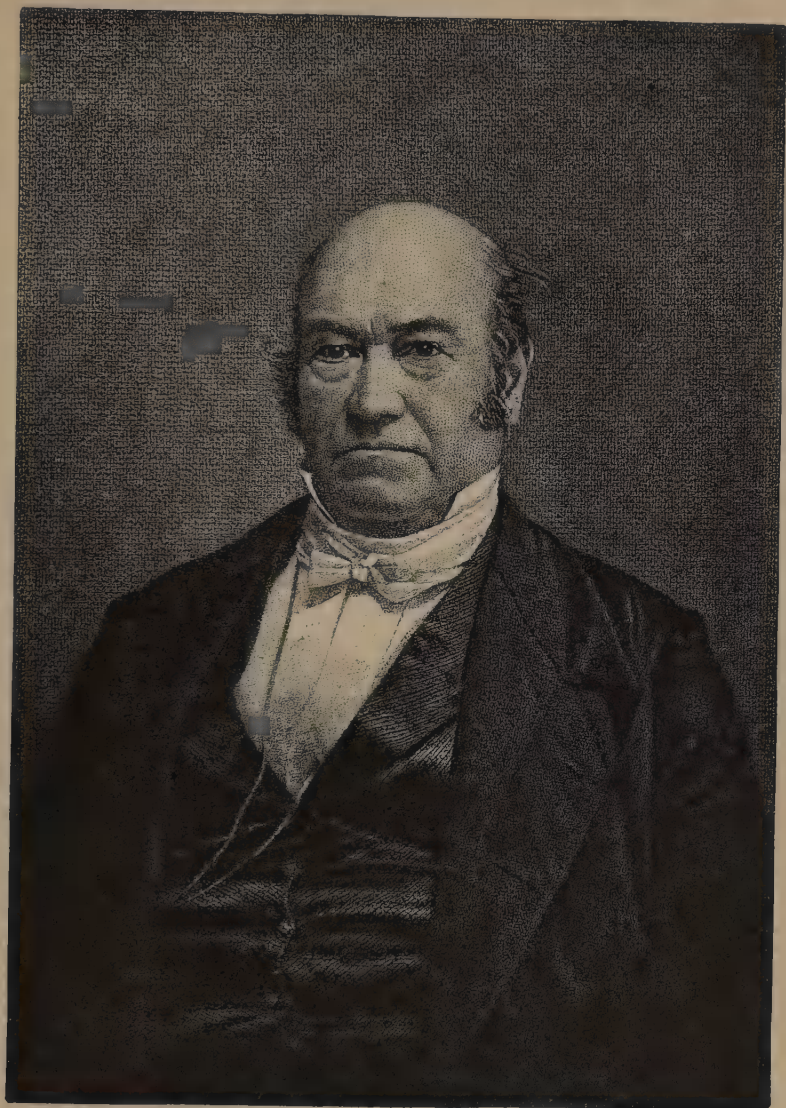
As the visit in Lancaster drew toward a close in the early fall of 1840, it was crowned with a trip to Columbus, thirty miles from Lancaster. The father, willing to do the boys a pleasure and give them a taste of independence, provided them with his carriage and horses and a proper supply of money for a holiday excursion. Hugh, being the older and more masterful, was given the purse and the reins, with implied general command. It was a fresh, cool September morning; the country was lovely and bountiful with ripening harvests, and they set out in high glee.

At Greencastle, a village eight miles from Lancaster, they drove by a street-corner where the Democrats — the Loco

Focos, as they were then called — had just erected a pole with the Van Buren and Johnson flag floating from it, its top surmounted by a hickory bush, or brush, signifying that the Democrats of the Old Hickory type would prove to the Whigs the besom of destruction and sweep them all away. This aroused in the small West Brownsville politician a resentment which his high spirits and independent position at that moment would not allow him to suppress. Several “loafers” were standing by. As Hugh drove past, young Blaine stood up, put his finger to his nose, and shook his hand in derision. At this Hugh was greatly offended. He told Blaine that everybody knew that this was his father’s carriage, and that they were of his family, and would regard this conduct as personally insulting. The youngster was in too high spirits to be snubbed, and felt that Hugh was taking on airs of superiority over a free and independent State. He stoutly maintained his right to make the unseemly gesture. Hugh said he must not do it again, or he would get into trouble. “I *will* do it again. I will do it when we come back.” “If you do, I will put you out of the buggy,” declared the commander resolutely; and they rode on full of fight, but as the danger-point vanished in the lengthening distance, full of fun.

They had a letter of introduction to Col. John Noble, father of Hon. John W. Noble, recently Mr. Ewing’s successor as Secretary of the Interior. Colonel Noble owned the principal hotel in Columbus, and he and Mr. Ewing were warm friends. They were cordially welcomed by Colonel Noble, and informed as to all that a party of boys would wish to see and do at the capital. They ate the fat and drank the sweets. They fished in Alum creek, they swam in the Scioto and underwent a distressing experience in having their clothing stolen and hidden in the bushes while they were in swimming, by a couple of young ruffians who made great sport of their trouble, but who relented at last and told them where to find the clothes. They visited the penitentiary and the asylum, and as a special favor were admitted to the yard inclosing the State capitol, then being built by convicts.

They had been in Columbus a week or more, but had not exhausted the novelty when their money began to run low



J. Emory

and after calculating as well as they could what their hotel bill would be, found it very plain that they would have no more to spend for ice cream, ginger beer, and other luxuries so necessary to an outing. Wherefore, they believed that the hand of prudence on the clock of time pointed to the hour for departure. Hence, after breakfast one morning, Hugh stepped up to Colonel Noble, who sat in the shade in front of his hotel, and asked to have the carriage and horses brought. The Colonel rang the stable bell and ordered the carriage. Hugh then—a little shyly, but proudly, as becomes a man—asked for the bill. “Oh, boys,” was the unexpected answer, “I won’t charge you anything, not a cent.” This sudden change in the situation nearly wrought a panic. A council of war was hurriedly summoned in the corner of the piazza, and a unanimous agreement was reached that it would be the height of folly and flying in the face of Providence to go home with all that money in their pockets, and they accordingly went back to Colonel Noble, thanked him, and said they would stay a while longer! This was too much for the polite Colonel’s gravity, and he sank back in his chair with unaccountable laughter. “Here, John, take back those horses—the young gentlemen don’t want them!” And another week of independence flew by, till the money was satisfactorily disposed of and there was no question of further stay. They therefore bade their genial and generous host good-by, and set out for home. They were merry, jocose, and noisy till they drove up a hill and saw Greencastle and the hickory pole floating the Van Buren flag. Then old memories returned. An ominous silence fell simultaneously upon the trio. Not a word was said till they came to the pole. The hickory brush still swept the sky. There was no escape. Three hearts beat high with suspense, two with resolution. The horse’s head was on line with the pole, when a small scapegrace in a flash was on his feet and the offensive gesture was in full swing. But in an instant he was off his feet, for the equally resolute driver reined in his horse so quickly that the offender was nearly thrown over the dashboard. He did not wait to be ordered out, but sprang lightly and defiantly from the carriage, jumped over a fence into a field, and struck out towards Lancaster without a word, with-

out even so much as looking back. Little Tom, who lived to be the historian of the occasion, like most historians was not in the fight, held indeed a divided sympathy, but well knew that wherever his sympathies might be, his big brother would make short work of *him* if he attempted to put in a word, and so wrapped his valor in discretion and silence. They watched the withdrawing rebel a moment, till Hugh felt assured from the direction taken that he was making for the farm of a near relative, Aunt Gillespie, widow of the brilliant Uncle John, whose house, though not on the direct road, was two miles nearer across lots than Mr. Ewing's. Fearing that he might poison Aunt Gillespie's mind arriving thus alone and footsore, Hugh, like the wise general he was, determined to leave the Lancaster road, and get there first. So the small villain was left to his lonely way, poor lamb, with his load of guilt, for he must have known he was wholly wrong; and, doubtless, Hugh was not altogether light-hearted, though knowing he was wholly right in defending his father's dignity,—for the courage of our convictions sometimes fails us.

Of course Hugh made the desired connection. They paid their respects to Aunt Gillespie, who bade them be of good cheer, while a bountiful luncheon was prepared for boy and beast. They had eaten and were full, when, peering about the grounds, they soon discerned, to their great joy, a little figure striding sturdily across the fields; whereupon the happy pair went out to meet the prodigal, and instantly and amicably joined forces, attended him through his belated luncheon, visited the cows and pigs and ducks and chickens, the young mules and jackasses and calves and colts, in unbroken harmony, bade their aunt good-by with the innocence of infancy and clear conscience, and made safe port at home in the most cordial good-fellowship, without any awkward reference to the past, either in conversation with Aunt Gillespie, with the home-stayers or each other!

The next year Master Thomas returned the visit with his father, who was going over the National Road to Washington to be Secretary of the Treasury under Harrison. Another happy season of study followed, though under a teacher of far less

education and culture than Mr. Lyon. The cousins organized a debating society among the pupils and other young men of the village, and got a good deal of useful practice in debate. Two of Mr. Blaine's horses were devoted to their use out of school hours, — "dappled-gray and splendid," — on which they scoured the country far and wide. Their longest ride was to Washington springs in Virginia. "Uncle Will" was often with them, and to their memory no man was ever so adapted to going about with boys — escort, comrade, teacher — as the gentle, home and child loving, yet somewhat sad-hearted man, while the loving mother, beautiful and kind, found time in the midst of all her social, domestic, and religious duties to minister to the pleasure of the boys and leave a memory scarcely less dear and bright in the heart of her guest than of her son.

In 1842 the father was elected prothonotary of Washington county, an office for which, perhaps, his legal education better fitted him than for the business in which he was often tempted to engage. Of this office Timothy Pickering, of Washington's and Adams's cabinets, when contemplating it in his own interests, said: "The Register's and Prothonotary's offices, more especially in Pennsylvania, require much law-knowledge and the more the incumbent possesses with the more propriety and facility he will execute them. More than ever law-knowledge in the Prothonotary, will now be useful and important, on account of the increased importance of the Court under the new constitution."

When Ephraim Blaine had come down from Sewickley, Brownsville was, in modern language, "booming," and he lent a quick hand to the boom. In 1830 he became one of the corporators for the building of a bridge over the Monongahela. For twenty years there had been talk of such a bridge, but it had proved only talk. Now the amount of traffic and travel over the National Road justified the expenditure, and the bridge was built, and proved a most profitable investment to the stockholders, especially until railroads knocked away the profits, if not the props, of both bridge and road.

The next year, in furtherance of the boom and its profits, Mr. Blaine laid out the Indian-hill farm into lots sixty feet wide and of varying depth, owing to the abrupt hill-side, from ninety-

three to two hundred and seventy feet, — the plot of the town of West Brownsville. He also, with the hereditary tendency, adventured a partnership in a steam saw-mill, under the title of "Crumrine and Blaine," who were to be equally interested owners of the property, which Blaine chiefly furnished and Crumrine was to superintend.

But the boom was slow of development in West Brownsville, and had to be patiently nursed, awaited indeed a new "plant" of boat-building, while a growing family to be reared and educated made it hard to wait. A generous disposition, abounding hospitality, expensive tastes without the frugality which naturally attends the slow accumulation of fortune, had drawn the Middlesex estate and the Sewickley estate, and other outlying estates, to very tenuous proportions. Handsome, fascinating, popular, "always beautifully dressed," says one, "ah! Mr. Blaine was a man of ability. I remember yet his courtly air as he came up the street, his bow so elegant and noticeable, yet nothing Chesterfieldian about it — but he made the money fly!" There is a report in Washington that when he drove over to assume his office, his horses' fore feet were shod with silver, which shows the same picturesque imagination in interior Pennsylvania as that which flourished in Nero's stables and furnished Poppæa's horses with shoes of gold. An inchoate museum in Washington still holds the ruins of the famous T-cart which the silver-shod steeds, driven tandem, swept around her street corners amid much gazing from quiet windows. Fine stables Mr. Blaine certainly kept, and two of his magnificent chestnut sorrels dwell in the memory of men yet living — Bolivar and Beaver; the first named in admiration of Simon Bolivar, the South American dictator, the second in honor of General Beaver, an old family friend of the Blaines. The deeds of *derring doe* performed with that team still make timid blood run cold.

The grandfather, Neal Gillespie, had his own loves and tastes in the matter of horses, which in the mental lapse of his later years took somewhat grotesque forms, — like galloping with three horses abreast, or insisting upon sleigh-riding in the summer, — yet left a certain set of mental faculties in all their pristine keenness. His eccentricities at length so increased that

his sons and his son-in-law agreed that a proceeding *de lunatico inquirendo* should be instituted to save the estate from waste. His ferries were losing money, and his business in general was suffering. The old Anak drew his Irish wits together, defended himself in person with great force of argument, humor, and good-natured sarcasm. He described his business career and accumulation of fortune, and admitted that there was plausible ground for the inquiry of lunacy because he was permitting his large and well-earned fortune to go to the support of those fine-gentleman loafers, his sons, and his tandem son-in-law! The court broke up in roars of laughter, in which none joined more heartily than father and sons. But the wavering faculties were steadied only for the time.

One of his "chums" was Father Murphy, the Catholic priest, who lived over the river, on the top of the high hill in Brownsville adjoining the Catholic church. In those later days his feet wandered thither so often as sometimes to interfere with priestly duties. On one evening as he climbed the hill, he saw the priest's head above the low curtain of the lighted window; but when he reached the house the servant said Father Murphy had gone out. "Ah, gone out, has he?" said Mr. Gillespie blandly. "Give my compliments to Father Murphy, and tell him the next time he goes out to take his d——d old bald head with him."

But Neal Gillespie was lying beside his father and his mother, at rest on Indian hill, with his son John at his side, and knew nothing of waning means or growing needs.

When Ephraim Blaine became Whig candidate for prothonotary, the charge was trumped up against him that he was a Catholic, to which his marriage into a Catholic family gave currency. Straightforward and straightway he went to the family priest for a certificate of non-membership. The priest, with a gleeful twinkle, wrote him the certificate on the spot:

"This is to certify that Ephraim L. Blaine is not now and never was a member of the Catholic church; and furthermore, in my opinion, he is not fit to be a member of any church."

Mr. Blaine knew his people. He caught up the certificate, flung it to the breeze, and rode into office on the crest of the laugh, and with the goodwill of both parties.

So the household gods were borne to Washington over the National Road, only another stage of the old westward journey from Donegal. Leaving the Monongahela on the left to find or fashion its own way to the Ohio, skirting the lovely woods, climbing the green hills, we only see rich, rolling green hill-farms to the horizon. With the limitless substratum of limestone, the ridges seem fertile as the hollows, and all the hollows are ripening to unknown harvests, and all the hills dotted with countless sheep; for when the whiskey rebellion foamed and broke against these hills, and the farmers found themselves forbidden to profit by their crops of whiskey, they wisely turned their attention to wool, and made their country famous for its quality and quantity. Up all the way to Hillsborough, eighteen feet above sea-level, with a glimpse of Laurel Hill, thirty miles distant. On and on, descending now to the Gals' house, founded before women had thought much about their rights, but when three women, without other points in law than possession, took them and their share in the National Road's bounty by keeping tavern, and an excellent tavern, whose yards were crowded with teams by night, and whose tables were crowded with guests by day. Past Eggnogg hill, a very mildly suggestive name for this whiskey insurrection locality; past coal mines still producing, that were opened ninety years ago; and one sight we see which the boy did not — the scaffolding of countless oil-wells bubbling and bursting with a wealth undreamed of in his day, although the hint was given long before his day; for George Washington reported that he saw gas escaping in the Great Kanawha and ceded his land for a public curiosity. Unluckily some informality in the deed of conveyance had balked his pleasant purpose, and caused the reversion of the gift to his heirs, but nothing balks our increasing conviction that there were few things which escaped the eyes of George Washington. Past Sam Hughes's station, which so pleased Andrew Jackson that he used to stop there over night in preference to the town hostelrys, till one unlucky day, in a fit of enthusiasm, he sent "Sam" to manage the Hermitage, to which he speedily showed himself less adapted than to "keeping tavern," and was quickly recalled, to the satisfaction of both; past Pancake,

derived by the archæologist from the tavern's pancakes, whose flavor was such that the mouths of the stage-coach passengers began to water for them as soon as they left Cumberland, and not from the commonplace suggestion that one George Pancake kept the tavern, — we come to the bright and pleasant town which had been Cat Fish, but upon which a great man smiled and it became Washington. Here also, as at Brownsville, and even perhaps more, young Blaine had the education of the outer world, of a short, but stirring and heroic past pictured all around him, and the same vivid and eager contact with a thrilling and active present. County and town, the first that had been called by that great name, had been Washington's own hunting-ground. A part of the very land on which Washington College stood had been Washington's property, presented to him by Jane Hoge's father, gracefully returned by Washington in the shape of a gift to the college that bore his name. The very house which was to be for a time the boy's college-home had belonged to a James Blaine, of his blood. This house, still standing quaint and comely, had also been the house of David Bradford, the leader and soul of the whiskey insurrection, Deputy Attorney-General of the State. Here had been planned that first revolt against the infant nation which Washington had come as far as Ephraim Blaine's house to put down — the assault and burning of Revenue Officer Neville's house, the robbery of the mails, the march on Pittsburg. Here, too, it was that the tramp of Light Horse Harry's fifteen thousand was heard, and from one of these back windows the agile leader leaped to fight another day, rushed down the Ohio, down the Mississippi, nor ever stopped till he had reached the Spanish settlements and Tom the Tinker's house.

Here, too, the young scholar had opportunity to learn that there is another side to all things human. Although the name of Washington was a household word to the people, representing an actuality, yet thereabout still live men who have a personal grievance against Washington. All this region he had explored with discerning, prophetic, possessing eyes. By Virginia patent for services rendered the colonists, a great tract of country had been given to him. This land had been located by

his warm personal friend, Captain Crawford, of Fayette county, who knew what he was about, and took care that George Washington's twenty-eight hundred acres should be worth having. But Colonel Croghan, of Fort Pitt, had bought from Indians and sold to settlers parts of the same tract of country, and some of them had squatted on Washington's lands, along Miller's run and Raccoon creek, a few miles away, and when he could take breath between battles he came hither to adjust a settlement. His diary says naively: "Lodged at a Col. Canon's, on Shurtees Creek, a kind, hospitable man, and sensible. Sept. 19 Being Sunday, and the people on my lands being Ceceders and very religious, it was thought best to postpone going among them till to-morrow." Of course, so watchful and politic a man was not to be caught in a common settler's trap. The law was, as the courts and nature had settled it, that the right belonged to the first comers. Thus the squatters had to pay him for a quitclaim, and they hate him yet!

Besides its historic interest, Little Washington was swaying in the full current of passing political life. Statesmen and merchants from the East and West had tarried there on their journeys. Jackson and Harrison had gone through on their way to their inaugurations; Polk and Taylor were yet to go — probably the last, for the old order changed, giving place to new. Stories of them, and of Monroe and John Quincy Adams and Lafayette, of Calhoun, Crittenden, Clay and Bell, filled the air. At many a dinner-table, in after years, the gay old Washington College boys laughed over their Tanglewood Tales, and rehearsed how General Taylor, President-elect, had been driven by Jack Bayless, a Democratic coachman, to McDaniels', the Democratic resort, and stayed an hour in that sequestered place before his Whig friends discovered him and rescued him to the banquet of the Mansion House, where he felt "only one thing missing, fitch and eggs" — how Henry Clay, returning to the stage-coach after dinner, with his wife on his arm, between double lines of waiting admirers, to whom he was politely bowing right and left, was touched on the shoulder just as he had reached the carriage door, by a belated editor, who in a shrill excited voice intro-

duced himself as A. B. C., of the "Commonwealth." "I know your 'Commonwealth,'" shouted back the irate statesman, in the same high pitch, "but I'll be d——d if I know who you are," —for which he deserved defeat at the polls; how the same statesman, once obliged to stay overnight at the Mansion House, fell, like Taylor, a prey to the mischievous Democrats. The Whigs, learning of the godsend, gathered in the dining-room, which was also a meeting-place of the local Democratic club, and invited Clay to address them in the evening, to which he gave willing assent. The meeting was held, but after waiting in vain for the great Kentuckian, they were obliged to fall back on commonplace oratory, and the meeting came to an untimely and inglorious end. Investigation proved that the wicked Democrats, fearing his eloquence, had flocked to his room, bolted the door, and engaged him in such friendly and flattering debate that he had forgotten all about his Whig meeting; how, one unlucky Sunday when old Father McCurdy was to preach in Dr. Jenkins's pulpit, word came that General Jackson was coming through and would attend church. "What will you do?" asked some of the anxious parishioners, who thought no gospel grand enough for grand hearers unless it came from Dr. Jenkins's lips. Then quietly answered Father McCurdy, "I shall preach to General Jackson just as I would to any other sinner," and preached so well that the sinner in question went up and shook hands with him and thanked him for the discourse.

So good use did the boy make of his mind that his father was able to put him into college when he was little past thirteen — younger than any other member. But his mental action was quick, and he never lost ground, or suffered from imperfect preparation or too great effort to keep in step. Indeed, he seemed never to make effort. Work was the natural, easy action of his mind and did not fatigue him.

His college course was apparently one of unalloyed pleasure and unbroken success. Three years after its close he wrote:

"Old Washington is endeared to me by a thousand ties, and though I can now look back upon many acts of my College life, as strongly marked with folly, they are not on this account remembered with less affectionate regard — not a single one of

them would I wish to be blotted out — friendships, enmities, follies, disappointments, mortifications and all — a glorious four years — such as I shall never see again."

His college mates unite in representing his scholarship and his character in college as unexceptionable. He was not overfond of athletic sports, or of "street fun," or even of the games of the campus; but he took his full share in riding, walking, driving, dancing, and is remembered as the best euchre-player in college or town. He was joyous, friendly, attractive, answering still to General Sherman's picture of "Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing," in Lancaster seven years before, "two boys, cousins, as bright and handsome as ever were two thoroughbred colts in a blue-grass pasture of Kentucky."

One of his young friends of that early time writes:

You know, and perhaps he knew, what my feeling toward him was, always has been, with no weakening or shadow of turning. He buckled one's heart to him "with hooks of steel." I so well remember when and where I saw him first. It was when he was in college, in Washington, at a gay little picnic. He was the life and the light of the fête, so joyous were his spirits, so incessant the play of his wit.

It seems to me I can see his frank young face, hear his merry laugh, at this moment.

And of about the same time I remember that old Esquire M. admitted with some amusement: "Why, that young Blaine pushed me harder in the argument than any man I know three times his age!"

The young student had the great advantage during nearly all his college course of being at home, and in the midst of a large circle of his kinsfolk. Hence there was no room for homesickness. The grandfather had only lived to hear the inarticulate prattle of his namesake and grandson, and then the long procession bore him to the house appointed for all living, to the succinct record of the grave: "In memory of James Blaine Esqr. who departed this life September 6th. in the 66th. year of his age A.D. 1832." Two years afterwards his daughter Ellen died in the arms of her brother Ephraim, and then Margaret Lyon went to the house of her son-in-law, to fill her daughter's place in caring for the motherless children. There, sweetest of women, she grandmothered her great brood. On all the youthful tumult her mild eyes looked

calmly down, and being "sweet and nice" herself, everything around her soothed itself presently to sweetness and peace. As no antagonisms ever sprang from her, she was the centre of comfort and cheer, the meeting-place of all interests and dependencies. There her grandson had the advantage of constant easy access to his Uncle Ewing's large family of young people, a throng of boys and girls near his own age; but rushing in to his gay young cousins he seldom failed to pass through his grandmother's room first, on the way to theirs, to give a cordial greeting that gladdened her heart more than he knew. The society of his uncle, who served in Congress with Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, and served at home, as a lawyer, to keep his neighbors away from lawsuits, beneficent, gentle, highly educated, and of a most liberal, powerful, and original mind, was in itself education.

His uncle William, who had attended him on his wild-wood jaunts, and ministered to the fun he shared, retained his deep interest in his nephew, and whenever the youngster and the elder met in visits to Indian hill, the uncle would bid him bring out his books and would examine him in his Greek and Latin. "I am rusty," his uncle would admit, "but I should think you were doing very well." Many a delightful hour they passed together—the dreamy and perhaps somewhat disappointed uncle, who had not fulfilled the career which his friends wished, but who at least knew the happiness of following his own heart's leading, and the fresh eager student; and when apart the elder depended much on the younger for tidings from the passing world.

From Greene county, Aug. 29, 1846, he writes to

DEAR JAMES:

I expected a letter from you, thinking that among my numerous acquaintances you might spin out a long letter which would be interesting to me — whilst I in the wilds of Greene could not pen anything to you that you would care about, except, perhaps the health of my family; beginning in this wise: "we are all well thanks be to God hoping these few lines may find you in the same state of health." . . . Now do you not see how much easier it would have been for you to indite a letter than for me. Still I must not forget yr. many kindnesses in sending me papers, which have served to enliven many a dull hour. You are almost the only one that has remembered me at all in that way. Your Pap has

occasionally sent me one, but owing I suppose to his want of health, he has not thought of me as often as formerly. I have no news worth mentioning except the fun I have with the long-faced Democrats about the tariff; they have all been obliged to sell their wool at prices that did not suit them and I comfort them by telling them that it is good for them. Were it not for the fun I have with them I should get the blues myself; but as I am a believer in Ike Mayhorn's philosophy, which teaches never to take more trouble on one foot than we can kick off with t'other, I bear the evil like a true philosopher. . . .

Now don't forget to write and give me all the news particularly about your own folks. Give me also all the Washington news — Deaths marriages all, all — tell me particularly if I. R. be married yet — if not why the deuce he is not — Tell me how many graduates you have — how Mr. A. M. is — tell me all and I am sure you will have no lack of materials for making out a long letter.

What are your views now on the Trinity — are they as wild and infidel like as they were when we conversed upon the subject. With this I will send you a paper with the views of three candidates for ordination in the Methodist Church on that subject — after you have read it I would like to know which of the three you agree with. — When you answer me tell me who is your Pastor now, or rather who is Presbyterian Pastor. I suppose though whoever he is he occasionally gets astride the old Pope and hammers away at his seven heads and ten horns (wonder they dont among them break some off.) . . . And now dear James I must conclude with assurances of my affection.

YR. UNCLE WILL

He left the college campus thoroughly furnished not only with character but with certificates of character from the faculty, collectively and separately. From first to last it was a trait of his nature to trust nothing to chance or to the inspiration of the hour, but to go well armored and well armed. The groundwork of his inspiration was preparation.

Mr. James G. Blaine having gone through a regular & full course in Washington College Penn^a. was graduated Sept^r, 29th, 1847. During the whole period of his connexion with College he maintained the character of a very punctual, orderly, diligent, & successful student. His demeanor was always respectful, & becoming a gentleman. When graduated, to him with two others was awarded the first Honor of a large, & respectable class of thirty-three. He is of one of the most respectable families of Washington County; & by propriety of conduct, polite & pleasing manners will entitle himself to a place in the best society. If he should become an Instructor in a High School, Academy, or College, his talents,

literary acquirements, dignity, decision, fidelity, & prudence will not fail to merit the confidence, & approbation of those who may obtain his services.

October 1st. 1847.

DAVID M. CONAUGHY President of
Washington College Penna.

W. P. ALDRICH, Prof. Math. et
Chem. etc.

RICHARD H. LEE Prof^r, B L P

NICH^s. MURRAY Prof. of Lang

ROBT. MILLIGAN Prof, Eng Lit

It is noticeable that each of the professors specialized the proficiency of his pupil in his own department. The professor of languages considered it "due to you as matter of private friendship that I should add my individual testimony to that which I have united with my colleagues in bearing to your worth as a man, your diligence as a student, and your attainments as a scholar. Permit me to say, sir, that during your long connection with the college your conduct has been such as greatly to endear you to those of us who have known you best. You indeed are one of the few who have passed through their collegiate course without a fault or a stain.

"Of your qualifications for teaching, so far as these depend upon character and scholarship, I may speak with the highest confidence. Your knowledge of the languages especially, being critical beyond what is often attained at college, fits you in a special manner for the office of instructor in this department.

"In a word, sir, I feel assured that those who may be so fortunate as to secure your services in this capacity will, when you become known to them as you are known to us, be satisfied that no recommendation of ours has been in the least exaggerated."

The professor of mathematics thought it "but justice to him to say that in my department Mr. Blaine specially excels. From the commencement of his course in mathematical studies he manifested a peculiar fondness for them; his recitations gave evidence of thorough investigation, and his demonstrations were characterized by clearness, accuracy, and precision. The same is true of the kindred branches, as natural philosophy, astronomy, etc., yet his taste for the exact sciences seems to

indicate that in that department he would secure enjoyment with success."

The professor of English literature praised his "Latin and Greek classics, and the various branches of mathematics, but particularly his sound and thorough English education," while he specially commended Mr. Blaine to his personal friends as "a young man of superior talents, of good moral and industrious habits, of many personal virtues, of a liberal, generous, and amiable disposition, and of one of the most respectable families of Western Pennsylvania," and assured them that he "should be much disappointed if he does not prove himself entirely worthy of their confidence."

His attachment to the college and community of Washington was deep and lasting. He ever counted the circumstances of his college days as among the fortunate events of his life. Nearly a quarter of a century after he had left them, he noted his peculiar gratification at words of remembrance and regard "from those who knew me in my youth, and to whom I am allied for more than one generation by ties of blood, affinity, and friendship. I have the warmest attachment to Washington and all its surroundings. To the good old college I owe a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

After the death of his uncle, John Hoge Ewing, at the age of ninety years, Mr. Blaine wrote from Hamburg, Germany, to Mr. Ewing's daughter:

SEPT. 6, 87.

Notwithstanding his weight of years, and the gradual failure which betokened the end, the death of Uncle was a great grief, I might well say a great shock to me. For nearly fifty years, ever since I measured human character and felt the warmth of human affection, ever since as a boy he noticed me so kindly, he has been an example to me of lofty character. No better or nobler man ever lived. I can even now feel the thrill of pleasure I felt when at the closing examinations of my first year in college he spoke to me so approvingly and so encouragingly of the examination I passed and of my conduct for the year. From that hour, though often separated for years, we were even more than relatives, *we were friends* in the highest, broadest, best sense.

To all the loving circle in which he was the centre and the light and the life, my most affectionate sympathy goes out in full measure; indeed, I hope I may count myself, in a peculiar sense, a member of that circle. Aside from my own immediate family, my deepest love goes out to my

Ewing cousins. Even if this were not so from my own impulse, and from my own heart, it would flow out naturally from the great love my dear Mother bore to all of you, and the love you bore to her.

Those early days when we were all young together (in a circle of kinship that was inspired by the most unselfish love), come back to me freshly and vividly in this foreign land and blind my eyes with tears as I write. God bless you all and sustain you all. The wife who is widowed, the children who have lost the best of fathers, are all in my mind and in my heart, and I can only say again to all, God have you in his keeping.

Affectionately and devotedly,

Your cousin,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

VI.

FINDING THE ROAD.

THE seven years after leaving college were as truly a time of preparation as the preceding years had been. Mr. Blaine's experience in the Military Institute of Kentucky and in the school for the blind at Philadelphia, riveting and increasing his knowledge of books and compelling close study of human nature in its most pathetic as well as its most stirring phases; his reading of law with the view of adopting it as a profession; his personal investigation of business methods, requirements, and successes in the South, with the same practical purpose; his marriage, which led him to New England and ultimately to his permanent establishment there; the premature death of his father and brother, intensifying his sense of responsibility as an elder son and brother, — all had their specific and important part in fitting him for and impelling him towards the work of his life.

He had earnestly desired to take a two years' supplementary course at Yale College, but finding it impracticable he struck out into the world at once by way of Kentucky. His first experience was the unheroic one of deathly homesickness. Forty years afterwards he wrote of this time to Mrs. Jane W. McKee, Allegheny Arsenal, Pittsburg:

PARIS, Oct. 11, /87.

MY DEAR MRS. MCKEE:

On the 28th of this month it will be forty years since on one half-rainy Sunday morning in Lexington I entered your house for the first time. The welcome you gave me, the cordiality with which you received me, made an indelible and most grateful impression on my mind. Every incident connected with that day comes to me afresh as I sit down to write. How you sent William to Child's Hotel for my trunk, and how my homesickness which had made me so miserable for ten days was changed to the joy of the fireside and the delightful sensation of being with people

who, if not akin, were connected in sympathy through common ties with the Reed family, all whose members were elaborately discussed on that blessed Sunday. I fell to thinking of all those things to-day, and I could not help writing to repeat my gratitude to you and to renew the expression of an affection which has followed you with tender recollection through this long period. The very small things which now and then I have been able to do for you seem so inadequate a return for all you did for me. Miss M. was on that Sunday morning of October, 1847, a connecting link, for I had met her more than once at Aunt Reed's, but I had not learned to have the affection which I soon acquired for her as your sister. I cannot realize I was then four months short of being eighteen years of age, and that through all these forty years of "storm and sunshine," little as I have seen of you, my memory of you has been so vivid. . . . Give my sincerest regards to your good son and my good friend.

To his college friend "Countee," Mr. James Murray Clark, he frankly owned:

A thousand times have I regretted that I left Pennsylvania, but since I have left resolved to rely for a year or two upon my own exertions, I feel a pride within me too strong to allow me to return home.

In 1869 he wrote to a friend:

"The day is dark and gloomy, unsettled and uncertain like the changing destinies of human and of national life." Now who said that? With all your learning and reading you cannot tell, so let me instruct you!

Many years ago, — to wit, on the 13th day of November, A.D. 1847, — Henry Clay spoke in the great public market-house in Lexington, Ky., on the subject of the Mexican war, which was "flagrant," if not "*fragrant*," and the words I have quoted were the very first utterances of his majestic lips. Among the crowd, close up to the great commoner, "might have been seen" a stray and eager youth with note-book and pencil in hand, ready to report the words of the Whig oracle, and they were taken down by this youth of seventeen green summers and carefully preserved ever since. From Lexington he went to Louisville, thence to Maysville, thence to Cincinnati, and the morning he left the last-named place, December 4, he heard that Robert C. Winthrop was just elected speaker of the United States House of Representatives. He immediately notified his friends that he was a candidate for the succession, and in the incredibly brief space of twenty-two years he attained the place — a remarkable instance of faith, patience, and despatch harmoniously combined. But I do not mean to imply that there is any immediate, or palpable, or recognizable connection between the rainy Sunday of Lexington in November, 1847, and my election to the speakership in 1869.

To Mr. J. M. Clark, Dec. 2, 1847:

I have procured a situation as assistant teacher of languages in the Western Military Institute located at Georgetown, Scott county, about twelve miles from Lexington. It is an institution of some celebrity in this State; has about one hundred and fifty students and a faculty of seven professors; is pretty much on the same plan as West Point, or probably more like the Virginia Military Institute. They attend to the military training of the students some hours every day. Their course in college studies is a good deal like Washington, except that they have a far more extensive course of mathematics, embracing the whole course at West Point. The students wear a beautiful uniform, and go through a regular drill every day in the college grounds. Georgetown is the county seat of Scott county (one of the richest in the State, joins Fayette and Bourbon) and contains fifteen hundred or eighteen hundred inhabitants—about as large as Washington. My situation will be a very pleasant one, I expect, though I cannot say for certain until I try it; I will not commence my duties until the 8th of January. The session will end the 4th of July, and then will there be a vacation of six or eight weeks, so that I shall not be in Pennsylvania before that time, and very probably not even then if I like the situation and they like me. I shall stay there for some time, at least until I think of entering upon the study of a profession, which will not be for two or three years yet anyhow. The way in which I happened to get the situation was accidental. I heard of it when I was up in Lexington—just got into a buggy and drove down one morning, and they told me they would give me an answer in a day or two, and the very next day I received a letter stating that I could have the situation if I chose. I immediately accepted it, and am now only waiting until the next session opens. I will have to teach the preparatory course in Latin and Greek, and have a class in Davis's Elementary Algebra, so you see my situation will be a very pleasant one as regards the branches I have to teach; what it will be in other respects I cannot of course say until I try it awhile. It is at least something to be a teacher in a corporate college. . . . I will send you a copy of the regulations after I get there. I shall go up in two or three weeks. I will give you due notice of my removal before I start. I may not be in Pennsylvania again for some time, and although I would greatly prefer being there, yet, when I see it so obviously to my interest to remain in Kentucky, I endeavor to reconcile myself to it. I shall stay for a year or two, at least, as I said. Three of the professors in this institute are graduates of West Point, and one of them is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. It is intended to be the military school of Kentucky. There is a female seminary in the same town pretty near as large as Miss Foster's—quite a literary place, you will perceive. Old Dick Johnson lives within a few miles of the place; he has a brother living in the town, and the superintendent of the institute is a cousin of his; his name is T. F. Johnson—rather a John-

sonian settlement. There are more great men live in that vicinity than anywhere else in the United States embracing the same space; for instance at Lexington, only twelve miles distant, there is H. Clay, Bob Wickliffe, General Coombs, and a host of others. Then at Frankfort, but twenty miles distant, there is Jno. J. Crittenden, Governor Letcher, and numerous others too tedious to mention, and as I said before old Dick within a few miles of the place; so I will be perfectly surrounded by great men. When I commenced writing I thought I could say all I had to in two sheets, but find myself here on the third and not more than half through.

I mentioned in a former page that I would give you an account of my pecuniary circumstances. Whatever are my father's are of course mine. The state of his affairs is simply this—a few years ago he became very much involved in consequence of having foolishly endorsed for men who deceived him. . . . He has now worked pretty well through his difficulties. . . . The family have a sufficiency. It is pap's great desire to see all his children established in some kind of business before his death, and it is his wish that I should study a profession, either law or medicine. It was altogether my own doings that I came away from home, and I believe it was for my good that I have done it. Whenever I choose however to return, father is ready and willing to render me all the aid in his power. He says that he has now done as much as he is able for the older ones, and they must henceforth depend on themselves. "They have a better start than many a young man, and if they are only industrious and economical they will succeed." Well, by the time I study a profession, if I conclude to do so, I shall have pretty near my share of the property, and the rest should be appropriated to educating the younger children. You will at once see, then, that although not actually poverty-stricken, I am far from being in good circumstances, for after I study a profession I will not have much more than will buy me a library. . . . Oh, how I would like to be back at Mrs. Acheson's.

You must be sure to give my respects to H., for as you say I do like him. I cannot tell the reason, but I formed a very strong attachment for him when I was at the American with him last summer. I considered him one of the best-hearted fellows I ever knew, and shall always cherish a high regard for him. Remember me very particularly to Esquire M., for a better fellow never lived. He is as honest and true as steel; a clever, whole-souled fellow. I had not heard of the death of M. Poor fellow, I pity him, as well as all those who have shed their blood and lost their lives to so poor a purpose and in such a poor cause. You may think these reflections ill-timed and ill-placed, but they are nevertheless true. We can but shed a tear over the fate of those who have so fallen.

I saw a "Reporter" containing those resolutions relative to the death of Robinson, and although your name is in the Corner, I will do you the justice to suppose you had no hand in writing them. I think they might as well have a stereotyped edition struck off with blanks left for the name of the decedent—it would save them a great deal of trouble, they would not have to tax their memories so severely to remember the last

form. I well remember the little incident relative to the album of Miss M. — the words you did not have exactly; they were:

“Reminiscitor me cum absum longe — Remember me when far away.

In medio erro inconsiderati mundi — Amid a thoughtless world I stray.”

You left out the word “erro,” a typographical “error,” I presume. That summer of the “Ball Alley,” etc., is full of pleasing little occurrences over which I love to sit and think by the hour. It was one of my most pleasant sessions at college, and I remember every little thing from the willow tree to the great Whig meeting the 5th September. That was the day I believe on which we first wore the striped velvet vests with the red buttons—do you remember them? and do you remember Patterson on the Catholic question? how he used to talk about Anthony Rentz, etc.?—it is needless to enumerate—there are a thousand incidents of that summer which time can never efface. . . . This State is just crammed full of teachers, and there are a good many from Washington and Jefferson.

A. M. is out here looking for a situation. I have not seen him though. I saw his advertisement in one of the Lexington papers a few days since—he is there still, I believe, staying with Bascom, the great Methodist preacher. I think he will find it somewhat more difficult to get a situation than he anticipates; a great many are sorely disappointed in these expectations—it’s very easy talking about these “big situations in Kentucky,” but when you come to look for them you will find yourself mistaken. When I leave my present situation I don’t think I shall ever look for another, but I shall return to old Pennsylvania. The longer I am away the more I feel attached to her—her very name possesses a charm. As strong a Pennsylvanian as you already are, you are not as much attached to her as you would be if you were to leave her for a few months—depriving you of a pleasure teaches you better how to appreciate it. I can never nor shall I ever be anything else in feeling than a Pennsylvanian, though probably circumstances may render it manifestly more advantageous for me to settle elsewhere; yet I still cherish the fond hope that I shall ultimately land there. . . .

My room-mate, Forbes, who is professor of mathematics in the institute, was formerly (I believe up to last July) in the same station at the Virginia Military Institute. . . . R. is better at acting the “Czar of Russia” and having you for chief “courtier,” and drinking Jim Dennison’s hot whiskey punch. Do you mind that awful cold night that we went to Caldwell; Mayor Johnson was in his shirt-sleeves and I lost my old cap that was so h—ugly? Many a time will those old scenes recur to my mind. I can sit and think of them by the hour—’tis then that I long to be in *old Pennsylvania*. In your predictions as to the candidates for the presidency, I think you are wrong—at least as to the Whig candidate. Maz. is rather below par—that “secret circular” injured him considerably. Taylor stock has been rising very rapidly in the market since the old general returned to the United States. For a few weeks previous to that it had been going down, “but it is sufficiently evident to the most superficial observer” that a strong reaction has

taken place and he now stands forth preëminently conspicuous as "the man of the times." I have no doubt now but that he will be the Whig candidate; even if he is not he can run as an *Independent*, and such is the wild enthusiasm of the American people for a military hero that he will run ahead of anything that either party can bring out. As to the Democratic candidate, I hardly know what to think, though I can scarcely believe that Buchanan will be the man. Your party will have great difficulty I apprehend in settling on a man. You have so many men that have strong claims that it will be no easy matter to make a nomination, and if Taylor is nominated by the Whig party it will be very little odds who you nominate, for he will run ahead of the devil himself. For my part I would rather see James Buchanan president than General Taylor, if he had not had so large a fist in the affairs of the present administration. That will ruin him—he can't run now (remember, this is my humble opinion just to you). Calhoun's late speech will go very hard with President Polk & Co. He uses them up completely about that "vigorous prosecution of the war" that the President has always talked so much about and especially in his late message. I think he establishes beyond the shadow of a doubt that taking a defensive line is the true policy for our government to pursue. You have of course read the speech and formed your opinion of its merits and demerits. My opinion is that it is one of the most argumentative speeches I ever read, which every man ought carefully to peruse before saying a word against a "defensive line;" if you have not read it, do so immediately. But enough of politics. I would not have written so much about this subject only that you and I always took a great interest in such matters, and I thought a *small touch* would not be amiss. In conclusion, I would just say that I would like to see both candidates selected from among the citizens. I don't like these military presidents that "go in" on account of their "gunpowder popularity." I reckon I must not pursue this point further, or I will get you raised about "Old Hickory." Peace to his ashes—he was a great man, but entirely too rash. "*Sed de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" I heard Doctor Breckenridge preach this morning—he came down from Lexington to assist the preacher here in the communion service—he preached a most splendid sermon. I could not help thinking all the time that I was listening to a Pennsylvanian. I thought of the night that he recommended you and Nilsy to wash your faces—that same night that you stole one of the pillows off of Briceland's sofa and hung it upon Creigh's awning-post—do you remember that memorable night? My room-mate is a Loco-foco, we have it hot and heavy every day or two—he's too many for me occasionally—he would suit you exactly—he's a real *Jas. K. Polk* man. I may probably see Albert Graham some of these days in Lexington, as that is the great central point for this part of the world.

To his college-mate, Mr. Thomas B. Searight, historian of the National Road:

W.M.I., Jan. 14, 1848.

MY DEAR TOM:

Your d——d mean, trifling, low-lived, half-written, one-paged affair (which might by some be called a letter, though improperly) reached me a few evenings since. It made me mad for a few minutes, I assure you. Why couldn't you have written me a decent letter while you were at it, even if I were one in your debt! . . . I see that J. has been elected to the United States Senate, a poor selection in my opinion. Why, don't you remember his long, dry, uninteresting address delivered to the alumni two years since? and which by the way — (your favorite) pronounced the best he had ever heard, and for no other reason, I presume, than that he did not understand a word of it. Edgar Cowan beat him all to h——l the very next day in his address to the societies. I think the Whigs would have showed more sense in selecting McKennan, Walter Foruard, Jos. R. Chandler, or indeed fifty other men in preference, but the Whigs are a fated party in Pennsylvania, and I think old Geo. Dawson's remark a very good one, and I heard Watson of Washington make a very sensible remark also, that the "Whigs never could retain power in that State, and they would always run themselves out in three years." And they have let the Democrats elect the speaker. The natives do not always work with Whigs, it appears. Is not that speaker the same man that your father told Billy Roberts was too much of a Packer man? Thus, then, by mismanagement we will lose our power in the old Keystone, and the next governor will be a Democrat.

As I have to go out of town to-day to visit a country friend I will not finish my letter until to-morrow.

I have just returned from the country (and just by way of parenthesis I will tell you that I have had a most delightful visit and that Kentucky is the place to have such).

We resumed school last Monday, January 8 (an anniversary which you venerate on account of the immortal Jackson). We had a vacation of three weeks, which I spent at Lexington and Frankfort. It is very lively at Frankfort just now, as the Legislature is in session.

They elect a United States Senator on the 1st February, and there is a good deal of excitement about who it shall be. It will, I think, be either Ex-Governor Letcher or Judge Robertson of Lexington. It lies between them at present; however, one may withdraw before election day. They are brothers-in-law and it will not look very well to run against each other — politics divide many a family, though.

They have a convention next summer to amend the constitution of this State. The all-absorbing question is that of slavery — whether it shall be continued or abolished. The papers have all taken sides, and some of them seem to be rabid Abolitionists — others again are ultra-slavery in their views — a third class and I think far the largest and most respectable are for a system of gradual emancipation, and this I think will be the

course pursued. Kentucky has been ruined by slavery — her soil and climate won't admit of it — she is too far north.

The convention will be composed of men of both parties of the first order of talent, and the affair will be fully and freely discussed. I wish I had you out here awhile with me. I know you would like the country and the people so much. Scott county would just suit you, for it is a strong Democratic region, although it gave a small majority for Taylor — this was the first time it ever gave a Whig majority. Polk beat Clay in it.

Are not the Ohio Legislature playing well? That is a burning shame on the Democratic party. It is the most ultra State in the Union on all questions. It is always in one extreme or another. I wish they would turn right into it and have a civil war. I presume you were much pleased with Mr. Polk's message. I think it a very able document, but tinctured entirely too strongly with party politics instead of national affairs. It is a labored defence of his administration and his different cabinet officers.

Walker's report of the Treasury is a masterly paper, and so is Johnson's post-office report. I read them both with great interest.

What do you do to amuse yourself away out in the country — you have no companions, and I don't see how you get along. Do you ever have a game of poker nowadays? We play draw poker here altogether and I don't like it half as well as the regular old game we used to play at Washington. M. and R. L. could have their ravenous appetites satisfied if they would come out here.

Poor W. — he fought without knowing what the dispute between the two countries was about. It didn't matter much to him whether the Rio Grande or the Neuces was the boundary. . . .

Accept my thanks for the "Examiner" containing an account of the funeral ceremonies of Lieut. Irons. It must have been an imposing affair. Dr. King's oration I consider neat and apt. He did not say enough about Phillips — that is the only objection I could possibly find to it. Saml. A. Gilmore, Esq., of Butler, is to be Judge Ewing's successor. I suppose he is an able jurist from what I have seen in the "Examiner." I think it is decidedly better that the judge should be from some other district. He is then free from any personal feelings *pro* or *con*, and is entirely untrammelled, and that is what a man can rarely ever be in his own neighborhood. I suppose if the appointment had been made in the district, some of the Union-town lawyers would have got it since the death of Cleavenger, or would your brother-in-law have stood a chance? No doubt you would have used all your influence to further his interests. By the way, that reminds me of what you were telling me about you and the Count studying law with him. Do you intend to stick to it, or is it just one of the freaks of your imagination, which you will discard as soon as the novelty wears off? I advise you to hold fast, and study with him until you are admitted. It is all you are fit for. Suppose you and the Count remain in W. after you graduate, and I will come there too, and we will all three go into it together, and be admitted at the same time. I tell you the legal profession would be benefited

no little by the addition of three such promising young men as Messrs. Searight, Clark, and Blaine. Now I do not intend this all as a joke. I am in good earnest about studying law, and I know no place that I would rather do it in than Washington. The only difficulty I have is in making up my mind as to the time I shall commence. I could study here if I chose, as there is a law school connected with the institute, and my duties will allow me time to study. Accompanying this letter you will receive a copy of our catalogue and regulations, from which you will get a better idea of the W.M.I. than I could give you by writing for a month. You will see that they say I graduated No. 1 in a class of thirty-three. This was inserted without my knowledge; if I had known it was going to be put in, I would have objected to it, for in fact it is not strictly true. I no more graduated No. 1 than did Tom Porter, or John Hervey, nor did they any more than I, so that in that sense I might be said to have graduated No. 1, for nobody was above me. But this is not to the point: I was speaking about how it came there. Mr. McKennan gave me some letters of introduction to gentlemen in this part of the country, in which he said as a recommendation that I had graduated No. 1. Johnson saw some of these letters, and that accounts for its being in the catalogue. I was absent at Frankfort and Lexington the week it was made out and sent to Cincinnati for publication, and never saw it until the catalogues were printed and circulated. I have been thus tedious in my explanation of this matter, because I did not wish you to think that I was fool enough to have such a thing printed concerning myself. My class-mates who may happen to see it will think that I am taking a great stiff out here in Kentucky, just because I happened to get a share of the first honor. When you hear any remarks of this kind made I wish you to give the explanation which I have given to you. The Count mentions that he received a catalogue from me. I have not the slightest recollection of ever having sent him one; if I ever did it was when I was asleep, for I determined long ago not to send one to Washington without preceding it with this explanation.

We have some of the prettiest girls about here that ever lived in the world. They beat the Washington girls all hollow, one always excepted. I am in love with about a half dozen, and the only difficulty I have is to decide between them, and it is no easy matter, I assure you. Since I wrote to you last I have entered upon my duties, and like teaching very well indeed. I am at present hearing a class in algebra, one in geometry, one in Virgil, one in Cæsar, and one in the Greek reader, so that I have them from *qui, quae, quod* up to triangles, circles, and squares. It keeps me right busy reviewing, for I always look at the lesson before going into the section room, — that is the military term for recitation room, — and each class is divided into sections, varying in number according to the size of the class. This afternoon (Friday) I have nothing at all to do. The sections are under the professor of composition and declamation. To-morrow I am going to Lexington, and will mail this letter there, as you will get it a day sooner in that way.

W.M.I., GEORGETOWN, KY., Oct. 25, /48.

DEAR TOM:

And you have graduated and left old Washington, no longer a student, but out fully in the world as a man. Well, Tom, it is not the thing it is cracked up to be. Give me a student's careless life—nothing to think about except to-morrow morning's lesson, and if he can only get through that feels perfectly happy. Oh, how you will think over these things before you are a year older. At present you do not, for I know you are all excitement in regard to the coming election, and cannot take time to think of anything else. But if I were you I would not rack my system about it. You are bound to be defeated, and that, too, most shamefully. Are you not perfectly aghast at the late result? Pennsylvania elect a Whig governor! The most astonishing thing I ever heard of. I do not think the most sanguine Whig ever dreamed of such a thing. It must be confessed we have not done so well in Ohio as we wished, but then you must remember that there existed a good many elements of discord among the Whigs, which can all be smoothed over before the 7th of November. Besides, Weller got the Free-soil vote, which will all be cast for Van Buren, thereby securing Taylor a plurality. But to tell the truth, I am very much afraid we will lose Ohio, but then Pennsylvania will more than make up. I have bet about sixty dollars on the election; about half of it on Taylor's carrying Pennsylvania. Do you think I'll win? Your "Pard" is elected by one vote, I see. He'll go to h—— this winter certain, and drink himself to death. I should like well to see you just about this time to plague you about Pennsylvania. . . . I had a delightful trip down the river with the Misses B. I went on to Cincinnati with them and stayed a day there. I received a letter from them a few days since containing very handsome presents in the way of bookmarks—*rewards* for my gallantry! They are in Memphis. A. is a splendid woman. I had a blue day when I left Wheeling, going away from home and parting from you, but towards evening I felt better. The girls were so lively and the weather so pleasant that I could not help regaining my spirits.

I am surprised to hear that Henry Clay's speech does not take in Pennsylvania; it was made just for the purpose of conciliating the furor of the North, but I am afraid it is going to play the d——l in the South; it is tinctured too much with "Abolitionism" to go down well there. Henry has made another mistake which will be apt to defeat him again. You have no idea how his friends here are manœuvering for his renomination. This State will be very nearly balanced between him and Taylor when they hold their convention at Frankfort in February. Some of the Democratic papers of this State have Gen. Wm. O. Butler up for the presidency. If he should happen to be nominated by your party it would be with great difficulty that the Whigs could carry the State, even with Clay as the nominee, and I have heard intelligent and leading Whigs say that they would vote for him, and that they believed he could outrun any man of either party. I hope they won't nominate him, for if they do the Whigs

will be a used-up community again. You remember what a hard chase he gave Ousley for governor in 1844. If you nominate Cass, Buchanan, Van Buren, or any of those men, I think the Whigs stand a very good chance.

I have read President Polk's message very attentively and consider it upon the whole a very clever document. Upon the important measures and suggestions contained in it I will not pretend to decide, be they politic or impolitic; let wiser and more experienced heads than mine do that; I forbear expressing my individual opinion, as it would only raise a dispute between us. I will say this much, however, in compliment to Mr. Polk — he is and has been manly, honorable, and consistent in his course in regard to the "war." But whether he is right in that course is another and a different question.

We had "the message" here the day after it was delivered, telegraphed to Cincinnati.

The great "Tom Marshall" made one of his very finest speeches in this place about a week ago. He is warm for Cass and Butler. It was about the finest political speech I ever listened to. He did give the Whigs *h* — I assure you. I felt cheap myself in some parts of his speech, but it is all to no purpose; can't beat old Zack — we can elect *him* if we can't *Clay*. The longer I live in Kentucky the better I like it. I wish you were here awhile with me. I know, with all your attachment to the old Keystone (which I so much admire in you), that you would say old Kentuck is hard to beat.

We had a great time in our school on the 5th of this month! — the anniversary of the battle of the Thames. We had a review of the cadets by old Dick Johnson, assisted by Colonel Thompson, Fourth Regiment Kentucky Volunteers, General Pratt, and Garries and Harmon (two Buena Vista heroes) as *aids*. It was an imposing sight I assure you, and at the same time rather ludicrous. Old Dick is one of the plainest-looking old chaps you ever saw. He would suit Plumpsock admirably; he is the most radical Democrat in the Union; he did not look the least military. All the rest were in full dress and looked splendidly. I wish you could have been here. Just come to Lexington and you'll see the prettiest piece of *God's handiwork*.

I send you a little piece of Horace Greeley's wit in the political line. You must acknowledge it is pretty good, although it does hit you Loco-focos hard. Write soon after the presidential election and you will have the pleasure of recording a glorious Whig victory.

From J. N. McKee, Lexington:

I was in such great consternation the day you passed through that I entirely forgot a commission I wanted you to execute for me in Pennsylvania. You are doubtless aware that our wheat crop has failed. Consequently flour will be inferior, scarce, and dear. Colin Wilson would tell you if you were talking to him that we never had any fit to eat, but you.

know to the contrary, that you have eaten good bread made out of Kentucky wheat. As good flour as I ever saw has been made out of wheat grown in Ganara. . . . Now for the commission itself. Invest the amount enclosed in flour. I dare say your father will be a first-rate judge of the article, and Brownsville will be a convenient point to ship from — more so than Washington — as the river is exceedingly low. I presume freight will be high. By the time you are ready to leave, the water will perhaps be up. . . .

I hope you may be able to get a good situation on the road next spring.

To Mr. T. B. Searight :

APRIL 8, 1849.

God only knows when I'll get away from here. . . . Directly after the organization of the new Cabinet, I thought of applying for a clerkship in the Home Department, as Ewing (who presides over that branch of the Cabinet) is a relative of mine. Subsequent events have determined me to withdraw my application and now I am not in the ring at all.¹

I do not think this is to be at all regretted, as very probably a residence of four years at Washington would prove anything else than advantageous to me. I would not expect to make any money, and I might contract habits ruinous to my future prospects. Nevertheless I must confess that it would be quite charming to be in Washington and see how the wheels of government revolve and how the wires are pulled. . . . Although there have been few *removals* made, you Democrats need not flatter yourselves that this administration is going to play the "*betwixt and between*" — pursue a temporizing policy. You will find that about June and July and along there the heads will begin to come off pretty rapidly. I am *looking for and hoping for a General Decapitation*. I have had some advices from headquarters, and this opinion is formed from them.

This State is at present all agitation on the subject of the convention which assembles next winter to remodel the constitution. Slavery is the great question. You have no doubt seen Mr. Clay's letter. He is strong for emancipation and colonization, but he has many bitter and able opponents to encounter, and the day has long since gone by when Henry Clay's will was law in Kentucky. This county (Scott) will be apt to send one of the most able men in the State as her delegate — Jas. I. Robinson — you have never heard of him, though by many he is accounted the ablest lawyer in the State. He is opposed to emancipation in every shape and form and I have no doubt a large majority (say two-thirds) of the delegates returned will be his supporters. So the Abolitionists in the North may console themselves with the reflection that their ultra course has created this reaction in the public pulse of Kentucky.

I am glad to see that the bill for the new county is again lost. I want old Washington to remain in her integrity. I expect they will finally

¹ Chief of "the subsequent events" was that Mr. Ewing kindly dissuaded him from even applying for a clerkship.

succeed in getting the bill passed; they come nearer and nearer every time; it was lost this time by a tie vote I believe. Do you know whether we at West Brownsville would be in the new or old?

No two States in the Union fraternize better than the old Keystone and Kentucky, though one be Whig and the other Democrat.

I intend to commence the study of law regularly this summer. My preceptor will be Judge Robertson of Lexington, one of the first lawyers of the State.

From J. N. McKee:

LEXINGTON, Dec. 4, 1851.

You are wise in leaving that institution: it required all the energy of such a man as Colonel Johnson to sustain it. That once withdrawn, with the formidable opposition it will have to contend with, it will be more than the present faculty can uphold, and I think you are right not to be buried in its ruins. I am perfectly disgusted with trade, but you are young enough to lose and make a fortune. May you be as successful as your most sanguine expectations.

From his mother:

ELIZABETH, Christmas Evening, 1852.

MY BELOVED SON:

Yours of the 22d I this day received with the very acceptable Christmas gift, for which I give you many thanks. Have you no vacation at this time in the institution? I heard from M. that you expected one and intended going to Augusta and having your wife return with you. I fear you are kept too busy. . . . I am indeed sorry to hear that you do not enjoy yourself at —. How or why have you so poor an opinion of his young and handsome wife? I would have you to be at all times kind and polite to them both. . . . Have you made many acquaintances in Philadelphia? How do you spend your spare time if you have any? And you have never yet told me how you spend your Sundays. Not, I fear, as I wish, in attending church; but this, Jimi, I fear is an unpleasant subject and one that you think I have no right to speak of; but you will forgive me as you will know my anxious desire to see you a practical Christian. . . .

Your uncle Willie has made up his mind to go West. . . . I would much rather it were otherwise. I cannot bear the thought of parting from my only brother in our old days. Never, never will either of us in this world spend as happy days as we once did. Poor uncle Frank seems very near to me. I will ever love him for the unbounded love he had for your aunt E. Her death was about my first great trouble, but what was it compared to my sorrow and sadness in the last two years? . . .

Little M. and A. were dressed this day for the first time in their new frocks that you sent them. A. says her uncle Jim dress is the prettiest

one she has and wishes very much you could see how beautiful she looks in it. She knows you would think her almost as pretty as Stannie. . . .

Mage is the very soul of honor and correctness, although she has some little faults to contend with. You ought to be very partial to her, for I think she loves you as dearly as it is possible for one person to love another. She told me the other day that if you were to die, all happiness in this world to her would be gone forever. . . .

Do you have no idea of visiting us before July? Oh, it seems so long, long to wait till then. . . . I hope, my dearest child, this has been to you a happy Christmas. And may you have many, many, my own dearest son.

To Mr. T. B. Searight:

ELIZABETH, July 7, 1853.

Your letter did not reach me until many weeks after it was written, and then I chanced to see my name among list of advertised. . . .

I am here without wife or child, they having gone on to New England to spend the summer. I will be in this region during this month and a part of next, and it is my most anxious desire to meet you and the Count. . . . I cannot make any appointment of a meeting because I know nothing of your engagements nor of the Count's. I lay myself, however, subject to your commands, and will most gladly meet you at any place you may designate; but meet you and the Count I must, or else I shall return to Philadelphia, bitterly disappointed in one of the greatest pleasures anticipated in my visit.

Where is "Tariff?" I am very anxious to see him. If in Uniontown I shall certainly see him if I have to come all the way on purpose.

ELIZABETH, Friday, Aug. 5, 1853.

After more than a week's delay I redeem my promise of sending you the Count's letter. You will observe it has the regular country-squire fold to it. No one but a Cross Creek or Robinson Township "Justice" would give a sheet of foolscap the shape this has.

I leave to-morrow or next day for Philadelphia, and thence to New England, returning to Philadelphia by September 1. I am sincerely sorry that the trio can't have a reunion, but since the Count speaks so mournfully about the probability of its being the last meeting, I feel inclined to put it off for some time — don't you?

Have you paid another visit to Miss —? If you are really *struck*, all I have to say is "*pussevere*," and if you should not make the landing, there is nothing lost in honor or purse. Write me in regard to your success if you make the effort. My own marriage only makes me sympathize the more warmly in all affairs of this kind.

My address after first September will be Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind, Philadelphia.

VII.

MAINE.

MR. BLAINE'S post-office address, after the first of September, was, as he had declared it would be, the Philadelphia Institute for the Blind, but only for a few weeks. All unwittingly he had found the road — and it was The National Road.

He had adopted teaching not as an ultimate profession, only as the next step ; but he had none the less taught with ardor, devotion, success, and happiness. His experience was at the two extremes of confident strength and pathetic helplessness, — with the young cadets of the military institute, vigorous, fiery, impulsive, eager to try and not loath to show their mettle, and with the young pupils of the blind asylum, groping their way through the darkness of an unseen world, — and to both his profound sympathy brought full and eager service. In performing his duties he never consulted the contract, but wrought out of the abundance of his own nature, and over-filled his position with unstinted generosity, with joyous cordiality. Instinctively he identified his own interests with those of his associates. As young as some of his cadets, he not only taught and trained their minds to accuracy and breadth, but he could sympathize even when they were wrong, and discern the time when it was wise not to see. Through the corridors of the blind asylum his step was as elastic, his mind as alert as in the Military School. He still kept an outlook on the law and on the land, but he lavished himself on his daily duties, looked after the interests of the institution, took part in the improvement of its organization, with as much fidelity and sympathy as if he had chosen it for his permanent work, and left his individuality so vividly impressed upon his partners that to them his later life was but the fulfilment of expectation.

Twenty-two years afterwards, an associate teacher in the institute, who had but rarely seen him through the intervening years, wrote :

I trust that out of this seeming defeat you will win a richer victory—that the world will be permitted to see a man who finds a defeat only an incentive to battle more strongly and vigorously for the right—a man who is able to forget himself, and by his nobleness and devotion to his country bring to it untold blessings.

Loving you for all that you were to me, and all that I knew you to be in yourself, in the years long ago, and proud of you for all that you have been since, and sure that the Lord knows what he is about when he does not let us throw up our hats for you in the coming election, under all circumstances, I am your friend.

It was in the railroad train on the way from Augusta back to Philadelphia that he was joined by Mr. Dorr, who had been one of the owners and conductors of the *Kennebec Journal*, and was still interested in its fortunes.

At that time, Mr. Blaine was known to the people of Augusta only as they had seen him in his short vacation visits, but Mr. Dorr had reached the conclusion that he was the man to take charge of the chief journal of the State; and he represented the matter to Mr. Blaine so attractively that he immediately took it into consideration and consultation.

Luther Severance, Simon Cameron, and Russell Eaton, three young men, were working together in the office of the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington, when the Whigs of Maine conceived that the time had come for the establishment of a Whig newspaper in their State. Mr. Severance and Mr. Eaton were selected as men whose mental ability and practical experience fitted them for the undertaking. They were invited to Maine, and in 1825 the first number of the paper, the *Kennebec Journal*, was issued. It continued under their control till 1833, when Mr. Eaton withdrew and Mr. Severance conducted it alone until 1839, and in conjunction with Mr. Dorr until 1850.

The proposition of Mr. Dorr appealed strongly to Mr. Blaine's political tastes. The probability that the State printing would be awarded to the *Journal* by the winter Legislature was presented as an additional pecuniary induce-

ment. He did not hesitate, but arranged with the Philadelphia institution that his resignation should be accepted as soon as a person should be found to take his place, and on November 16, 1854, the *Kennebec Journal* announced that the establishment had been "sold to Messrs. Joseph Baker and J. G. Blaine, who would thereafter conduct its editorial and business affairs."

The *Journal* was obliged to admit that Mr. Blaine had "come among us a comparative stranger," but pleaded in rebuttal that he was a gentleman of decided talent and of wide travel, — a stronger adjective perhaps than would at this day be allowed to his modest meanderings.

Mr. Blaine was a comparative stranger in the State, but he was not unprepared for his work. It had been the amusement of his vacations to go up to the State House and bury himself in Niles's *Register* and in local records, by which he speedily absorbed and assimilated the history of the State, and was thus able to lend a strong, eager, and shaping hand to its future course.

The time was one of such mental and emotional upheaval as marks at intervals the upward path of humanity. The great landmark of past understandings, always misunderstandings, of compromises patriotically conceived and conscientiously undertaken for union between North and South, had just been swept away in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and the North was glowing towards the white-heat of the great civil war. To the immediate actors and spectators, the repeal was a brazen betrayal of faith. Following the passage and enforcement of the last fugitive slave law, it seemed a wanton and wicked rending of a national compact solemnly made and sacredly kept for thirty-two years. In the procession of time, it was a constituent part of what Mr. Seward discerned as an irrepressible conflict, which no pledge, however solemn or sacred, could prevent or compose, a compromise which the most determined resolution could not perpetuate. It was the ever-rising tide of conscience, reaching in these latter days the high-water mark of a distinct consciousness of the value of the individual human being, which in the eternal order made, marred, and avenged the Missouri compromise.

The conflict had not become more real, only more manifest. The political ferment was radical. The old party lines were broken up, and new combinations were inevitable.

In Maine, the nascent Republican party won its first victory in September, and the immediate question was what to do with it. When the Legislature assembled in January, interest was keen in the popular mind as to how its organization should be completed, and what should be its policy and measures. The Whig organization had been maintained, and the Free Soil and "Morrill Democratic" party had been maintained, but the Whig party had dwindled from 46,000 in 1840 to 14,000 in 1854, while the vote for Anson P. Morrill ran up to 45,000. At least one-half of the 14,000 were estimated to be in perfect sympathy with the Republican or Morrill party, and were only retained in the old Whig organization by the force of a regular nomination. This was unequivocal testimony against the slave democracy and the Administration.

The choice of Mr. Blaine as editor was speedily justified. His thorough acquaintance with the political history of the country, his ready comprehension of the issues pending, his familiarity with the characteristics and personal history of prominent persons, surprised even his friends. His reviews of measures and his judgments of men were correspondingly just and incisive. He fought not as one that beateth the air.

Joseph Baker, Esq., father of Orville Baker, the brilliant ex-Attorney-General of Maine, was a leading lawyer of the State, and the exactions of his profession made it impracticable for him to retain active part in the newspaper. Mr. Blaine had seen and copied into his paper, with strong commendation, an unsigned article on the political situation, written by Rev. John L. Stevens, and Mr. Stevens had noted with what signal clearness and cogency, with what superior insight and intellectual force, the young Pennsylvanian was handling the prevailing topics of public discussion. Without the knowledge of either, a meeting was arranged by influential friends between Mr. Stevens and Mr. Blaine, and in twenty-four hours from that first meeting they had become associate owners and editors of the *Kennebec Journal*. This was the beginning of a friendship which extended without break for thirty-eight years. "As

freshly as of yesterday," says Mr. Stevens, "I remember his appearance as I first saw him at twenty-five. His handsome person, his striking features, his large, lustrous eyes, and his whole expression of face spoke the man of genius and intellectual power."

To the two young men—for Mr. Stevens was scarcely ten years the senior of Mr. Blaine—there was nothing forbidding or formidable, on the contrary, there was somewhat attractive and stimulating, in the formation and appearance of a new party. They at once and eagerly determined to follow their principles into the Republican party rather than to "lie down and fold our arms and do nothing in this great final struggle between slavery and freedom. We will help bear the glorious banner of Republican liberty on to victory till our government is completely and forever divorced from slavery, and wielded to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity!"

The new party stood to them for freedom, temperance, river and harbor improvement within constitutional limits, homesteads for freemen, a just administration of the public lands of the State and nation, and for education as the surest safeguard of republican institutions. A department was to be devoted each week to religious intelligence. And they modestly continued: "With what ability or what success we may labor, we shall leave others to judge—we can only pledge honest impulses and faithful endeavors." They declared the great Republican party to be fairly inaugurated into power in Maine, "with a popular good-will, a prestige of success, and the elements of permanency such as no party has had since the birth of our State. . . . Let it be not merely the inauguration of a new party, but the exaltation of principle above party."

Clear eyes at the South foresaw dissolution of the Union or extinction of slavery as the outcome of the Republican party. The Charleston Mercury foretold "no passing effervescence, but a great movement; progress a law of its being, victory the law of its agitation." The Maine editors, on the contrary, saw in it not the dissolution of the Union, but its salvation. Both were right. It was the extinction of slavery and the dissolution of the old Union founded on the shifting sands of compromise between the dying past and the eternal

future. It was the establishment of a new Union founded on the rock of ages, the right of the human being. Certainly no party ever had a more immaculate conception or a holier nativity than the Republican party.

A bill, very important to the private success of the two young men, passed both branches of the Legislature, making the Kennebec Journal the State paper, in which should be published all laws and resolves of a public nature, and all advertisements, notices, and orders required to be published. Their work was so well done that even their rivals complimented them on the highly creditable style in which their reports were issued, in response to which the Journal rather saucily congratulated its "Hunker contemporaries" that, "however awry their political principles, they know what good printing is!"

To one recalling incidents of this time, Mr. Blaine wrote in 1868:

I love these reminiscences that give us a *life glimpse* of what we really were a dozen or fifteen years ago. I know myself that I must have been *green* enough in those days — but I never imagined it at the time. Was I not then editing the leading Republican paper of Maine? Was I not then State printer, making \$4,000 a year and spending \$600, a ratio between outlay and income which I have never since been able to establish and maintain? Bless me, how rich I should grow if I should only now come into the annual receipt of seven times my outlay — and yet that was just my charming condition in those delightful days.

But no personal compliments or private profits kept the Kennebec Journal from girding itself for battle. It went not simply where the fight was hottest, but it made the hottest of the fight — confronting the determination of the slave power to extend and perpetuate slavery with an equal determination to limit and destroy it — confronting the arrogant demand for concession of superiority with as lordly an assertion and a wiser maintenance of equal condition and rights. "The Nebraska swindle" was an objective point, a living contention. On the final passage of the Nebraska bill Northern Statesmanship solemnly pronounced that all compromises with slavery were henceforth at an end. Every issue of the Journal was a series of blows boyish sometimes in their directness, but manfully aimed and delivered, manfully muscular, swift,

untiring, effective. Every blow consolidated the party and confounded the opposition. The confidence and strength of the young editors infused confidence and increased strength, and made many adherents to the new cause.

Mr. Stevens was then both chairman and secretary of the Republican State Committee, and was too deeply absorbed in efforts at Republican organization to devote much time to editorial work, so that most of the ably written articles and caustic paragraphs published in the *Kennebec Journal* in the campaign of 1856, and copied extensively in and out of the State, were written by Mr. Blaine.

The madness of slavery about to be destroyed gave innumerable points on which the alert foe never ceased to ring the changes. The fugitive slave law, which opened the whole North as a hunting-ground to the slave-catcher, and brought slavery in its most odious and least defensible form to the very doors, before the very eyes, of hereditary freemen; the overthrow of barriers against slavery in the new territories, openly threatening freedom with the permanent political supremacy of slavery, — were all that was necessary to rouse suspicious and smouldering wrath to flame, and the strong young manhood of free institutions had thenceforth but one passion — wherever slavery showed head or hand or foot, to smite it.

Thus it came that the Nebraska bill, instead of confirming the compromise of 1850 and strengthening harmony, brought resentment and discord. Instead of two slave States, it gave to the Union two free States; instead of bounding Free Soil, it made Free Soil of the whole nation.

Abroad the world was not becalmed. Mr. Perley, of New Brunswick, was in Washington interviewing the President and Secretary Marcy and Mr. Cushing and Mr. Crampton on the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. France, England, and Sardinia were leagued in the great Crimean war to limit Russia in the Black sea, and to bar from the East her gigantic and terrible steps. In the very first issue of the paper after Mr. Blaine assumed the editorial chair, the annexation of Hawaii was presented as an immediate and American question. Mr. Severance, his predecessor, had been a man of marked ability, courtesy, and character. While continuing as editor he had

served in both branches of the Maine Legislature, and had twice been sent to the lower house of Congress. He had been appointed by President Taylor commissioner to the Hawaiian Islands, and sailed from Boston August 22, 1851, reaching Honolulu January 12, 1852. In this station he bore himself so admirably that the king desired him to remain as Secretary of foreign affairs. He did not accept the offer, but he ever cherished a lively concern in the fortunes of this peculiarly interesting little kingdom. It was during his stay there that the question of annexation became prominently agitated for the first time, and he prepared a paper upon it whose pertinence and value have lost nothing from subsequent events. At the time of Mr. Blaine's advent, Mr. Severance was regarded somewhat as *editor emeritus*, and not only by his successor on the Journal, but by Maine citizens generally, was held in warm and high respect. Mr. Blaine's acquaintance with him was brief, Mr. Severance dying that winter, but his appreciation of the man induced him to write for the Journal a memorial sketch of the life of Luther Severance, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form.

Mr. Stevens, born and schooled in Kennebec, avowed on assuming editorship that his earliest political knowledge was drawn from the pages of Luther Severance, "whose light still lingers on us like the rays of the sun on the mountains, ere it goes down," and spoke "with reverence and joy through a medium made almost classic by his labors."

Hon. Elisha Allen, of Maine, was then Speaker of the Hawaiian House of Representatives, a position which was said to be as onerous as it was honorable, from the ignorance of the Hawaiians regarding parliamentary forms. Of the twenty-seven native members only six, including the Speaker, were whites or understood English, and half the native Hawaiians had never even seen a legislative assembly before. With Judge Allen Mr. Blaine sustained cordial connections in private and public life till the New Year's day when, full of years and honors, the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps fell dead in the White House.

Through his relations with such men Mr. Blaine acquired an intimate knowledge of the resources, history, character, and aspirations of the island kingdom, and shared with them an

interest, personal as well as political and patriotic, in its condition and destiny.

Annexation seemed coming on apace. Mr. Severance was writing from his vantage ground of familiarity with both nations, and strangely enough the questions which were convulsing America were affecting also the policy of the gentle island. The compromise intended to open way for slavery in Utah and New Mexico, the repeal of compromise to open Kansas and Nebraska to slavery, and the cry of squatter sovereignty frightened the Hawaiians. Slavery was prohibited by the Hawaiian constitution, but if Hawaii were annexed, they feared they would be made slaves under the Nebraska bill, or even become the prey of marauding filibusters from San Francisco. In August, 1853, the British Consul had offered the king formal remonstrance against annexation. Through the columns of the *Journal*, from the pens of Maine Hawaiians, the question of annexation was ably presented, sometimes as the only ultimate resource against anarchy. Negotiations were believed to be far advanced, and "probably," wrote a correspondent from Hawaii, "ere this time next year, we shall again be under the stars and stripes." Of 2,000 whites and 70,000 natives, nearly all Americans were in favor of annexation; the Germans stood three to one. The Scotch were somewhat indifferent. The mercantile and commercial motive was strong; the sugar-planters wanted annexation to avoid a thirty per cent. duty and get a thirty per cent. protection. English land-holders were not opposed to it, since it would raise the price of their lands. The chiefs, who owned large tracts of land which yielded little income after compulsory labor was abolished, saw that they would profit by it. Of the missionary work, the *Journal* spoke without sentiment, but its facts were significant. Until the arrival of the missionaries in 1820 the natives had no written language, no recorded laws or titles to lands, or to anything else. "The authority of the king was paramount," and it was as constitutional for him, Kamehameha I., when he conquered the islands to assume ownership of the conquered lands as it was for William of Normandy. The missionaries therefore not only brought Christianity, but civilization, to Hawaii. One of the judges of the Supreme Court was

John Ii, who remembered seeing his father, a native priest, officiate at a human sacrifice. An annual labor-school for the children of missionaries was under the chief care of Rev. Daniel Dole, a "Kennebecker," father of President Dole, of the Provisional Government established in 1893. The English school for half-castes was taught by G. B. C. Ingraham, a native of Hallowell. In Maui there was a school for native children under Rev. Mr. Alexander, father of Professor Alexander now of Honolulu. If the islands should be admitted as a State, these Maine men avowed that they could send "better representatives than the average." In 1843 England and France agreed not to take possession of the islands either as a protectorate or otherwise, and invited the United States to enter into the compact. The United States declined, but all agreed to protect the islands against filibusters. In President Buchanan's subsequent message it was adversely noted that the two subjects upon which most interest was felt by the public, the acquisition of Cuba and the annexation of Hawaii, were wholly ignored.

In addition to editorship Mr. Blaine assumed the work of reporter of the Senate, and his reports, though written from memory only, without notes, became at once authoritative from their fulness and accuracy. His custom was never to watch the speakers, on a theory that the exercise of two senses is less effective than reliance on one. It was his invariable habit, when a debate commenced, to draw up a chair to the open fireplace and watch the burning logs while he listened. He would afterwards, without a single note, furnish his paper with a synopsis of the speeches delivered throughout the debate. While still listening, he would mentally and instinctively frame speeches meeting the arguments brought forward. After hearing the roll-call, he could give at will every member's vote. He formulated no method of memory, was aware of no effort. When asked, "How can you remember so?" his only explanation was, "How can you help it?" What came to him remained — was on call. It was a touch of the divine memory — no memory at all, but an eternal now. Yet the eternal now was perhaps a part of his secret, was certainly his impetuous and imperative rule, even in that early day. A word or a fact that he wanted must be

sought at once, never relegated to a more convenient moment. This association helped to fix in his mind the definition or the statement required.

His attendance upon the Senate gave him excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the leading political men of the State, of both parties. His own intelligent interest, his enthusiasm, his knowledge of what most concerned legislators and public men, his readiness to draw upon it for the pleasure and the profit of his interlocutors, his eagerness to draw upon their stores for his own profit and pleasure, the very unwontedness of his Pennsylvania birth, breeding, and associations, quickly drew the attention and regard of the members, while it was equally observed that he never pushed himself forward. Always and by nature energetic and forceful in manner when called upon to speak or to act, he had the reserve which belongs to trained intellect, good breeding, and good sense, no less conscious of responsibility than sensitive to the rights of others.

From men then living in Augusta and its neighborhood Mr. Blaine received great advantage, by the fulness of their information, and their ability and readiness to put him in possession of the personal history of men, measures, and parties as no reading could do. Several had done eminent service to the community and were in the evening of honored life.

When Mr. Pinkham¹ drove President Polk in his coach to the house of Reuel Williams, a lad who was looking on with swelling heart affirms that he could not tell which seemed to him the greater man of the three! Reuel Williams was a natural magnate such as New England loved to honor. He had been United States Senator. He was a famous lawyer. He had charge of the Plymouth Company's lands, and perhaps his last public service was in the Peace Congress at Washington, in February, 1861.

Nathan Weston, grandfather of the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine. He and Reuel Williams had married sisters, two of the four daughters of Judge Daniel Cony,

¹ Mr. Pinkham afterwards became Mr. Blaine's colleague in the Maine House of Representatives. He was an intense Democrat, but a no less intense admirer of Mr. Blaine.

who was one of the early settlers, and had given a house and one thousand dollars for the establishment of a school for the education of girls. Of the other two daughters one became the wife of Rev. Mr. Ingraham and the other of General Cony. Samuel Cony, from 1864 to 1867, Governor of Maine, was her grandson.

Ethan Shepley had been in the national Senate from 1833 to 1836, but had resigned his position to become Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, whence he was appointed Chief Justice. He retired from the bench in 1855 and made his home in Portland. He was the father of George F. Shepley, who distinguished himself in the war, and became afterwards a judge in the United States Circuit Court.

Hon. George Evans, of Gardiner, had represented the Kennebec District in Congress for six terms, and had then entered the Senate, where he had shared a national renown with Webster and Clay and Calhoun, and was now Attorney-General of Maine.

Hon. Williams Emmons, of Hallowell, was in the decline of his long and venerable life, though he did not attain unto the days of the years of the pilgrimage of his father, the famous Franklin divine, Rev. Nathaniel Emmons. His first wife was Miss Wild, a sister of the wife of Caleb Cushing; his second was the daughter of Benjamin Vaughan, the friend and disciple who had accompanied Priestley in his escape to this country. Mr. Emmons had been State Senator and judge, and was held in great and deserved reverence in the community, not only for his eminent descent and connections, but for his personal probity and dignity. Mr. Blaine's father-in-law had cherished for him a special regard and affection which Mr. Blaine shared so largely that he gave the name Williams Emmons to his third son, and the family friendship continued throughout life.

It will easily be seen that a keen appreciation which could open the storehouse of such memories, would furnish incalculable treasure.

"How does Blaine know so much about Maine?" was often asked. Only by ways open to all, if trodden by few.

"He was born in the rotunda at Washington," said one, whimsically accounting for an acquaintance with national details

which had come to him by natural assimilation from these natural sources.

Of those still at the front, and of those coming to the front, Edward Kent, Judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of the State, is still remembered not only for his public spirit and service but for the resonance of the campaign rhyme :

“ He has gone hell-bent,
For Governor Kent.”

Senator Fessenden was in the height of his great reputation and influence, powerful by the purity of his character and his eminent ability. Senator Hamlin was among the first to leave the Democratic and join in forming the new party on the direct slavery issue. Senator Morrill, the brother of Anson P. Morrill, over the bridge of temperance, took the same road. Israel Washburn, Jr., one of five famous brothers, was in Congress from the Penobscot district, while the present Senator was encouragingly referred to in the Kennebec Journal as a young man of great promise, Assistant Clerk in the House of Representatives.

March 23, 1855, the Journal records that Mr. Melville W. Fuller, who had reported the legislative doings for the Age while Mr. Blaine had been reporting them for the Journal, delivered the seventeenth lecture before the Augusta Lyceum, on Oliver Cromwell, in which his “researches as a historian and his ability as a writer fully sustain the creditable reputation he has already acquired.” Afterwards he recited a poem which was also generously praised.

Sidney Perham, Speaker of the Maine House in 1855, once said, “At that time two young men were reporters in the House. I never saw them together again till I saw them in Washington, when one was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the other was Secretary of State.”

On July 13, the Republican editor welcomed B. A. G. Fuller and his nephew, Melville W. Fuller, to the editorship of the Democratic Age, particularly esteeming the Fullers as “talented and accomplished gentlemen whose abilities might possibly lend respectability to the bad cause they advocated ;” but by August 3 the sword was a gleam, in spite of the “talents

and accomplishments" of the foe. "Truly, Sir Cottrill, this is an Age of trickery. It doth seem to grow yet 'Fuller and Fuller' of cunning machinations," quoted the Journal editor, and hung up in his office a secret circular of the Age, signed by "Fuller and Fuller" asking their friends to "counteract the influence of such pernicious prints as the Kennebec Journal, etc., which secret associations are using every means to open up channels through which a deluge of copies may be poured forth to flood the land with their dangerous doctrines;" and "it is the obvious duty of our friends to counteract, by those vehicles of truth whose object it is to rebuke error, and hold up to the light the machinations of its devotees. We have no secret clubs, we have no hireling officials, to aid in their circulation;" and then the "hireling official," the State printer and future Speaker, held up his prospectus, inserted openly in the paper for six consecutive weeks, to shame the future Chief Justice!

The Coalition carried the next elections against the Republicans, and the "hireling official"-ism was transferred to the Age. Naturally, the alert Republican editor allowed no embarrassment of the opposition to escape him. A coalition is apt to be awkward and unpopular. It did not seem less so under the manipulation of the Kennebec Journal. The nomenclature was uncertain and entrapping. The victors could not call themselves Democrats, because that would offend the Whig membership. If they stammered on the "Democrat and Whig," it was but specializing the odium attaching to "Coalition." But when the bewildered Chairman, reduced to despair, shouted at the top of his lungs, "The *Anti-Republican members* will meet in caucus," peals of laughter reverberated loud and long through the Journal.

The editor pointed out, with a rather suspicious reverence, that he had not reported the prayers of the Legislature, but, finding the Coalition chaplain's prayer published by the "government organ," the Age, the Journal reproduced it with no other comment than underlining certain portions: "To thee, Almighty God, in the presence of men and angels, we humbly pray for thy favors to be upon the administration of our State government during the year which has now opened.

Thy servant offers this supplication, *not that his voice has been bought to party interests, not that he would part with his love for Christ, and his allegiance to Him, for any worldly inducement, but because he loves his country, the whole and undivided country.*"

Heartily devoted to the hopes and plans of Maine, the pages are yet sprinkled with Pennsylvania and Kentucky lore. Serious political argument is enlivened with stories of Joe Doake and the National Road. When John C. Breckenridge was appointed Minister to Spain by President Pierce, the Journal Editor affirmed from neighborhood knowledge that no abler or worthier man was to be selected. Before the Dred Scott decision fell like a pall upon the venerable Roger B. Taney, the Journal had noted his unswerving integrity and impartiality, the "rich record of an honest and faithful discharge of the weightiest and most momentous duties." When the Maine opposition pleaded that President Buchanan had not appointed a Southern man governor of Kansas, but a Pennsylvanian, son of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a man who had practised law in Pennsylvania, the retort came like a blow that his father never was judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, but of the District Court of the Western District of Pennsylvania; that he had not practised law in Pennsylvania for many years, but went to Mississippi as soon as he had finished his legal studies, at the age of twenty-four years, and was, to all intents and purposes, a Southern man.

Hon. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was triumphantly and authoritatively reported to have joined the "Buchaniers." "We contradicted the rumor when it was first circulated, knowing it to be false. Mr. Ewing has recently declared for Fremont, and his son, Thomas Ewing, Jr., has taken the stump in Ohio in behalf of the Republican nominees."

"Henry Winter Davis, a young and talented Fillmore member of Congress for Maryland (would be for Fremont, probably, if he dared), made a speech in the House lately that took some of the South by surprise. He spoke of the Buchanan party as a Southern sectional party, and intimated that so long as Southern men supported it, they could not blame Northern men for supporting Fremont. He passed a high eulogy on Speaker Banks, who, he said, had graced the chair as it had not

been graced for thirty years. Mr. Davis is the most eloquent and promising member of his party in the House, although this is his first year of congressional service."

Thus it fell that at the age of twenty-six, upon a two years' residence in the State, Mr. Blaine had sufficiently won the confidence of the people to be chosen delegate to the first Republican national convention for the nomination of a candidate for the presidency.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. I. Washburn, Jr.:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I am obliged to you for your favor of the 12th and its enclosure to you. Fremont has strong points undoubtedly, and very many elements of popular strength. It will not be strange if he shall be considered upon the whole as our best man for the presidential nomination. But I doubt not that there will be strong opposition to him from quarters entitled to the greatest respect. A man who says "I am not opposed to the system of slavery if properly regulated," will be apt to say things, and do things, which will not tend to strengthen him in the North, to say the least. You are probably right in thinking that Seward nor Chase can be run, I am sorry it is so. Wilmot, Pollok, P. King, Judge McLean, and Speaker Banks have been named. It is thought by some that the latter gentleman occupies the best position for success of any man in the country, that he can better unite the American and Republican strength than any other man. This idea is not without force and plausibility. But in my judgment it is altogether too early to make commitments. We cannot say who ought to be nominated — hardly guess — at least I cannot. A few months may work great changes as to the positions and chances of men. I would let things drift for the present. There will be attempts to reunite the American party North and South, and, these failing, to organize a distinctive American party North, and to which it will be held that Republicanism must be subordinated. Movements and combinations to this end are undoubtedly on foot, and I shall not be surprised if our recent elections in the House enure considerably to their benefit. Every elected officer is a Know Nothing, and it is now whispered that all save Banks are of the 12th section, about all the subordinates are of the order, and majority, I believe, of the southern wing.

Among the Republicans, pure and simple, especially from the West, there is considerable squirming; they say that they are mere adjuncts to the party that has won; that they can procure no appoints., and indeed that Republicanism is an offence; who declare that the upshot of the nine weeks' struggle is the strengthening of the direct and indirect opposition to the Republican party, and that Americanism, as the paramount

thing, is more healthy and hopeful than it has been, etc. These things though said, are more thought of than talked about.

You will perceive that what I have written should be private, or "rather so." Excuse a hurried letter at this time, and please write me often.

FEBRUARY 26, '56.

Your letters are received. . . . I presume that no one expects that Seward will be our nominee. The trepidation of our friends has made him weak, when six months ago he was strong and ought to be now. The quest for as small a modicum of Republicanism as will answer, and as large an infusion of Know Nothingism as will be safe, has put all first rate men out of the ring, and left the nomination possible to only second or third rates. Fremont may be the best man that we can take. I do not feel sure that he is not, but I must feel that we can tie to him on the slavery question. I have no specific and positive desire to be cheated again.

There is a living feeling in the country, without which we are nowhere, which means opposition to the extension of slavery; any attempt to ignore which, or waive, or trifle with, will not succeed, and ought not to succeed. Men are in earnest, and the earnest men rather than the traders and trimmers, the mere politicians, are to be felt in this campaign. I hope Fremont may be all right; if so, he can make a fine run. I agree with you in reference to Mr. Banks.

Do you think that straight Whigs in Maine, who puffed Seward all last summer, would oppose him while they would support a Democratic "Republican"? The nomination of Fillmore yesterday will spoil many nice schemes in embryo. I am rather glad it has been made now, as I am sure it was bound to be made at some time. It will bring many anti Know Nothings, who have been waiting and temporizing, into line. It will crush out many aspirations and combinations. We can now see clearly the path of duty and of hope. Men who are with us in reality will say so, and those who at heart are against us but would have maintained a quasi connection for their own purposes, though certain to leave us in the end, will leave us now. Will the straight Whigs of Maine, who have opposed the dark lanterns so furiously, fall into the Fillmore ranks? Is Americanism, when associated with opposition to slavery in Kansas, objectionable, and attractive only when its leading idea and purpose is to establish it there? . . . Weston says Maine is good for 20,000 majority for the Republican ticket, and I do not see how that ticket, if a fair one, can be beat. There is, we hear, considerable talk about Hamlin for governor. We think well of it here, if agreeable to Mr. H.

At this convention Mr. Blaine inclined to the nomination of Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court, rather than Fremont. "My preference for Judge McLean," he explained to his

constituents on his return, "was in large degree based upon admiration of his high character, but partly upon an inherited friendship for him, partly from a kinship of feeling with his conservatism, and partly, I suppose, because the Whig instincts which I share with the great majority of this district turned me towards one who has so long been among the trusted statesmen and soundest advisers of that party." Though impulsive in manner and bold in action, Mr. Blaine was the farthest from rashness — was, on the contrary, thoroughly cautious and even conservative. The rapidity of his conclusions often gave the appearance of recklessness to what was really a sound, though swift, logic. Ever the lasting force if not the strongest shock of his charge lay in the strength of the position from which it was made. The young and ardent Republicans at the convention generally preferred Fremont, and he was selected as standard-bearer. None the less Mr. Blaine entered the contest with all his heart. For the great majority with which the Republicans carried Maine, no member of the rising party won more laurels than their adopted citizen, and no exigency could have been better adapted to show his genius for leadership. The moral elevation of the struggle was such as to enlist every power and the whole allegiance of a noble nature.

His first public speeches are numerous. Soon after coming to Augusta he went with a large party to Farmington, where William Pitt Fessenden was to speak. It was one of the earliest Franklin-county mass meetings of Republicans. Fessenden was not there, and the committee came to the Augusta delegation and asked if they had any speaker. Some one said there was a young man named Blaine there who had just come to town and spoke well at caucuses. He was called on and modestly stated that Fessenden was away, and that he had accepted the invitation so that they might hear Republican doctrines instead of no speech. He then likened his situation to that of the farmer in New Hampshire who had a fast horse which he thought worth \$500. A jockey tried him, and offered \$75. The owner thought it over for a few minutes, then said, "It's a d——l of a drop, but I'll take it." The aptness of the story and the manner of the speaker captivated the audience, and his speech was pronounced the best of the year. From that day

on, it is the proud boast of Franklin county that no person ever shared with him its political love.

Another first public speech his editorial partner vouches for and describes. Mr. Blaine had then been in the State one year and a half, had already become well known as a brilliant and able writer, and had secured a large circle of warm friends. Yet it was not known that he possessed rare powers for debate and public speaking. It is doubtful if he knew that himself. Indeed, there are signs that he then distrusted his powers in this regard. There was to be a large political assemblage of farmers of more than average intelligence, in Litchfield, a Kennebec town a few miles from the Maine capital. The two Kennebec Journal editors rode together to and from this meeting, in the beautiful afternoon of a spring day, it being understood that both were to speak on pending issues. It was arranged that Mr. Blaine should begin and his associate close the meeting. A little nervous, yet holding complete self-command, he stepped on the platform; he had not spoken five minutes before there were plain indications that his audience was quickly coming to the opinion that the young editor could talk as ably as he could write. The various and vital issues, all converging in one focus, were reviewed plainly, incisively, and with compact and lucid array of facts. His success in an address of perhaps forty minutes was complete. The listeners were delighted, and his editorial associate, who was to speak after him, was quite as much surprised as the rural assembly, and too modestly avows that he felt his own speech was spoiled.

In point of time Mr. Blaine's first political speech was in Hallowell in the open air. He stood on the top of a high flight of steps belonging to a boarding-house, and he probably never passed the house afterwards without thinking of it; seldom, with members of his family, without speaking of it.

His public hatred of slavery was accentuated by its personal attack upon his brother-in-law, Mr. Stanwood, of Boston. That gentleman was, as the Boston papers of the time noted, "what is popularly known as a Webster Whig, of the conservative stamp, well and favorably known in mercantile circles; and this foul attack upon a person of his high character and social position has, of course, excited much attention here."

Upon returning to his hotel near midnight, Mr. Stanwood had been introduced by a friend to Mr. Bushrod W. Vicks, of North Carolina; but seeing that the gentleman was somewhat excited on the subject of politics he soon withdrew, with some six or eight other gentlemen, leaving only one man, an acquaintance, with Mr. Vicks. Reaching the staircase and hearing very loud and harsh talk from Mr. Vicks, he went back, with the laudable intention of calming and separating the parties, and again left, supposing that he had succeeded.

"I might have got some two or three paces from him," his testimony is, "he directly in my rear, when he commenced beating me, with a large and heavy cane, over the back of my head, my shoulders, and the back of my arms. I immediately faced him, and grappled him by the throat, and threw him on a settee, sprawling. But the severe blows I had received across my arms, head, and back had well-nigh exhausted me in the commencement, and he again got the advantage of me and kept it till he was taken off by help."

The physician summoned testified significantly that "he bears the marks of very severe blows upon the *back* of his head, the *back* of the right shoulder and right forearm, and the *back* of the left arm and forearm. The blows must have been struck with a heavy weapon, by some person *behind him*."

With all the editor's brotherly sympathy and outraged sense of justice, there is discernible a grim scientific satisfaction over the proof of a political theorem!

"This outrage seems the more aggravated when it is remembered that there was not even the excuse (if excuse it be) of political difference and animosity. Mr. Stanwood, we regret to say, belongs to the most hunker class of Boston Courier Whigs, a set of gentlemen who have about as much sympathy with 'Republicanism' as they have for the 'Jellyby' missions in Borriboola-Gha, and whose affinities with the Buchanan Democrats are so close that the nicest optics can discern no line of demarcation. In attacking Mr. Stanwood, therefore, the ruffian Vicks was assaulting one of that very class of Northern men who most persistently maintain that the South is the wronged party, and that Southern men, if treated well themselves, are not disposed to molest others. If all the Courier Whigs in

Massachusetts, and in Maine too (for we have a few of them among us), could have the recent experiences of Mr. Stanwood, we might begin to hope that they would see matters in a different light, and be disposed to admit that the Black Republicans are doing battle against a tyranny as inexorable as ever cursed the earth—a tyranny that not only lays claim to supreme dominion in all the territories of the nation, but invades sovereign States, and waylays and half murders Senators and private citizens at pleasure.

“Until this spirit of insolence and arrogance is effectually rebuked, we of the North can expect but a repetition of similar outrages. So long as we have a party among us that excuses and palliates, and, in some instances, even justifies, these brutalities, we may be sure that Southern ruffians will repeat them. When Massachusetts editors give dinner parties to Knights of the Bludgeon, what else can be expected than that Massachusetts Senators shall be assaulted for daring to speak the language of freedom, and Massachusetts merchants stealthily struck down for presuming to claim friendship with a supporter of Fremont?

“At the South, we too well know how even these villanies are upheld, justified, and applauded. Preston S. Brooks has received thirteen canes and two services of plate, to say nothing of the bouquets, the compliments, and the kisses, for his chivalrous assault on Mr. Sumner. We expect nothing else than that Mr. Bushrod W. Vicks will be sent to Congress by a grateful constituency for his *manly* and *courageous* attack on Mr. Stanwood. If he fails in securing that honor, he will doubtless be rewarded, in the *possible* event of Buchanan’s election, with a handsome executive appointment.”

The possible event happened. Fremont was not elected, but through the very announcement of defeat rang the pæan of exultation. “No defeat!” resounded from the hills of Maine. “Such a result from an organization four months old is the assurance of victory to come.”

But politics did not absorb all Mr. Blaine’s thought. His nature was so full, so exuberant, that he was interested in everything he touched. All the interests of Augusta became his care and concern, both before the Legislature and in private

citizenship. The institutions of the city, the agricultural possibilities of the outlying communities, the industrial developments, the charities and churches, all felt the glow of his sympathy, the impetus of his ready action.

When Mr. Blaine came to Augusta, the Rev. Edwin B. Webb was pastor of the First Church. He was a very handsome and promising young man, but a few years older than Mr. Blaine, and he further allied himself to Augusta by marrying the daughter of his predecessor, the venerable Dr. Tappan, whose wife was a sister of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston. Mr. Webb and his young parishioner at once became close friends. Many and many a night they walked up and down State street arm in arm, or sat upon the stone steps of the Capitol, though their homes were so near each other that, as Dr. Webb once said, he could throw a biscuit from his window to Mr. Blaine's, — and spoke no doubt from successful experiment. The relation between them was one of peculiar warmth and tenderness. Dr. Webb had great confidence in Mr. Blaine's business ability, followed him through all his political career with keen, admiring, often pained and painful sympathy, and cherished the pastoral relation in his heart long after it had ceased on the records by his own removal from the State. Under his influence, Mr. Blaine was speedily brought into the church, nothing loath, it must be added; for his easy way to the love of God, whom he saw not, was through love of man, whom he had seen. The Hon. Mr. Bradbury, then an Ex-Senator, and living now in the evening glow of his two and ninety years, remembers that Mr. Blaine was a member of his Sunday-school class for a few months till many cares thickened around him; but Mr. Bradbury, who lived nearly opposite Mr. Blaine, insisted on exercising spiritual supervision to the extent of sending over a silver bowl which had been in his family a hundred and fifty years, for the baptism of each of the Blaine children.

A large class of men he taught in a Mission Sunday-school with so much acceptance that a churchman declared fervently, "If he had entered the pulpit instead of the political arena, there would not have been his equal in the profession in the country." And a member of that Sunday-school class exclaimed many years afterwards, "Not a day passes but I bless the name of Blaine!"

At the annual parish meetings, which Mr. Blaine considered as important to a Congregational church as the annual election to politics, he was a regular attendant and an active participant. For liberal measures, especially for liberal appropriations for the minister, the music, and all the service of the church, he could be relied on.

But in one respect Mr. Webb was disappointed. In the "prayer-meeting" Mr. Blaine's voice was not heard. The lamp of his faith glowed with a steady, cheerful, and far-reaching light, but that particular burner he never used. Anything like "exhortation," still more anything like personal revelation or exhibition of religious feeling, was impossible to him.

None the less he walked in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless, and with ever-growing influence. They tell yet, in Augusta, of the good woman who, when the meeting-house was struck by lightning, rushed around amid the crowd, sorrowful, wringing her hands, and moaning, "Where is Mr. Blaine, oh, where is Mr. Blaine?" evidently believing, by neighborhood interpretation, that if Mr. Blaine had been there the lightning would have been balked. "Where is Mr. Blaine?" cried a second woman, coming up. "At home, drawing up a subscription paper for a new meeting-house."

When a large East Boston church bade Mr. Webb to their pulpit, Mr. Blaine was appointed on a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the society. The committee's resolutions were prompt and pointed, to the effect "that this is not an invitation which the great Head of the Church requires their respected and beloved pastor to accept"! They recapitulated the success of his work for the seven years, suggested that it was "the only society at the capital where were necessarily brought together large numbers of intelligent strangers from every section of the State, thus presenting a field of great general usefulness and influence beyond our own locality, and responsibility and accompanying duty surpassed only by a few positions in this part of the Union, where his labors have been so signally blessed;" and that it was especially necessary that this society should be united, strong, energetic, and engaged; and Mr. Webb remained in Augusta—till a better attested call won him to Boston itself.

Mr. Webb's young parishioner, the Journal editor, also received a call which he decided that the great Head of the Church required him to accept. His Augusta editorship had been successful. The paper was established in a new building with modern improvements, but the editor carried with him his pet desk, made upon his first induction into the office, from his own directions, under his own eye. By the limited light of that day, it was his ideal of the true editor's desk. It has ever since attended the fortunes of the Journal, and with all its shortcomings is at this moment the article of furniture most prized in the Journal office. Mr. Blaine was in truth a very skilful and artistic, though undeveloped, mechanic. There is reason for supposing that even the jack-knife was a lost art to him, but he delighted in mechanical inventions and arrangements; loved to plan houses, rooms, furniture; loved to symbolize sentiments and ideas in decorations, and watch their slow materialization; loved to group pictures — always with a man and a step-ladder to try the suggested effects! He was invaluable in helping out interiors when he could be captured from the exterior. Not only his own houses, but his friends' houses, he viewed upon occasion with the eye of the artificer. If a change were desired by a woman on whom he might be calling, it was the work of a moment for him to pace the floor, to knock down a partition here, to knock open a door there, to throw out a portico, to place a tank, run a pipe, draw a diagram, and all with such definiteness of vigor and heartiness of reasoning and demonstration, that the work seemed already accomplished before a nail was driven, and it only remained to the proprietor to pay the bill.

August 9, 1857, he wrote to his mother: "In case Walker gets through his sickness comfortably and H. and the baby remain in good condition, it is not improbable that I shall go to Portland in a few weeks to edit a daily paper. I have an excellent offer, and have about concluded to accept in case my family affairs will permit. I should not remove my family from Augusta at present, and would be at home every Saturday and Sunday. Portland is but three hours distant."

In October, the same year, the Journal made announcement that Mr. Blaine had become connected with the "Portland

Advertiser" a few weeks before, and a week later that he had disposed of his entire interest in the Journal, and "his connection with the paper ceases." He tendered many thanks for the confidence and regard shown him during three years' service, commended his successor, and spoke warmly of his partner, J. L. Stevens, "with whom I have been most agreeably associated, and to whose zeal, fidelity, and ability in the advocacy of Republican principles I bear most cheerful testimony." He did not announce what was nevertheless true that the success of the paper was attested by the greatly increased value of the property under his management, as shown by the prices at which he had bought and sold it.

Familiar with the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, he early invested his surplus capital in coal properties in Western Pennsylvania, and it was not very long before he was contracting for the delivery of coal; by the spring of 1863, "the party of the second part agreeing to pay unto the said James G. Blaine the price of sixty cents for each and every one hundred bushels of coal taken out, not less, however, than three hundred thousand bushels in each year."

Hon. John M. Wood, M.C., had come into chief ownership of the Portland Advertiser, and Mr. Wood fastened upon the young Augusta editor for editor-in-chief of his new venture, offering him \$2,000 a year, a larger salary than had ever been paid a Maine editor.

"Agreement" between John M. Wood, of Portland, of the first part, and James G. Blaine, of Augusta, of the second part, in Mr. Blaine's handwriting, "witnesseth" what importance he attached to a clear understanding of detail:

. . . . That his salary was to be two thousand dollars (\$2,000) *per annum*, payable monthly, one hundred and sixty-six dollars sixty-seven one-hundredths per month (\$166.67).

2. That if at any time prior to October 1, 1861, the said Wood desires to dispense with the services of said Blaine as editor of the "Advertiser," he (the said Wood) shall pay to him (the said Blaine) the sum of six hundred dollars (\$600) in addition to the salary that may be due to him at the time his labor on the paper shall cease; and if, on the other hand, the said Blaine wishes to be released from this agreement prior to October 1, 1861, he shall pay the said Wood six hundred dollars bonus for releasing him.

3. It is further agreed that said Blaine, during his connection with the paper as editor, shall reside either in Portland or Augusta; if in Augusta, then to remain in Portland five days of each week except when the Legislature is in session, during which time said Blaine is to remain in Augusta as correspondent and reporter for the "Advertiser," as much of the time as may be deemed expedient for the best interests of the paper, at the same time furnishing the leading editorials for the paper. . . .

7. It is further agreed that the supervision of the editorial columns of the paper shall be exercised by said Blaine, and no editorial article shall be allowed to appear in said paper without the inspection and assent of said Blaine, except articles whose insertion is directed by said Wood. And all editorial articles which may be inserted by said Wood's direction the said Blaine shall have the right to dissent from in the columns of the "Advertiser," in case he desires to present different views, or explain his own position.

8. For the considerations herein named and upon the conditions cited, the said Blaine binds himself to use all honorable efforts for the prosperity and advancement of the "Advertiser," and to this end will devote all the time requisite to the proper and faithful discharge of his editorial duties, and will not aid by contribution or otherwise in the editing of any other paper or periodical, and will not engage in any other business that will conflict with the proper discharge of his editorial duties.

In 1859 agreement was continued between Waldron, Little & Co. and James G. Blaine, in presence of E. B. Webb, with the addition that "in case said Blaine shall serve as a member of the Legislature, he shall devote his compensation as such to the payment of a substitute in his place, besides himself furnishing not less than three leading editorials or letters for the paper each week."

February 11, 1860, under a new contract, "if said Blaine be a member of the Legislature he shall receive but twelve dollars per week for his editorial services, and be required to furnish no more than three leaders and one letter each week during the legislative session. This agreement shall continue in full force and effect for one year after the services of said Blaine shall commence, and may then be discontinued by either party thereto."

The Portland Advertiser was a daily. The Kennebec Journal had been a weekly, and during the sessions of the Legislature a tri-weekly. The work was naturally more exacting, and in a letter to his mother Mr. Blaine speaks of

. . . my very numerous cares and my constant, unremitting daily labor. . . .

I spend about one-half the week in Portland, and the remainder at home. A large part of my editorial labor is performed here, and as Portland is distant but three hours' travel by rail, I can get along just as well as though I were constantly there. I have thought a good deal about moving there, but hardly think I shall do so. Rents are enormously high and expenses of living higher in every way than here. The city is a very beautiful one, of thirty thousand inhabitants, situated directly on the ocean, and possesses many attractive points as a place of residence. I think, however, that upon the whole I prefer the quiet and retirement of Augusta.

Our babies grow finely. Walker is a great boy of now nearly three years, and has grown prodigiously since his sickness of the past summer. I shall before long try to send you his daguerreotype. Emmons (now eight months old) is of course very handsome in my eyes. He is large, playful, and so far exceedingly healthy.

DEC. 19, 1857.

. . . Walker and Emmons are two as beautiful children as, in the fondness of my heart, I could possibly desire. I hope before very long I may be able to bring them to see you, or, better still, have you come and see them — or would you venture into this Puritan land?

Tell Mr. M. to lie low in political matters and watch the Democratic party rush on to self-destruction. . . . The Republican President will beyond all doubt be inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. I should like to see him and talk politics, but I cannot write them, as I have too much of that to do for a daily paper.

The event foreshadowed in the contract with Mr. Wood came to pass, and in September, 1858, Mr. Blaine was elected Representative from Augusta in the State Legislature. His slight business connection with Portland had not been long enough or strong enough to weaken his home attachment to Augusta, or to invalidate the vigor with which, whenever an attempt was made to take away the Capitol from Augusta and give it to Portland, he opposed it tooth and nail. Nor, after his connection with the Advertiser ceased, was he ever again tempted away from Augusta to Portland.

To Mr. Blaine from Senator Fessenden :

AUGUST 15, 1860.

. . . The publishers and owners of the Advertiser have made up their minds, at last, that they must adopt a new system. It is too late for them to do much before the September election, but we shall see what can



A. G. Maine

AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

be done after that is over. . . . But nothing can be done unless an able editor can be had; and there is but one voice as to who should be the man. I am convinced that the concern is profitable, and can be made more so, if a proper character can be given to it. Now, can you, and will you, become identified with Portland? I have heretofore given you my views as to the proper place for *you*. My opinion remains unchanged. This is the point of strength for you in every aspect, political and pecuniary. Let me know what you think about it soon, as our action will be influenced by your decision.

But editorship was incompatible with his new duties. As an editor he had not only shaped the policy and written the editorials for his paper but he had supervised its details. His writing was largely done in his own house. At the Journal office he looked over the newspapers, exchanged cheery words with the compositors at the case, and with the political friends who found him there, and not only gave general directions regarding the course of the paper, but stood by the foreman and dictated the position of every article, from the leader down to the most trivial three-line items. For particulars he had an inexhaustible capacity, and though he never expended himself on them they were the basis of all his generalization and his ready and most formidable weapon whenever those generalizations were challenged.

In the Legislature he quickly took high ground. His views were radical, definite, uttered with frankness and fearlessness. He was impetuous, aggressive, and persistent. His words were weapons. Maine had become used to his writing, but his success as an editor had not prepared her for his greater success in the House. After two years' service on the floor he was made speaker. In the new position he showed a knowledge of parliamentary rules and a quickness and reasonableness in applying them that come only from a comprehension of the principles underlying rules, and imply mental grasp rather than mechanical memory.

In 1859, succeeding Mr. Stevens, he was appointed Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, of Maine, an honor less noticeable, perhaps an office less conspicuous than those of the speakership, but carrying the responsibility of shaping the policy and organizing the forces of the Republican party in the State.

To this office he continued to be reappointed until he was made Secretary of State by Garfield in 1881. Indeed, from the day of his election to the Legislature his district never let go her hold upon him, except to relinquish him to the State, and the State relinquished him only to the nation. As Chairman of the State Committee, his organization was so thorough that the party marched to nearly uninterrupted victory, and the other party called him dictator. A dictator he was, but a dictator who believed that the reason and conscience of the people was the true basis of government, and the only basis of popular government, and who, therefore, so arranged his forces as to meet the reason, and enlist the conscience, and command the assent, and know the purpose of every man in the community. His broad view, his swift glance were accompanied by such a patience of detail as counted nothing done for victory while anything remained to be done. This it was which invested his counsels with an unsurpassed vigor and vitality. When in other States expected victories turned themselves into defeats at the polls, his surprised question was, "Why did they not *know*?" Thorough organization was the great secret of his political dictatorship.

Of this period of his life, Ex-Governor Robie some years afterwards writes :

It was my good fortune to have been associated in the Legislature of Maine with Mr. Blaine during three of the most important years in the history of our State, commencing in the year 1859. . . . He came into public life at a time when the management of the finances of our State required a searching investigation, and he was made chairman of a responsible committee, of which I was a member. . . . I recall the masterly manner in which he handled the delicate trust committed to him, his searching and uncompromising efforts to save the credit of the State. The able report prepared by him which laid open and explained an unfortunate misdirection of public confidence, was at once adopted; the credit of the State was saved by his labor and by the action of the committee. I call to mind his efforts to develop the great railroad interests of the State, then in their infancy, but since developed in consequence of methods which he advocated. I recall his recommendation for State Prison reform, which created a new departure in our State and resulted in an improved method of prison-work and discipline. I cannot for want of space recapitulate the numerous and well-executed plans for the prosperity of our State and Nation which he advocated with the fervor of his youthful eloquence; but he thus early laid in our State the foundation of that respect and

regard to which his untiring services for education, temperance, law, and order, and the development of the natural resources of the State, entitle him. . . .

These are some of the many causes which have contributed to create and increase the warm feeling of attachment and State pride which has grown into a profound veneration among the Republican masses.

Yet, in truth, his popularity was something other than this. The personal affection lavished upon him by the people of Maine was apart from political affiliation.

The attractiveness which never failed to win at his first appearance deepened as familiarity grew. His sympathy was seen to be not only quick, but wide, deep, lasting, and fruitful. It embraced the man himself, not simply the citizen. It was seen that his heart, his conviction, his conscience, were in his work, and that he was more eager to secure the end than the credit of it. Naturally he enlisted the best in every man, and gathered by divine right all love and loyalty to himself. The personal enthusiasm which centred in him stretched far beyond the point of personal contact. Governor Kent testified, "Almost from the day of his assuming editorial charge of the *Kennebec Journal*, Mr. Blaine sprang into a position of great influence in the politics and policy of Maine. At twenty-five he was a leading power in the councils of the party. Before he was twenty-nine he was chosen chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican organization in Maine, a position from which he has shaped and directed political campaigns in the State, leading his party to brilliant victory. There was a sort of Western dash about him that took with us down-easters; an expression of frankness, candor, and confidence that gave him, from the start, a very strong and permanent hold on our people, and, as the foundation of all, pure character and a masterly ability equal to all demands made upon him;" but just as deeply and more definitely right was the old neighbor in Augusta who wrote him, on his fortieth birthday, in Washington:

JANUARY 31, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: Permit me to congratulate you on safely reaching your fortieth natal day. From my heart, I thank God for your life, and for your public and private virtues. How prosperous have been your

years! From the day you took up your abode in Augusta, your advancement has been sure and steady, and the confidence and anticipations of your friends have never been disappointed. My opportunities for personal observation, and for knowing what others think, have been as good, I believe, as those of any other person; and I have never heard you accused of any deceptions, trickeries, double-dealings, or any of those little meanesses that taint and mar the life of so many public men. That there have been envyings, there can be no doubt — alas, who is free from them? That you have been, and are, ambitious, is true, I suppose; but your plans and measures have been wise and sagacious, not dishonorable, low, and mean. Your friendship for me — how constant and faithful has it been! There has not been a year of our acquaintance that has not witnessed your good daily towards me and mine, and all that is now pleasant and comfortable in my surroundings I owe to you. Your deportment towards me in this city is as cordial and considerate as ever, though I have appeared to you many times moody, croaking, and cynical.

May God have you and yours in his continued holy keeping, and grant you all the desires of your heart; for sure I am that your advancement is also the advancement of the public welfare.

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When the Republican convention met in Chicago in 1860, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Blaine attended it, the one as Republican delegate, the other as a volunteer from vivid personal interest. Mr. Stevens was for Mr. Seward's nomination, and, as usual, all his soul was in his conviction. Mr. Blaine had been appointed Prison Commissioner for the State in 1859, and with great care had investigated prisons in many States and his report is still quoted as authority. On one such visit he had found himself in the vicinity of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, and had availed himself of the opportunity to hear Mr. Lincoln twice. He had followed the senatorial contest with interest, and ever after was an enthusiastic adherent of Mr. Lincoln, and was now his earnest advocate. Indeed he believed his paper, the *Kennebec Journal*, to be the first one which ever mentioned Lincoln's name for the presidency.

He could not win Mr. Stevens away from Seward, but of the sixteen Maine delegates not pledged, but supposed to be for Seward, six voted for Lincoln. This division of an Eastern delegation for the Western man had an appreciable effect. Mr. Stevens drew from Mr. Blaine full admission and admiration of Mr. Evarts's eloquence, to which he then listened for the first

time, but it did not alter his opinion that Mr. Lincoln was the better candidate.

CHENERY HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.,

Sunday, May 20, 1860.

I came here yesterday from Chicago, in company with the committee appointed by the National Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. We reached here before sunset, and were received by a tremendous crowd at the depot, conducted to the hotel, treated to a handsome supper, and then taken to Mr. Lincoln's residence, where Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, chairman of the committee, formally notified him of his nomination, and Mr. Lincoln accepted it in a most admirable, pertinent, and brief speech. We were all then formally presented to him and also to his wife, who is a very lady-like and quite good-looking person. Lincoln himself is a far better-looking man than you would expect from the miserable caricature I sent you. It is like him to be sure, but a most grotesque and exaggerated painting of his *phiz* and features. . . . While a very awkward-looking man, you realize at once that it is the awkwardness of *genius* rather than any proof of the lack of it.

I think the nomination the very best that could have been made in every way, and I have no more doubt of the election of the ticket than I have that Maine will be carried by the Republicans. Governor Morrill and myself worked hard for Lincoln from the time we reached Chicago, and you may depend we feel no little gratification at the result. All the way out in the cars I tried to persuade Lot that Lincoln was the man, but he would not believe it until after he reached Chicago. His convictions were then speedily strengthened and confirmed. The renomination of Hamlin [for the Senate] proves what there is in being a lucky man. He always turns up on the winning side, and the very fact that he is on the ticket is a good augury of success. People generally accept it as assurance, and that impression will be as good as the reality. . . .

It is now a little after nine o'clock, and the various gentlemen, strangers like myself, are inquiring where the best preaching may be found.

Among those in our company is Governor Morgan.

On the way home Mr. Stevens stopped at Mr. Seward's for consolation, but the intercourse only deepened the disappointment which he shared with many Eastern men. For two days after reaching Augusta he did not go near Mr. Blaine, and when he did it was only to revert for a moment to theology :

"Here, you have got your man. Now, take your d——d old paper and run it!"

And the stout-hearted loyalist was as good as his word, turned his back upon his paper for three months — much, it must be admitted, to Mr. Blaine's satisfaction, since it left him free to

resume and use the Journal as a battering-ram through the Lincoln campaign.

The war of ideas earnestly waged, came to its unexpected and terrible issue in blood. The North shuddered incredulous, but the forces of freedom and peace rallied in a new and untried defence. For one moment it was mere playing at war, but the grief of Baltimore, the surprised horror of Bull Run, passed into the unrelenting grip of a four years' war, fought by millions of men.

Concerning Mr. Blaine, there was never any question of his battle-field. The soldiers themselves drafted him into the support and sustenance of the army, and his great-grand sire's grave did utter forth a voice.

He was in constant communication with generals and privates. He was the servant of the soldier, whether it were to champion a general against unjust attack in the newspapers, or to submit cheerfully to the demolition of his own purse or the devastation of his own larder, for the soldiers' sudden emergency. In gathering the regiments, in their care and comfort at home, in forwarding and furnishing them, in keeping communication open between them and their families, in help for the wounded and ministry for the dead, he was unwearied, not only in service, but in sympathy. He shared, if he did not sound, Maine's proud boast of being the banner State in raising her quota for the Holy War. In defeat and darkness he maintained with cheerful confidence the ability of the country to suppress the rebellion, the ability of the Union to maintain itself. He was at the right hand of the State authorities, ever at call, and in frequent and close communication, for the State, with the general government at Washington.

One letter shows as well as many the necessary but unblazoned civilian side of army work. It is from Mr. Washburn, who was then governor of Maine, to Mr. Blaine, who was in Washington:

AUGUSTA, Oct. 30, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I returned from Boston last evening, where I had been for three or four days arranging for some absolute needs. I there secured the appointment of Major Gilbreth, and another to be designated by him, to inspect the thing, etc.

Your letter of the 24th forbids the State doing anything more than furnish men, tents, and clothing for the artillery companies, but yours of the 28th intimates that the State may furnish guns, carriages, etc., for all but Tillson's company.

As it will take so much time to get up all these things, and will cause so many inconveniences, will it not, on the whole, be best for government to furnish everything save these — *men, horses, clothing, and tents*? Will not General Barry furnish all the rest? Let him do as he chooses about horses, though I would like to buy them in Maine, but make no special point if government has the horses on hand; but if it has not, why not let them be purchased here? Upon consultation with General Barry, advise me what to do. I think we shall hardly raise more than three companies artillery in addition to Shepley's and Dow's (Tillson's). There will be no difficulty in raising these.

As to camp stoves, Colonel Harding has got up a pattern that will answer splendidly — he makes the pipe serve the double purpose of stove-pipe and tent-pole. The pipe is stiff, strong, steady, and lets the smoke escape from the apex of the tent. It is *lighter* than the common wooden pole. The entire expense of tent and pipe will not exceed \$4.00, and by it you dispense with the pole, saving thereby some fifty cents in cost of the tent, and it warms the tent well, and is a saving of wood and thus of expense. One of them has been in use here for several days and works admirably — nothing else can be so good — there is no smoke in the tent. If we don't get a pattern in season, will it be safe to contract for some of these? Stoves are now much needed, as cold weather is coming on. Telegraph me — remember the net expense will not exceed, hardly come up to, \$3.50, including stove and pipe.

Advise me of the proper steps to draw money for payment of the horses and clothing.

You know Colonel Marshall and the Seventh have been constructing a fort at Baltimore, in which they took great interest. It would be exceedingly gratifying to the people of this State, and particularly to Mrs. Marshall, if the fort can be named after the brave and noble man who built it. Will you speak to the Secretary about it? It would be a most fit and graceful act.

I have appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Varney colonel of the Seventh. I am rejoiced at your success in getting the laws. *Laus Deo*, and some *laus J. G. B.*

I think we ought to have at least one army artillery sergeant for each battery. I will write Mr. Belger.

Messrs. Sammat and Tayler came yesterday. Bowen has not arrived. The rubber blanket is such protection to the health of the soldier that I think the government will see that there is economy in adopting it.

Recruiting is going on satisfactorily. Colonel Caldwell will leave next week — the Twelfth and Thirteenth are well along — the Sharpshooters is full, and a good beginning is made with Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Cavalry regiment is full, though about one hundred men have not yet come

into camp. I can move in two weeks *if it only has arms*. Can you get them? I don't want it to leave without. They want to march to Washington, or at any rate through New England — it will be fine drill for men and horses. Can you get consent? You can't exaggerate this regiment.

I do want to give Colonel Caldwell's regiment their arms before they start. Please see what can be done for them — where will it go?

Maine has not yet received arms from United States averaging with those of other States. Government has furnished not one Maine regiment with rifles.

Will you see how Colonel Berry is satisfied with the arms of his regiment? Ask him what I shall do — some eight or ten hundred Enfield rifles will arrive soon in New York for us, in season probably for one of our regiments as it passes through that city. Ask him whether these guns shall be sent to him by express, while another, McKey, must go to Washington armless, and there get guns much poorer than he now has? I wish to gratify him, though I think it would be rather shiftless considering the guns he now has, that they are better than are often delivered now; but if he is very particular, I suppose I can give him six to seven hundred, which, with the rifles he now has, will give this kind arms to all his men. But if he is content with things as they are, these guns will furnish flank companies of some four or five regiments with rifles.

I would like to have you visit all our Maine camps and report condition, etc.

Mr. Blaine's political creed till the war closed was the Union through Abraham Lincoln. He left the chair and took the floor in the House to iterate his faith and emphasize his position. Mr. Gould, of Thomaston, a veteran Democrat and a prominent lawyer, opposed resolutions supporting Mr. Lincoln, and hardly yet have the reverberations died away of the ringing and stinging words with which Mr. Blaine carried all before him — words so energized that they seemed like a physical attack. His friend, Hon. William P. Frye, of Lewiston, now and for many years United States Senator, occupied the chair at the time, and has hardly persuaded himself that in vigor, force, effectiveness, Mr. Blaine ever surpassed that early grapple with slavery and rebellion. The loyal masses of the nation have made truisms of the truths which were then only divined, but whose utterance was determining, decisive.

"I am for the administration through and through, being an early and unflinching believer in the ability, the honesty, and patriotism of Abraham Lincoln. . . . Lest the gentleman should infer that I shrink from the logical consequences of some

propositions which I have laid down as ultimate steps, I tell him boldly that if the life of the nation seemed to demand the violation of the Constitution, I would violate it; and in taking this ground I am but repeating the expression of President Lincoln in his message, when he declared that 'it were better to violate one provision than that all should perish.' The gentleman sticks to forms: I go for substance. He sacrifices the end to the means: I stand ready to use the means essential to the end. I am sure that I speak no less the sentiments of patriotic Republicans than of those truly loyal Democrats who intend to stand by the administration to the end of this fight with rebellion and treason."

But no storm of the outside world ever made the fire on his hearth-stone burn low. With all the stress of war and politics and business and travel, he never forgot to say the loving word to the present, to write a loving word to the absent. It might be only a word, but it certified sympathy, memory, affection.

His letters to his mother and sister are continuous — almost always accompanied by some little "gift" or "remembrance" or proposal of pleasure which he begs them to accept. In his occasional journeys he remembers not only the Great Hearts but the Little Hearts to be gladdened by news from him; and printed letters to the children are scattered all along the way.

MAY 15, 1859.

To his sister:

You and ma could not do me a greater favor than to send me all your family letters from Lancaster, Washington, Pa., and wherever else you may think worth while. I am so far out of the circle of my own "kith and kin" that I hear no more of them directly than though I was in Siberia. . . . I hope to be able to make a visit to Philadelphia within the year, but at what time I cannot now say.

. . . Emmons is now nearly two years old; a perfect rogue. Walker sedate and sober. . . .

P.S. — The passport was received. . . . He may tell General Cass that I will sell it back to him for half price, as I have concluded, most probably, to postpone my trip until I can have my passport signed by a *Republican* Secretary of State, which will be from and after March 4, 1861.

WASHINGTON CITY, D.C., March 25, 1861.

MY DEAR WALKER: I received your nice little note this morning. I shall long keep it as the first letter written to me by my darling little son.

The weather here is very warm. There is no snow here. The dust is very thick and blows in my eyes whenever I go on the street.

I saw Abe Lincoln at the White House, and I heard that his children are sick with the measles.

Kiss dear little Alice for Papa.

(To be read by Walker.)

WASHINGTON CITY, March 29, 1861.

MY DEAR EMMONS: Papa was very glad to receive a letter from his dear little son. . . .

When I come home we will get the express wagon out of the barn, and have it nicely fitted up for you and Walker to ride in next summer.

Kiss Alice for me.

WEST POINT, June 11, 1861.

MY DEAR WALKER: This place is very beautiful indeed. It is on a high hill, with mountains all around, and the great Hudson river at the base. There are very many ships and steamboats sail past here, and some very large ones: one steamboat, called the "Isaac Newton," is four hundred and four feet long, as far nearly as from Mr. Potter's to the Mansion House. They sail very fast, some of them going twenty miles in an hour.

In the river just opposite where I sit is an island called "Constitution Island." It is not very large, and one lady owns the whole of it. She is a very smart lady and writes books. She wrote one called *Queechy*, which I know you will read when you are old enough. . . . I wish you would write to me soon.

(To be read by Walker.)

WEST POINT, NEW YORK, June 13, 1861.

MY DEAR EMMONS: There are a great many boys and young men here learning to be soldiers; when they drill they have a splendid band of music and thirty musicians. A man walks at the head of the band with a large gilt staff in his hand, with which he directs them how to play. He wears a very big hat with four very large feathers in it. They call him the drum major.

I hope you go to school every day and behave yourself well.

I don't think you ought to whistle at the table, but you can do so in the front yard.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR WALKER: Before the war began Ex-President Pierce wrote a letter to Jeff Davis, telling him that Northern people would help him fight against Republicans. When our troops under General Grant captured Jackson, Mississippi, they found the letter in Jeff Davis's house. I send you an exact copy of it. Keep it carefully. Love to Emmons and the Palace.

Your affectionate father.

MY DEAR MA: I have thought it just as well to slip this translation of Emmons's letter into the envelope, as I doubt if you could read his scrawl. It is entirely his own in every respect.

AUGUSTA, Oct. 28, 1865.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER: I am very sorry that I did not write before. I want to tell you about the baby. Alice calls her "Pleasant M——." She is the pleasantest child you ever saw. . . .

A few weeks ago a large part of the business portion of the city was destroyed by fire. Property amounting to half a million of dollars was lost. Nine engines were playing, among which was a new steam fire-engine. I cannot think of anything more, so good-by for a week.

From your affectionate grandson,

WILLIAMS E. BLAINE.

P.S. — Uncle R. has been here and returned.

VIII.

IN CONGRESS.

MR. BLAINE'S marked success in the State Legislature made his election to the National Congress pure foreordination. His ability was so conspicuous that movements for his promotion began long before his own judgment could further them. He was a strong party man, seeing that measures could only be effected through organized action. He refused therefore to consider any personal proposition that threatened party harmony. He had moreover the happy faculty of enjoying the estate wherein he was placed. He liked well to discover and achieve its possibilities, and he especially liked not at all to violate the just claims, or even disappoint the expectations, of others. The following slight correspondence, but one of many similar records, is thoroughly characteristic.

AUGUSTA, June 26, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR : The opportunity to set matters right in Monmouth occurred early and naturally. The day after I saw you I received the enclosed, and answered it, as you will see, on third page of this sheet. I also saw Mr. T. L. Stanton, of North Monmouth, last night, and set him right. Do you know anything specific about Leeds? I advise you to look after that locality with some care. You may if you please return this note, as I may wish to keep Andrews's letter.

In haste, your friend truly,

J. G. BLAINE.

Gov. A. P. MORRILL.

(Enclosure.)

Confidential.

MONMOUTH, June 23, 1860.

J. G. BLAINE, Esq. :

DEAR SIR : Is your name to be used at the Congressional Convention of this district, for representative to Congress? If so, I pledge you my hearty support and the delegation from this town, and, in the event of your nomination, every Republican vote of this town next September.

In this I speak what I know. Should you feel disposed, I would be happy to hear from you at an early day.

Very truly yours,

GEO. H. ANDREWS.

AUGUSTA, June 25, 1860.

GEO. H. ANDREWS, Esq. :

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind and friendly favor of the 23d is before me. The tender of your support for the honorable post of representative in Congress is exceedingly gratifying and flattering to me, and proves that I have not reckoned amiss in counting you among my most earnest friends. It is proper, however, to advise you that I am not a candidate for that position. It may possibly be known to you that Ex-Governor Morrill desires the nomination, and I should consider it both ungenerous and unjust for me to allow my name to be used against him. He has done much and sacrificed much for the Republican party in the day of its trial and its need, and the opportunity seems now to be presented for suitably and cordially recognizing his worth and his services. You can readily see how unbecoming it would be in a man of my years to contest the nomination with him, even if I personally desired to do so. Its effect could only be to divide the hitherto harmonious ranks of the Republicans of Kennebec.

I shall therefore most cheerfully support Governor Morrill for the nomination, and shall urge all my friends to do the same.

Yours most truly,

J. G. BLAINE.

When the propitious time came, his nomination to Congress was spontaneous, unanimous, enthusiastic, and in this spirit every succeeding step was prompted. The only question was as to what office he should fill, never as to whether he should fill office. His majority at the election approved the wisdom and justified the enthusiasm of the nomination; and thenceforth to the day of his death his State held him in love and pride that knew no waning or wavering; that counted all his honors won; and all that he failed to wear, a personal sorrow and a national loss.

In accepting the nomination, July 8, 1862, he not only referred with respect and gratitude to his immediate predecessor, Hon. Anson P. Morrill, and to the earlier men who had given the Kennebec District a front rank in Congress by their ability, culture, and skill in debate, but dwelt with peculiar affection on "the able editor, the sincere friend, the judicious adviser, the upright man, Luther Severance, who, after promoting the elections of Mr.

Sprague and Mr. Evans with unsurpassed activity and zeal, was rewarded with succession to the seat to which they had given eminent distinction. If you will pardon the personal reference, I regarded it as the chief honor of my life, before you crowned me with your favor to-day, that I followed Luther Severance, *longo intervallo*, in the editorship of the Kennebec Journal, which he had founded and nurtured, and to which he had given character and prominence throughout the State. There have perhaps been more brilliant men in Maine than Luther Severance, but not one who ever enjoyed the public confidence in a higher degree, or repaid that confidence more amply by an honorable and stainless life."

In this accepting speech he announced as his platform — Abraham Lincoln. He made no pledge of principles to be adopted or measures to be carried out. His one pledge was, 'If I am called to a seat in Congress, I shall go there with a determination to stand heartily and unreservedly by the administration of Abraham Lincoln. In the success of that administration, under the good providence of God, rests, I solemnly believe, the fate of the American Union. If we cannot subdue the rebellion through the agency of the administration, there is no other power given under heaven among men to which we can appeal. Hence I repeat that I shall conceive it to be my duty, as your representative, to be the unswerving adherent of the policy and measures which the President in his wisdom may adopt. The case is one, in the present exigency, where men loyal to the Union cannot divide. The President is commander-in-chief of our land and naval forces, and while he may be counselled he must not be opposed."

On the great question which had already become not slavery, but emancipation, he spoke with veiled, but not vague voice: "The great object with us all is to subdue the rebellion speedily, effectually, finally. In our march to that end we must crush all intervening obstacles. If slavery, or any other "institution," stands in the way, it must be removed. Perish all things else, the national life must be saved. My individual convictions of what may be needful are perhaps in advance of those entertained by some, and less radical than those conscientiously held by others. Whether they are the one or the other,

however, I do not wish to see an attempt made to carry them out until it can be done by an administration sustained by the resistless energy of the loyal masses. I think, myself, those masses are rapidly adopting the idea that to smite the rebellion its malignant cause must be smitten."

In early September the metropolitan newspapers began to announce from their Maine correspondents, among the congressional nominations of the country, that of Mr. James G. Blaine, who had been "for the last two years speaker of the House of Representatives in Augusta, who is an able debater, and who will at once take high rank among the debaters in the national House of Representatives."

When the vote was announced which upheld the President and the Union, the patriotic State proudly boasted that, though her young voters had carried the battle from the polls to the field, — ninety Republican to ten Democratic soldiers, — she had citizens enough left to man the ballot-boxes.

At the time of Mr. Blaine's entrance into Congress, President Lincoln was the centre of a storm of hostile criticism. The shafts aimed at him were not only pointed, but envenomed. The suggestions of his message were pronounced vague and impracticable, wildly unjust, worse than tyranny, a betrayal of the principles of our fathers. It was the "despot's edict, a ukase from the chambers of an autocrat." The President was hotly charged with political duplicity, with mean and treacherous trickery, and was consigned by many a now forgotten foe to eternal infamy.

Enemies abroad repeated the obloquy of the foe at home, and in Mr. Lincoln's message they saw, to the republic whose safety is the first care of monarchs, every menace, from the sanction of State suicide to a "bid" for renomination.

Even in the house of his friends the great President was wounded. Distinguished and patriotic men were coldly critical, if not actively hostile, towards the leader whom they did not comprehend, but whom they could pain and hinder — hinderance perhaps the greatest pain of all.

Naturally the Maine victory won in his name was doubly welcome to Mr. Lincoln; the men whom it sent to Washington found his confidence already bespoken, and thus perhaps Mr.

Blaine had freer access to him than would otherwise have been awarded; and all his intercourse inspired him with deeper faith in the President's wisdom, and confirmed his acceptance of the President's leadership as the only safety.

Another President, Mr. Lincoln's predecessor, Mr. Buchanan, was watching the new member, and in a letter of comment and inquiry from Wheatland, showing his continued deep interest in public matters, he wrote:

Mr. Blaine leads in the House of Representatives; he will rise to be one of the leaders in reconstruction. I know that he comes from a noble stock of people in the counties of Washington and Cumberland, Penn.

The problems before Congress at the time of Mr. Blaine's entrance were such as enlisted his warmest and highest interest — the support of the patriotic army on the field, and the official and complete abolition of slavery, made possible through the army and proclaimed by Abraham Lincoln. When this stern army of more than a million men melted away under the sunshine of peace, and became again an elemental where it had been an objective force of productiveness and prosperity; when slavery had been eliminated from the young nation whose life it had endangered, — the question became at once a question of healing, of restoring national unity, of rebuilding waste places on new and lasting foundations. A great State rent by four years of fierce war was to be reconstructed on the old lines of republicanism, and on the new lines of universal individual liberty. President Lincoln proclaimed the emancipation of slaves. Congress destroyed forever the institution of slavery.

Into this work Mr. Blaine entered with his whole soul. The grandeur of this new nation was ever before his eyes. What the country could be, founded on the good-will of every citizen, where every citizen was free to work out his best and to enjoy his rest, — that it should be. No quest of the holy grail was ever more devotedly followed than his "extraordinary generous seeking" for the ideal republic. Her fortunes, her glory abroad, her happiness at home, definitely to be measured by the degree in which each man should through industry and

thrift have freedom to cultivate his mind, create his home, and enjoy his family, — that became the private vocation and the public profession of the young Congressman. To his thought, national success began only where the struggle for life ceased and human beings entered into the sphere of aspiration.

But for this ideal republic he wasted his strength in no vain dreams or vapid rhetoric, but used it in the widest fields and in the smallest details. His quick, pervasive, generalizing, and interpreting mind enveloped, penetrated, classified things small as well as great, and they ceased to be merely small, but, taking their place in the eternal sequences, became parts of the world-drama.

Thus along the general principles which shaped themselves in the great seething mass of facts, he trod a clear path to logical positions which often seemed to the desultory mind segregated and sometimes inconsistent. From his fund of knowledge he readily marshalled precedents, and to his quick insight facts grouped themselves with their belongings and were therefore orderly and pertinent. He noted that the central directing power of the world does not scorn to use economic as well as moral forces to accomplish moral ends, and he put himself heartily in accord with that law. He rejected the idea that a community should or could be punished. While the rebellion was rampant, he had but one purpose — to suppress it; the rebellion once suppressed, his purpose became to heal by cordial coöperation, by wise and fostering care, by a benign justice, by an inexhaustible patience, by returning prosperity, and thus win to voluntary and enthusiastic union the element which had been forced back from secession. He counted an enemy destroyed only when turned into a friend.

He never forgot that the American government is a popular government, that legislation to be effective must carry the popular good-will. Yet he would secure good-will only by appeal to reason, to which he never appealed in vain. He was not afraid of being in a minority, if that was the way to better things. He advanced measures on applied principles without hope of a majority, or even a vote, but believing the path he was blazing was in the right direction, and would eventually become the beaten path; and did not hesitate to say that the

man who shoots at the sun will come nearer to it than the man who does not draw a bow.

A sound currency he deemed as vital to the body politic as the circulation of blood to the human system, and early and late, against the world or with the world, he held up the necessity of the two metals with one standard, "to the end that business should be conducted on a safe and secure basis, that labor should meet with its full reward, that every man should know what he is dealing in and how much he is worth, and the entire country rejoice in an abundant circulation of both gold and paper, in which paper will be as good as gold and gold no better than paper." Yet he recognized on this point, as on others, that legislation was but the working of causes far more powerful than itself, and could be lasting only as it was in harmony with eternal laws. He recognized that the country is continental, and should therefore be self-sustaining; that we are in the family of nations, but that the nation is a family; that privileges bring duties, and requirements involve responsibilities. The principle of protection was to him inwrought with the very idea of a nation, but it was a principle sinuous and flexible to the movement of events, to be applied with watchful wisdom, to be modified in detail by the demands of the occasion, with scrupulous regard to the rights and interests of the individual, and to be complemented by the principle of reciprocity between nations, equally to be modified by the current of events and correspondingly regardful of national rights.

The Grand Army had been the saviour of the nation, and he felt that the war debt to each soldier was a debt of honor. Yet his share in the debates of Congress was eminently practical and business-like. He spoke in Congress exactly as he spoke out of it, with the earnestness of conviction, with the persuasion of facts and figures, directly, simply, without oratorical attempt, though statistics in his hands not infrequently touched the imagination, and even arabic numbers became poetry. He had no self-consciousness. His purpose became himself. He had no sense of dignity to be defended or assumed. His dignity was the dignity of a pure, upright, and lofty manhood, instinctive, inalienable. Because he was a young man, assimilative and sympathetic, his words were often free, even careless, and no

doubt occasionally startled the House, accustomed to somewhat more formal style. But his words were never used to shock the House, only to express opinion most directly and forcibly. The little *hells*, and *damns*, and *deuces*, which sparsely sprinkled his boyish letters, had long since disappeared, as meadow midges from one reaching the sunny uplands; but the street words that fell upon his all-hearing ears fell sometimes from his all-remembering tongue, and occasionally the torrent of his speech tossed out combinations that, if not created on the toss, must have had their origin in the mountain fastnesses of Pennsylvania. He was persistent, but not opinionated. He readily relinquished his own suggestions where others' seemed more desirable, or even when they seemed not materially less desirable, if thus he could avoid controversy and accomplish his purpose. "If I cannot have a better amendment than the one of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, I shall vote for that." Addressed lightly he answered lightly, returning the ball with unfailing gayety of heart. Often his disapproval of a measure was expressed with too infantile a simplicity for this aged and circumlocutious world, and he was genuinely surprised, grieved, and repentant to find that he had given offence. If he grasped the other man's idea before it was half out, it was very hard for him to sit still and hear it out. If a boat was likely to lose the race through bad rowing, it was very hard for him not to put in his oar and pull ahead, even when it was not his boat. A member is asked if such and such will not be the effect of his amendment:

"I really am unable to say," says the gentleman, rather helplessly.

"Not by a very great deal," would Mr. Blaine interpose with an unasked but lucid explanation.

If an onset was made upon him, he repelled it sometimes perhaps with a greater impetus than was necessary, but that was the end of it. He carried anger as the flint bears fire—bore no malice—did not so much forgive as forget.

He was in no haste to rush to the front in Congress, but neither was he backward. It was matter of course that his first work should be in committee where he was soon found to be an authority. He had not the self-consciousness that

prearranges pose and place, but wherever his thought, purpose, impulse led, thither he followed. His command of parliamentary law often enabled him by a motion to shorten, or even to close debate. Indeed, his very first speech was a citation from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, of perhaps a dozen lines, but so pertinent to the debate that it practically settled the question at issue, and secured for him the compliment of personal thanks from the venerable and formidable Thaddeus Stevens, who had the bill in charge, and whose powerful, if somewhat grim, not to say ferocious, leadership in the House made his commendation as valued as it was rare. During life the saturnine old Pennsylvanian and his sunny-hearted young compatriot remained mutual admirers and personal friends.

Many measures which Mr. Blaine introduced or advocated related, of course, to business matters, but the business questions of that day were suffused with the sentiment of patriotism and holy self-sacrifice out of which they sprang, and close alongside the driest or the most trivial details the wells of human sympathy were ever ready to burst forth. One day he was asking for the assumption of war debts by the general government, taking for granted the success of the Union, though in the midst of the war, and maintaining that such success was "of no more importance to the loyal than to the revolted States and to the *forty new States that are yet to be added to the Union!*" His argument was that by this assumption the burden would not be increased, but equalized. "The contest is not local, but general; not for ourselves, but for mankind; not merely for to-day, but for all time. The burden falls with increased severity on the farmers and other holders of real estate, from the fact that so vast a proportion of the personal property in many of the communities has sought investment in government securities which are specially exempt from State and municipal taxation. I should certainly be among the last to countenance a breach of the national faith in the slightest degree. We must stand by the terms nominated in the bond, no matter how onerous and oppressive they may be. No hardship can arise to any of us from observing good faith on the part of the government, at all comparable with the hardship that would ensue to all of us by violating that faith, even by the remotest hint. But while we

all agree, I trust, on this point, I submit that as the policy of the government has made the war debt of the States bear unequally on different classes of the community, and most oppressively on the most meritorious class, it is the imperative duty of the government to equalize the burden by assuming an equitable share of the debt."

Another day he was speaking a kind word for the West Point cadets, whose Academy he had closely investigated when he was on the Board of Inspectors in 1861, — that too grave a construction might not be put on "found deficient," and thus lose to the nation some of her best officers because their curtains were not "drawn back at 6.45 A.M.," or their floors were "out of order near the washstand," or even — which shows much generosity in a man who never smoked — because there was "the odor of tobacco-smoke in their rooms;" but praying that power to pardon might be restored to the President and the Secretary of War; and he cited the case of a boy for whom he had come to Washington and successfully interceded with the Secretary of War — a boy who had afterwards gloriously justified his intercession, on Sheridan's staff in the valley of the Shenandoah. General Schenck came to his support handsomely, declaring — rather unhandsomely — that if he wanted to secure a principal of a female academy he would take the men whose floors around the washstand were clean, but when he wished to secure efficient officers he would turn the graduating class the other end foremost! As a result of conference, the desired power of restoring cadets was relegated to the Secretary of War.

He took it for granted that wherever a usage has grown up in the army, whether with reference to titles or to more substantial points a civilian would find, when he went to the bottom of the matter, that there is some good reason for this usage and that it is not safe to abolish it without full inquiry.

In a debate regarding the presence of cabinet officers on the floor of the House, he took little part, and was indeed subsequently opposed to it, but he maintained there and then that if they should refuse to appear when required, they could be impeached, just as any other officer could be impeached. Later events have made his advocacy of a concurrent power for the

Executive in the foreign affairs of the government seem almost too successful, though he was even then fully appreciative of the distinct spheres and divine rights of the coördinate departments of the government.

When he disapproved of a measure he instantly opposed it, without so much as thinking whether his opposition would be well or ill received. In December of 1864, Mr. Stevens had brought in a bill to prevent gold and silver coin and bullion from being sold or exchanged for a greater value than their real currency value. Even to receive notes of corporations or individuals in payment for gold, silver, or bullion, at less than par value was to be a punishable offence. It is not easy to exaggerate the surprise with which the old autocrat beheld "the gentleman from Maine" rise and inform the House quite simply and with great earnestness that only the respect he felt for the distinguished gentleman prevented him from saying that the provisions of the bill were absurd and monstrous — that a gold dollar cannot be made worth less or more by legislation — that the bill had been productive of great mischief in the brief twenty-four hours it had been allowed to float before the public mind as a measure seriously entertained by this House — that if a dollar note issued by the government should be declared equal to a gold dollar the whole Pacific coast was liable to indictment for criminal offence, because they would persist in believing that in the present condition of the currency a gold dollar was worth more than a paper dollar! It was not till after the House had laid his bill on the table that Mr. Stevens recovered breath and sarcasm to note the "intuitive way" "in which his excellent friend" got at a great national question: "How the gentleman from Maine by his intuitive knowledge of these things comes to understand at once what the ablest statesman of England took months to mature, I can't very well understand. It is a happy inspiration;" and returning to the field again spoke of his bill, which threw "my excellent friend into convulsions or the House into epileptic fits." "My excellent friend from Maine, in an alarmed and excited manner, said that the bill was fraught with innumerable mischief, that it would destroy the interests of the

country,—I do not speak exactly as he spoke. The House, partaking of the magnetic manner of my friend from Maine, — he seemed to be distracted on the subject, — and wishing to escape the evils of this gunpowder plot, immediately laid it on the table.” That something unusual had happened, that some unwonted force had been displayed, is evident, for he repeated: “The House, being magnetized by the excited manner of the gentleman from Maine, became alarmed and immediately laid the bill on the table without its being presented, and without a single member having had an opportunity to read a word of it. I remember what was said by the able editors, sciolists, who prate deeply in reference to things of which they know nothing. I know that they repeated what my excellent friend had taught them.”

This, so far as I know, is the first time the word *magnetic* was applied to Mr. Blaine — that word which simply spans the unknown and perhaps the unknowable, and which came afterwards to be, it may almost be said, appropriated to Mr. Blaine.¹

How light-heartedly he received the criticisms of the old Pennsylvanian whom he loved, and whose God of freedom and patriotism he worshipped with equal ardor, is seen in his bantering declaration shortly after, when seeking the floor. “I observe my friend from Pennsylvania is very anxious to hear me.” “The gentleman is mistaken,” growled his friend from Pennsylvania. “I am not in the least anxious to hear a speech on any subject.”

In a debate on naval affairs, Mr. Blaine called attention to the fact that of the four and one-half hours allowed for debate the committee occupied more than four; four gentlemen on the same side of the question had spoken in succession, and he had only three and a half minutes; that the gentlemen of the Naval Committee found it easier to oppose a Board of Admiralty with objections borrowed from English example than to answer the charges of shortcoming and blundering in the Navy Department, and thus dexterously spent their time in

¹ His own words of Mr. Burlingame are not inapt. “What precisely is meant by magnetism it might be difficult to define, but it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Burlingame possessed a great reserve of that subtle, forceful, overwhelming power which the word *magnetism* is used to signify.”

exposing the inefficiency of the proposed remedy rather than in meeting the great essential points made against the navy. To reject the amendment was to declare that the officers of the department may again spend \$10,000,000 in the construction of twenty iron-clad vessels that will not stay on top of the water.

The assertion was flatly disputed, but he reaffirmed that twenty of these iron vessels built under the supervision of the Navy Department will not float — at least those that have been tried won't, and the model is the same for the whole number.

Mr. PIKE reiterated that it was a mistake.

Mr. BLAINE. — They are not sea-going.

Mr. PIKE. — They were never intended to be sea-going.

Mr. BLAINE. — They will not float.

Mr. STEVENS. — An engineer told me the other day that not one of them would float until \$120,000 more had been expended upon each of them.

Mr. PIKE. — The first of them, launched in Boston harbor, floated three inches out of water on a level, though she was intended to float twelve. Others floated high enough and when altered make useful vessels.

Mr. BLAINE. — Then the first lost nine inches.

Mr. PIKE. — She did.

Mr. BLAINE. — That is, she lost seventy-five per cent. of that portion of her which was designed to be above water, and this I presume is the best of the whole twenty. Well, sir, that is conceding the whole case. Only three inches above water. Why, the chances are that she could not be towed a mile in smooth water without sinking to the bottom. As to speed, out of ninety British steamers caught within a given period in attempting to run the blockade, only twelve were caught by vessels built by the present Admiralty of the Navy Department, while seventy-eight were caught either by purchased vessels or vessels inherited by the old navy. Members of the Naval Committee quoted from one of those remarkable reports of Admiral Porter, written from Fort Fisher, in which the admiral indulged in some very high blowing about the merits of a certain monitor, and states in conclusion that she could cross the ocean, storm all the fortresses of England and France, and, after laying their cities under contribution and playing havoc generally on a very

large scale, could recross the ocean in perfect safety *provided she could get coal*. A very important proviso, truly,—if she could only get coal in some mysterious way entirely unknown to the authorities that ordered her construction.

MR. PIKE. — The criticism on Admiral Porter is unfair. He meant she could carry coal enough to cross the ocean, but not enough to return.

MR. BLAINE. — Oh! I presume that after laying London under contribution, some of the obliging coal-heavers at Greenwich would supply her as a matter of international courtesy.

Presenting a bill for the repeal of the tax on gross receipts and the substitution of a tax on net receipts of boats, Mr. Blaine “occupied his brief time” with facts personally known to himself: “A ship-owner in my district—a highly responsible and intelligent gentleman—chartered to government a vessel of four hundred and fifty tons, with cargo of coal from Philadelphia to New Orleans, for gross \$6,000. For painting, calking, repairs of sails, men and provisions, and port charges, the captain drew on owners for \$3,075.35; for distribution in New Orleans, \$1,410.70. Procuring no business in New Orleans, she was compelled to proceed to Boston in ballast, where, to pay off her crew and meet other expenses, there was a further distribution of \$1,176. At Boston the vessel chartered to go to Philadelphia in ballast for cargo, and at Philadelphia, before a dollar of the new charter was available, or even earned, the captain again drew for \$576—a total distribution of \$6,238.05. At this point the government paid the \$6,000 in certificates of indebtedness then selling at ninety-four, the owners thus receiving but \$5,640 in cash for the period during which the actual distribution in cash was \$6,238.05, showing a net cash loss for the time of about \$600, or, to be precisely accurate, \$598.05, besides the interest on advance—nearly two hundred more. And now see—after this melancholy experience the tax collector came forward and demanded of the owner of the vessel $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the \$6,000 which the government paid as above, and on top of all losses already incurred actually compelled him to pay \$150 under that section of the internal-revenue law which we are now seeking to amend.”

An amendment that no vessel which had been licensed to sail under a foreign flag or the protection of a foreign government during the rebellion should be registered as an American vessel, or have the rights and privileges of an American vessel except under an act of Congress authorizing it, Mr. Blaine advocated with statistics: "At the beginning of the war we had 2,500,000 tons of shipping engaged in foreign trade. As war grew hot and dangers multiplied on the ocean, 800,000 tons of this shipping took refuge under a foreign flag. The flag of our nation was hauled down, and protection was sought under the flag of our neutral enemy, Great Britain. I do not question the right of the owners — many who did so are honorable and patriotic men. All I contend is, that having made their election they shall abide by it. They escaped all the hazards, they gained all the profits, of their alien connection, and for one I am not now willing to put them on the same ground with those ship-owners who took all the risks of standing by the American flag in good report and in evil report, in our dark days as well as in our bright days. The ship-owners who took British registers escaped the heavy war-risks, and now to place them on the same footing with those who hazarded everything rather than sail under a foreign flag would be flagrantly unjust. I think, sir, it would be cruelly unjust for the American Congress to permit this policy, and thus turn their backs on those ship-owners who, under all the seductions of profit and against all the perils of war, refused for a single hour to take refuge under any other flag than that which was floating over the armies of the Union, and which protects us in this Capitol to-day.

"Moreover, while many were high-minded and patriotic men, some were unpatriotic and even criminal, and while securely concealed behind their British registers, they were sharing in the enormous profits derived from running our blockade and engaging, to the detriment of the Union cause, in all the illicit commerce which the British flag covered during the four years of bloody war from which we have just emerged."

He ever leaned to the moderate and gentler side when the success of the cause did not imperiously demand the sternest

recourse. He upheld the necessary conscription, but he would not make it unnecessarily hard, sharp, inexorable.

He opposed earnestly an amendment which summarily cut off the power of the President to appoint any lad, however promising, however loyal, to West Point, if he were so unfortunate as to have been born and lived in the South: "I am opposed to the amendment, root and branch. I regard it as proscriptive, illiberal, narrow-minded. Its logic can be justified only on the ground taken by my distinguished friend from Pennsylvania, who holds that the entire population of eleven Southern States are alien enemies. Not believing, myself, in this extreme dogma, I shall vote against the amendment, even if I stand alone in my opposition."

Of course Mr. Schenck, who moved the amendment, and Mr. Stevens, who advocated it, could but notice the "extraordinary remarks of the gentleman from Maine, who characterized the amendment in the worst kind of terms;" and certainly they were not complimentary, though both members were among his most valued friends.

Mr. Conkling could not round a sharp corner so easily as these men. "I will accept that in lieu of my amendment, though I think it is merely surplusage," said Mr. Blaine lightly. Mr. Conkling took three days to think it over, and hoped "the House will not vote in here anything as harmless surplusage. . . . I am quite sure that it is not harmless surplusage."

"I should like to make further observations upon the questionable expediency of any permanently established invalid corps. . . . I believe the practical effect will be virtually to prefer *en masse* a large portion of the officers of the present corps to other wounded and disabled officers and soldiers."

MR. SCHENCK. — There is no such thing in the bill, and the gentleman either cannot read or will not understand.

MR. CONKLING. — I hope the gentleman from Ohio will not get too energetic. . . . I do not wish to wrench myself by attempting to execute that celebrated pelvic gesture by which the gentleman makes himself forcible, but I hope the House will consider that I have executed it as far as it is necessary. . . .

Mr. Blaine presently desired to suggest to the gentleman

from New York that it would be more satisfactory if he would point out the section of the bill which conveys the alleged meaning, instead of indulging in loose and vague assertions. Mr. Conkling retorts that possibly by listening the gentleman from Maine will have his attention directed to some provisions of the bill which he may not understand any better than the rest of us; which does not prevent Mr. Blaine from rising presently to correct "a gross misapprehension — I will not call it a misrepresentation — of the gentleman from New York. When he speaks of his own knowledge of a subject, he is a gentleman of accuracy to whom I shall always listen with great pleasure. He is not so accurate when he speaks upon the suggestions of others who are interested adversely to this bill."

Unhappily, Mr. Conkling had also a private grievance. At a dinner party given by Hon. Henry C. Deming, of Hartford, the conversation glanced from the Utica of Mr. Conkling's home to a newspaper which had been published for a little while by Mr. Deming and his friend Park Benjamin, and which bore for its motto the lines :

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

A question arose as to their authorship, and the whole company gayly contributed answers. An impression prevailed that it was Barlow. Mr. Conkling offered to bet a basket of champagne that it was from Addison's "Cato." Mr. Blaine warned him not to make the bet because *he knew* the authorship, and that the lines were not from Addison's "Cato." Mr. Conkling was so sure that he persisted in the bet. The lines are by Jonathan M. Sewall, in an "Epilogue to Cato," written for the Bow-street Theatre in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Mr. Conkling sent the basket of champagne, but took his discomfiture so much to heart as to insinuate that Mr. Blaine had been reading up for it; and when Mr. Blaine made a feast and invited all the company to drink the champagne, Mr. Conkling did not attend.

The proposed substitute for the reciprocity treaty with Canada seemed to Mr. Blaine so radically wrong in its details that

he despaired of seeing it amended into any acceptable form. "It seems to me to sacrifice and subordinate American interests to provincial interests."

In a matter of separating hemlock and spruce timber, and making the duty specific instead of *ad valorem*: "The bill not only ingrafts *ad valorem*, but tells these cunning provincials just where to strike, and therefore I denounce this proposition of Congress as a fraud upon the revenue as well as a fraud upon the lumber interests;" but he remembered to have the grace to say, "I do not think they so intended it;" and having thus antagonized the committee in general, he proceeded to pay his respects to the gentlemen in detail—to the gentleman from Michigan who had been advocating the admission of lumber in order to enable the people of the South to rebuild the houses destroyed by war. Did he expect many houses would be built in the eleven Southern States, of lumber from Canada, when they had lumber of their own as good as could be obtained anywhere? And a word to the gentleman from Ohio, to tell him his very figures were unreliable, and it was a vicious cheating inducement to fraud.

Yet he was but stating the simplest fact when he declared:

"Mr. Chairman, I was very much surprised and somewhat mortified a few days ago, on finding, when I had made a motion to get rid of this bill at an early stage of the debate upon it, that a great many gentlemen who sympathize with my purpose considered it a discourteous and rude motion. I certainly intended nothing of the kind to the Committee of Ways and Means. The chairman of that committee assuredly knows that it would be utterly impossible for me to make a motion in this House, intended to convey disrespect or discourtesy to him. I thought that the House was against the bill, and I do not believe you can find forty gentlemen who can say that they intend to vote for the bill as it has gone through the amendatory process. Now, as our time is valuable, is it not best to express the sense of the House on a direct motion? And having said that I did not intend any disrespect before, it is unnecessary to repeat that I do not now intend disrespect when I renew the

motion for the purpose of bringing this question to a head at once."

"Yesterday the honorable chairman of the Military Committee intimated that I had procured the amendment because it would promote some of my friends. The friends of mine that would thus be promoted are the friends of every member of Congress who has had business at the War Department, and in no other sense. I have no kinsman, or constituent, or old acquaintance to be helped or hindered by the amendment. I count many of the officers of the Adjutant-General's department my friends, and I am proud to do so, but I was actuated solely by a desire to promote the interests of the public service in procuring advanced rank for that department;" and then he added somewhat haughtily, "I desire to say nothing more on the subject."

"The gentleman from New Jersey is as graciously heard as almost any man on this floor; we always listen to him with delight, but it is rather going too strong for him to take up one entire morning hour." This when his Sunday rest had sent him fresh and strong to Monday's work.

The gentleman from New Jersey wanted only a few minutes, but did not perceive the flight of time till the morning hour was gone, and with it all opportunity for the weekly work; and with that went all the gracious patience and delighted listening of the gentleman from Maine; and the gentleman from New Jersey "has gone on and talked during the whole morning hour, and prevented us from attending to any morning business at all. Now after he has abused and outraged the patience of the House to this extent, I want to guard against any similar outrage next Monday. . . .

"Propositions like the one now pending interjected in this way will, of course, only give rise to this sloshy-washy debate."

To be sure, General Schenck was almost as bad. When the gentleman from New Jersey moved to amend, Mr. Schenck declared the amendment not in order. The gentleman from New Jersey appealed to Mr. Schenck to wait until he found out his object. "Oh! I know your object," replied the bluff old

general. "It is to make that same old speech that we have heard on every occasion."

Yet it was only to Mr. Blaine that the much-belabored gentleman turned for relief from the "malicious assaults which the honorable gentleman has made it his business to make upon me every time I have got up to say anything in this House. I confine myself strictly to the subject under debate. [A remark which the House garnished with irreverent "laughter."] I make no general speeches, but I think I ought to be treated with common respect, at least, by the gentleman from Maine. God made us so that our natures are different and we arrive at different conclusions, and I think it is most contemptible and indiscreet work on the part of the gentleman, when I undertake to discuss any subject, to attempt to browbeat and insult me. I have no ill-feeling towards the gentleman at all. I hold him in high respect. I believe him to be a gentleman, and shall always treat him with courtesy. All I ask of him is, that he shall treat me in the same way. When he speaks on any question he never finds me slurring him for what he says. I speak the honest dictates of an honest heart."

The offender apologized promptly: "The gentleman says whenever he has spoken, I have taken occasion to say something ridiculous or unbecoming. Yet he cites only two occasions on which I have offered any remarks about him. If he will remember how frequently he has addressed the House, and can only remember those two occasions, he must see that there must have been a good many times when I have not referred to him at all. Two or three weeks ago on a Monday morning, by means of a mere accident in parliamentary rule which happens perhaps once in twenty-five years, the gentleman had an opportunity to exhaust the whole morning hour in a debate in which neither himself nor any other person was interested, and I appealed to the gentleman personally to yield the floor, inasmuch as there were many gentlemen on this side of the House who had resolutions to offer — not of a political character, but of a business nature, which could only be introduced under the call of States on alternate Mondays. The gentleman agreed that he would not take more than twenty minutes, but then he continued for the entire hour, and in the heat of the moment

I made some remarks that were hasty and unbecoming. If I have thereby wounded the gentleman in any way, I am very sorry for it, and I will say in addition that I have none but the kindest feelings for him personally. He has always treated me with respect, and I desire to treat him in the same way."

The gentleman from New Jersey was pleased to accept the apology as "sufficient."

This was not the old formal, "dignified" oratorical style of debate. It was animated conversation. But it was very effective in the hands, on the lips, of a man whose object was to make his points and secure his ends, whose sympathies were both national and individual; who assimilated knowledge as the blood assimilates air, whose memory was a necessity of his being, and therefore assured the accuracy of his knowledge and its production on call, whose mental processes were so rapid as to elude observation, outstrip communication, and seem intuitional.



CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

IX.

THE CONKLING-FRY INCIDENT.

THE House on the twenty-fourth of April, 1866, resumed the consideration of the bill entitled "An Act to reorganize and establish the Army of the United States." The twentieth section was then read — That the Provost Marshal's bureau hereafter consist of a provost marshal-general, with the rank, pay, and emoluments of a brigadier-general; and one assistant provost marshal-general, with the rank, pay, and emoluments of a colonel of cavalry; and all matters relating to the recruitment of the army and the arrest of deserters shall be placed under the direction and control of this bureau, under such regulations as the Secretary of War may prescribe.

Mr. Conkling at once moved to strike out this section, and gave as his first reason, "that it creates an unnecessary office for an undeserving public servant."

Discussing public reasons against it, he continued his personal reasons. "I have never heard any very serious attempt to justify by argument the permanent continuance of an officer whose administration during the war has had in it so little to commend and so much to condemn. But I have heard an effort made to prove the propriety of this section by charging it to the Lieutenant-General of the army, and by saying that he had found a necessity for continuing in time of peace the bureau of the Provost Marshal-General. In order that the House may see how true this allegation is, I send to the Clerk's desk and ask to have read copies of letters which have been furnished to me, the first a letter addressed to the Lieutenant-General by a Senator of the United States."

The Clerk read as follows :

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1866.

GENERAL: The House bill for the organization of the army contains a provision creating a permanent provost marshal's bureau, with a brigadier-general at its head; also placing the recruiting service in its charge.

It has been unofficially reported to me that this was done in consequence of a recommendation of yours to that effect.

I should be pleased to know if such is the case, as I had labored under the impression, from conversation with officers of the army, that such a step was not a judicious one, and tended only to increase the number of bureaus and officers of the army, with an increase of expenditure without any corresponding efficiency or benefit.

If my impressions are erroneous I would like to have them corrected.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. W. NESMITH.

The answer of the Lieutenant-General was then read, which stated that —

Some months since, a paper was referred to me showing the great number of desertions from the army, and asking for suggestions to put a stop to them. To that paper I suggested a number of changes in orders governing the recruiting service, and I recommended that the whole matter be put in charge of the Provost Marshal-General, who could devote more attention to it than the Adjutant-General, with all his other duties, could. I am opposed, however, to multiplying bureaus, and I think there is no necessity for a provost marshal-general. In fact, if we had to organize the army anew, I would not have as many bureaus as we now have. In my opinion, the country would be just as well, and much more economically, served if the coast surveying duties were added to the engineer bureau, and the quartermaster, subsistence, and pay departments were merged into one. I would not recommend a change now, however, but would not make any increase of bureaus.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

After further giving the public reasons, Mr. Conkling returned to the personal reasons:

“There is one thing — I know of but one — for this bureau to do before leaving the public presence, and that is to close its accounts, so as to allow the War Department and the country

to know precisely what has become of the twenty-five million and odd dollars which, under the act of March 13, 1862, went to its credit.

"My constituents remember, and other constituencies remember, wrongs done them too great for forgetfulness, and almost for belief, by the creatures of this bureau, and by its head.

"There came, at the same time, other creatures of the head of the bureau at Washington. The western division swarmed with these chosen favorites.

"They turned the business of recruiting and drafting into a paradise of coxcombs and thieves.

"There never has been, in human history, a greater mockery and a greater burlesque than the conduct of this bureau."

It may here be mentioned that the officer who was so obnoxious to Mr. Conkling had been assigned to Western New York by General Fry, at the request of William H. Seward, of New York, Secretary of State; that Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio, who also opposed the continuance of this military bureau as necessary only in war and unnecessary in peace, thought it his duty to protest in the House that a great deal of the odium which had been attached "to the administration of the duties of that office pertained rather to the nature of the office than to the individual who discharged the duties of the office. I question whether any man, whether he came from the East or the West, from the North or the South, could have gone into the administration of the Provost Marshal-General's department and discharged its duties with any more satisfaction to the general public than General James B. Fry," — and added, with amiable desire to allay strife, "I think, perhaps, the gentleman from New York has sufficient cause for what he has said; but such a case as he has mentioned has not been brought home to me, in all my official intercourse with the Provost Marshal-General during the last three years, and it has been constant and frequent. I have been treated by him with a degree of kindness and courtesy which requires from me an expression of thanks rather than of censure. I am happy, therefore, to have it in my power to say that I am under obligations to this man; and it is a pleasure to me to acquit myself of the duty of doing so":

That General Schenck, of Ohio, protested against the introduction of General Fry's character, as having no relation to the question, declaring that "It is defended by the history of the war. It is defended by his services through good report and evil report. According to the best of his ability, that officer has so discharged his duty that those in his own immediate department, who know best how that duty has been discharged, have no such epithets to bestow upon him as that he is an undeserving officer; the Military Committee, in all their labor of consideration, discussion, inquiry, and other work tending to the framing of a proper bill for the establishment of an army system, have endeavored to act without reference to persons, having in view only the best schemes for the attainment of objects which might result in the public good":

That Mr. Farquhar, who had served under General Fry, rose in the House to declare: "I never did hear any charge made against the efficiency, against the promptness, against the success of the officer in charge of that department, but, on the contrary, — and I say it with pleasure, — the duties of that office were performed with evidence of the highest ability and the greatest satisfaction. During the time I had an opportunity of serving under that officer, a large number of recruits were raised, both to fill up old regiments and to create new regiments, with a success which did not attend the service when another officer was in charge of that department. I take pleasure, without entering into the controversy, if I may so call it, in regard to the duties and services of that high officer, to say to-day that I bear testimony to the highest ability of that officer in the full discharge of these duties":

That General Fry was a graduate of West Point from Illinois, and had been in the army from the age of twenty; that when the war broke out, his father, though a Democrat and over sixty years of age, raised a regiment, went into the field, and fought in some of the severest battles of the war; that General Fry was attested by his own Congressmen to have been one of the most gallant men we ever had in the army, whose character had been without reproach, whose integrity had never been impeached until that moment; that after fighting the battles of the country with glory and with joy, the bloodless

battles of the provost marshalship with deserters and drafts and bounty-jumpers, were so distasteful to him that he once fell from his high estate of unquestioning obedience into complaining to President Lincoln of the obloquy attaching to the mere administration of the law of his office; but the great-souled President, who had himself drank to the full the cup of obloquy, instead of rebuking, comforted him with the assurance, "That is necessarily the case for the present, but it will be all right in the end." Suffer it to be so now for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Such a soldier, so attacked on a field where he could make no defence, Mr. Blaine was not likely to pass by on the other side. When Mr. Conkling began to speak, Mr. Blaine was talking to a friend in the diplomatic gallery of the House; but his quick ear caught the tenor of the remarks, and hurrying to his seat he took the floor the instant Mr. Conkling released it. He was on the Military Committee which had the bill in charge, and he had a special right to speak. He began calmly enough, replying to Mr. Conkling's implication of falsehood in attributing the report to the Lieutenant-General: "I wish to state why the committee reported this section of the bill in regard to which the gentleman from New York shows so much feeling. I believe that among the earliest acts of the gentleman from New York at this session of Congress was the introduction of a resolution which was adopted by this House, directing the War Department to report upon the expediency of abolishing the office of provost marshal-general. In the routine of business the answer of the Secretary of War came to the Military Committee, and among the papers was a letter from Lieutenant-General Grant. The gentleman from New York has read a letter from the Lieutenant-General, which practically recalls the recommendations of the letter on which the committee acted; but I desire the Clerk to read the letter of Lieutenant-General Grant, which was the authorization, in the judgment of the committee, for inserting the section." The Clerk read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,

WASHINGTON, December 14, 1865.

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 13th instant, in reference to desertions, I would make the following remarks: I do not think the present

method of recruiting, as carried out, sufficient to fill up the regular army to the force required, or keep it full when once filled.

The duty is an important one, and demands, I think, the exclusive attention of an officer of the War Department, aided by a well-organized system extending over the country. I think the officer best fitted for that position, by his experience during the present war, is General Fry, and would recommend that the whole subject of recruiting be put in his hands and all officers on recruiting duty be directed to report to him. He should also have charge of the apprehension of deserters, should be authorized to offer such rewards as will secure their apprehension. When caught they should be tried, and the sentence rigidly carried into effect; this would soon stop the present enormous amount of desertion.

I would recommend that the duties heretofore performed by provost marshals be hereafter performed by officers detailed for recruiting duty.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

Mr. BLAINE. — The House will observe that the Committee on Military Affairs acted precisely in accordance with the recommendations of the Lieutenant-General as contained in the letter which has just been read. When the gentleman from New York quotes the letter of the Lieutenant-General in condemnation of the report made by the Committee on Military Affairs, I merely wish the privilege of showing that that report was made in express conformity, *verbatim et literatim*, with the recommendations of that officer's letter, which came officially before the committee, and which was not smuggled in in the manner in which the letter read by the gentleman from New York comes before us. That is not an official letter; it is an unofficial note. The letter just read by the Clerk is an official note, communicated to this House by the Secretary of War on a regular call, and referred by the House to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Speaker, I do not suppose that the House of Representatives care anything more than the Committee on Military Affairs about the great recruiting frauds in New York, or the quarrels of the gentleman from New York with General Fry, in which quarrels it is generally understood the gentleman came out second best at the War Department. I do not think that such questions ought to be obtruded here.

Though the gentleman from New York has had some difference with General Fry, yet I take pleasure in saying that, as I believe, there is not in the American Army a more honorable and high-toned officer than General Fry. That officer, I doubt not, is ready to meet the gentleman from New York or anybody else in the proper forum. I must say that I do not think it is any very creditable proceeding for the gentleman from New York here in this place to traduce General Fry as a military officer when he has no opportunity to be heard. I do not consider such a proceeding the highest specimen of chivalry that could be exhibited.

The gentleman from New York has had his issues with General Fry at the War Department. They have been adjudicated upon by the Secretary of War, and I leave it for the gentleman to say whether he came out first best. I do not know the particulars; the gentleman can inform the House. All I have to say is — and in this I believe I speak the sentiment of a majority of the members of this House — that James B. Fry is a most efficient officer, whose character is without spot or blemish; a gentleman who stands second to no other officer in the American army; and he is ready to meet the gentleman from New York and all other accusers anywhere and everywhere. And, sir, when I hear the gentleman from New York rehearse in this House, as an impeachment of General Fry, all the details of the recruiting frauds in New York, which General Fry used his best energies to repress with iron hand, a sense of indignation carries me beyond my personal strength and impels me to denounce such a course of proceeding.

To this Mr. Conkling replied in words which, as reported in the “*Congressional Globe*,” were:

“Mr. Speaker, if General Fry is reduced to depending for vindication upon the gentleman from Maine, he is to be commiserated certainly. If I have fallen to the necessity of taking lessons from that gentleman in the rules of propriety, or of right or wrong, God help me. I say to him further that I mean to take no advantage such as he attributes of the privileges of this place or of the absence of General Fry. On the contrary, I am ready to avow what I have here declared anywhere. I have

stated facts for which I am willing to be held responsible at all times and places."

What the newspapers reported Mr. Conkling to have said was, "I am entirely responsible, not only here, but elsewhere, for what I have said." "To the particular individual to whom it may give offence I will answer not here, but elsewhere — anywhere it may be agreeable to have the answer."

"I say, further, that the statement made by the gentleman from Maine with regard to myself personally, and my quarrels with General Fry and their results, is false."

MR. BLAINE. — What does the gentleman mean to say was false?

MR. CONKLING. — I mean to say that the statement made by the gentleman from Maine is false.

MR. BLAINE. — What statement?

MR. CONKLING. — Does not the gentleman understand what I mean?

Declining to answer Mr. Blaine's question directly, Mr. Conkling at length came around in his own way to the point of his objection, which was the statement that he had "had personal quarrels" with General Fry and had been worsted in them, and that too before the Secretary of War and by the Secretary of War.

Mr. Blaine replied that what he had understood was "from very high authority," but "I left it to him to say whether it was so, but added I could not consent to go into this cheap sort of stuff about answering 'here and elsewhere,' and about 'personal responsibility,' and all that kind of thing.

"Sir, I do not know how to characterize it. When we had gentlemen here from the eleven seceded States, they used to talk about answering 'here and elsewhere;' and it was understood that they meant a duel. I suppose the gentleman from New York means nothing of that kind; I do not know whether he does or not; but that is the only meaning that can be attached to the phrase. When a man says that he is ready to answer 'here or elsewhere' he means that he is willing to receive a note outside of the District of Columbia. Well, now, that is very cheap, and certainly beneath my notice. I do not believe the gentleman from New York wants to fight a duel;

and I am sure he needs no assurance from me that I do not intend it. When I have to resort to the use of the epithet of 'false' upon this floor, and this cheap swagger about being responsible 'here or elsewhere,' I shall have very little faith in the cause which I stand up to maintain."

On the second day of the debate Mr. Blaine read the *Globe* report, and threw down the gauntlet himself, informing the House that in personal controversies between gentlemen it is a point of honor that as the reporter puts what takes place it shall be printed, and that if alterations are made they shall be made by mutual understanding and knowledge. On reading the report at the *Globe* office he found essential alterations, and was told the alterations were made by the member from New York, and are in his handwriting. "I now hold the report of his remarks in my hand, and there is scarcely a page but what has been altered. But I merely want to call the attention of the House to one point where the gentleman sought by an alteration to take away the entire point of my reply to him. I characterized some of his bravado as cheap swagger when he talked about meeting me 'here or elsewhere.' The gentleman eliminates that important part of his speech, and inserts these words: 'I have stated facts for which I am willing to be held responsible at all times and places.' Now the phrase 'here and elsewhere' is a phrase well known in Congress—it is the phrase of bullying. It was a phrase upon which I commented, and which I denounced, and justly denounced, and which the gentleman had no right to alter at the *Globe* office. I want members to understand the precise point of my complaint. Though I am reported, and correctly reported, as referring to the phraseology 'here and elsewhere,' and commenting upon the bravado of his manner, yet a person reading the debate might be led to ask what I was replying to when I quoted a phrase of that kind, the very mild phrase 'at all times and places' having been cunningly substituted. Mr. Speaker, I never expected to make a personal explanation in this House in my life. As to courage, I am like the Methodist deacon about his piety, I have none to speak of."

Mr. Conkling asked and was permitted to look at the sheets, protested that he had made no improper alterations, that he

was "as incapable as the gentleman from Maine pretends to be of doing anything in violation of the rights or the position of any other member," reviewed the debate in question, defended his course and rights therein, declared that he never saw the notes of the gentleman from Maine, did not know they contained any statement about "here or elsewhere," did not think there was the slightest significance in those words more than in any other for this purpose, characterized Mr. Blaine's remarks as "frivolously impertinent and also incorrect," and that the imputation of duelism was "a cheap way of clawing off," and, after expressing with great fervor his indifference to, not to say contempt for, the opinion of the gentleman from Maine, proceeded to read the original phrases and the alterations, and "throw back to the gentleman any imputation which he seeks to cast upon me," — which reading showed him to have done exactly what Mr. Blaine said that he had done !

So the second day came and went, and on the morning of the third Mr. Blaine reappeared with a fresh fusillade, comprising the proof of his statement, — which was much more in his way than shooting Mr. Conkling, or being shot by him, with an entirely illogical and therefore impertinent bullet.

"I hold in my hand a letter from Provost Marshal-General Fry, which I ask to have read at the Clerk's desk, for the double purpose of vindicating myself from the charge of having stated in debate last week what was false, and also for the purpose, which I am sure will commend itself to the House, of allowing fair play to an honorable man in the same forum in which he has been assailed."

The SPEAKER. — It requires unanimous consent to have it read. Is there objection ?

Mr. CONKLING. — I infer that this has some reference to me. I shall make no objection, provided I may have an opportunity to reply to whatever the letter may call for hereafter.

Mr. BLAINE. — I wish further to say that if, on investigation, I had found I was in error in the statement I had made touching the member from the Utica district of New York [Mr. Conkling] and Provost Marshal-General Fry, I would, mortifying as it would have been, have apologized to the House. Whether

I was in error or not, I leave to those who hear the letter of the Provost Marshal-General.

A letter from General Fry was then read in which he said : "Your assertions touching Mr. Conkling's difficulties with this bureau are amply and completely justified by the facts which this letter will disclose. . . .

"My official intercourse with Representatives in Congress during the past three years has been constant and in many cases intimate, and, with the solitary exception of Mr. Conkling, it has been marked, so far as I remember, by mutual honor and fair dealing." After giving in detail the three main issues between himself and Mr. Conkling, (which were, first, that General Fry removed the first Provost Marshal of Mr. Conkling's district, that Mr. Conkling complained of this action both to the President and to the War Department, but failed to procure any modification of General Fry's course. Second, that General Fry had removed the second Provost Marshal of the district, and that Mr. Conkling had failed to restore him. Third, that Mr. Conkling had attempted to secure counsel from the government to defend the second Provost Marshal in his litigations and had failed) General Fry added, "Notwithstanding Mr. Conkling's denial in the House, his own letters as well as the foregoing statements show that there were differences, and that he was 'worsted.' On the 25th of October, 1865, he wrote the Secretary of War, saying: 'It is now many months since I have been able to obtain any response from the department touching the interests of the government in this district. Still I venture one more trial, etc.' Every request, complaint, or accusation of any importance made by Mr. Conkling affecting General Fry's bureau had been laid before the Secretary of War, and passed upon by him. The result in nearly every instance had been unfavorable to Mr. Conkling, and assuming that these were the differences or quarrels which were referred to in the debate as those in which Mr. Conkling came out second best, he asserted what was not true when he denied them."

This was sufficiently conclusive of the existence of the quarrels referred to; but General Fry, having been so very definitely and sorely attacked, did not stay his hand. To the

insinuation that he "should allow the War Department and the country to know precisely what has become of the twenty-five million and odd dollars which, under the act of March 3, 1863, went to its credit," General Fry replied triumphantly, "My official report, now partly in the hands of the public printer, shows in detail the disposition of every dollar of this money, and shows, moreover, a completeness and accuracy in accounts that is not surpassed, if it is equalled, by any bureau under the government; and I hold a certificate from the Second Comptroller of the Treasury that all my accounts relating to this fund have been examined and found correct." And in turn he added a suggestion whether Mr. Conkling's action in exercising the functions of judge advocate, and receiving pay therefor from the United States to the amount of \$3,000 while receiving his compensation as a member of Congress, was a violation of the letter or spirit, or both, of article one, section two, of the Constitution:

"He was as zealous in preventing prosecutions at Utica as he was in making them at Elmira, and the main ground of difficulty between Mr. Conkling and myself has been that I wanted exposure at both places, while he wanted concealment at one. I have been at all times amenable to the severest form of law, — the military code, — liable at any moment to summary arrest, court-martial, and extreme punishment in case of any dereliction of official duty. No one knew or knows this fact better than Mr. Conkling, and if, while acting as judge advocate, he came into the possession of any fact impugning or impeaching my integrity as a public officer, he was guilty of grave public wrong and unfaithfulness if he did not instantly file formal charges against me with the Secretary of War. He can, therefore, only escape the charge of deliberate and malignant falsehood as a member of Congress by confessing an unpardonable breach of duty as judge advocate. He held both offices and took pay for both at the same time; he has certainly been false to honor in one, and perhaps, as the sequel may show, in both.

"Copies of official documents substantiating statements herein made are subjoined."

Mr. Blaine did not ask that these documents should be read but that they and the letter should be printed. Mr. Ross, of

Illinois, moved that ten thousand extra copies be printed. Mr. Conkling desired them to be read, rather childishly declaring that he enjoyed it very much, and proceeded to justify in detail his acceptance of the \$3,000 fee till Mr. Ross interrupted him again, "If it will not discompose the gentleman too much, I would ask him to state whether that was during the time he was drawing pay as a member of Congress."

MR. CONKLING. — I do not quite understand the pertinence of the question of the gentleman from Illinois. But I will endeavor to enlighten him. He probably knows, for I presume that information has extended to him, that the term of members of Congress commences on the fourth of March. And as the retainer which I have spoken of was in April, which, I will inform the gentleman, is a month that comes after March in the calendar, he will very likely be able, by the rule of three, or by some other rule with which he is familiar, to cipher out whether I was a member of Congress at the time or not.

I should be sorry to suppose that the member from Illinois, or any other member of this House, — indeed, I should be sorry as an American to suppose that the standard of intelligence anywhere in the country is so low that any human being, unless it be that distinguished mathematician and warrior, Provost Marshal-General Fry, believes there is the slightest impropriety in a man who is a member of Congress practising his profession as counsel in courts, or accepting from the government of the United States, or from any other client, a retainer for such professional services.

But after he was again in the full tide of explanation, Mr. Ross again interposed, "Will the gentleman from New York yield to me a moment?"

MR. CONKLING. — For what purpose?

MR. ROSS. — I desire to ask the gentleman whether he was drawing pay as judge advocate at the same time when he was receiving \$3,000 a year from the government as a member of Congress.

MR. CONKLING. — I will answer the gentleman's question, Mr. Speaker; because nothing interests me in connection with this matter more than the laudable curiosity of the gentleman from Illinois.

I beg, Mr. Speaker, to assure the gentleman "confidentially," as the gentleman from Pennsylvania would say, and I hope he will regard it as a confidential communication, that I never did receive salary as judge advocate during the period he refers to, or during any other period; not one penny. Indeed, Mr. Speaker, I found myself very unexpectedly elevated when I saw the announcement in some paper that this retainer which the government had given me made me acting judge advocate for the purpose of trying a case. It was merely an employment as counsel; and the counsel fee which was paid is, I beg to assure the gentleman, the only compensation that I ever received for my services. I never received any pay as judge advocate during any period whatever. . . . I beg leave, Mr. Speaker, to remind gentlemen of the precise statement which on that occasion I pronounced untrue. The member from Maine said—I read from the *Globe*: "I do not suppose that the House of Representatives care anything more than the Committee on Military Affairs about the great recruiting frauds of New York, or the quarrels of the gentleman from New York with General Fry, in which quarrels, it is generally understood, the gentleman came out second best at the War Department." I will not stop to read further (although I propose to have all I have marked inserted in my remarks) the various forms in which the statement was made that I had had personal quarrels with Provost Marshal-General Fry.

MR. BLAINE. — I hope the gentleman will read the whole. If he will show me the word "personal" in the speech to which he is replying, I will reward him. He cannot do it. He is putting his own interpretation upon it. Let the gentleman read all that he is going to print.

MR. CONKLING. — Mr. Speaker, I hope the active member from Maine will preserve himself as free from agitation as possible.

MR. BLAINE. — I demand that whatever the gentleman puts in the *Globe* he shall read.

The Speaker ruled that the demand was parliamentary, and Mr. Conkling perforce yielded: "Mr. Speaker, this is a little episode, I suppose, for the amusement and diversion of the House. It is quite unnecessary. The member had better be

quiet; I am entirely disposed to have the whole passage read, and I will ask to have it read." The whole passage was read, and then Mr. Blaine scored his point by declaring, "The word personal does not occur there," to which Mr. Conkling made the astonishing confession and avoidance, "The House will observe I did not say the word 'personal' did occur. But that is not here nor there," and continued his argument to prove that he had "no personal quarrel with General Fry," and concluded by hoping that the House would "pardon something to the extraordinary incident which has been witnessed, of the head of a bureau, a clerk in the War Department, sending here to be read such a pile of rubbish as that, a personal assault upon a member of this House, under the pretence of vindicating himself in some way or other."

Mr. Blaine responded in his most off-hand manner: "I do not know that I have anything to say, and I shall not take very long to say it. I do not happen to possess the volubility of the gentleman from the Utica district. It took him thirty minutes the other day to explain that an alteration in the reporter's notes for the *Globe* was no alteration at all; and I do not think he convinced the House, after all. And it has taken him an hour to-day to explain that while he and General Fry have been at swords' points for a year, there has been no difficulty at all between them. He has said that General Fry is of no consequence, that he is a mere clerk in the War Department. Yet he is a very sensitive clerk, and when he has been accused of all sorts of fraud, he should have a little chance to be heard. Now, one single word. The gentleman from New York has attempted to pass off his appearance in this case as simply the appearance of counsel. I want to read again, for the information of the House, the appointment under which the gentleman from New York appeared as the prosecutor on the part of the government. It is as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON CITY, April 3, 1865.

SIR: I am instructed by the Secretary of War to authorize you to investigate all cases of fraud in the Provost Marshal's department of the western division of New York, and all misdemeanors connected with recruiting. You will from time to time make report to this department of

the progress of your labors, and will apply for any special authority for which you may have occasion. The Judge Advocate-General will be instructed to issue to you an appointment as special judge advocate, for the prosecution of any cases that may be brought to trial before a military tribunal. You will also appear in behalf of this department in any cases that it may be deemed more expedient to bring before the civil tribunals.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War.

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING.

“Now, sir, I find in Brightly’s Digest, Section 46, page 821, that: ‘No person who holds or shall hold any office under the government of the United States whose salary or annual compensation shall amount to the sum of \$2,500 shall receive compensation for discharging the duties of any other office.’

“I leave it for the House to decide whether the gentleman can get off under the technical plea that he was not a judge advocate. He cannot deny that he discharged the duties of judge advocate under the special commission which I have read, and he was paid for the discharge of those duties. The case falls under the same law as that of the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Schenck], who, being a Representative in Congress while yet a major-general, declined to receive any pay as a member until he had resigned his office in the army, and had taken his seat in this House. I have no suggestions to make about this, except that I consider the point well taken, and that in my view this committee, if appointed, ought to investigate the matter. I do not believe that the gentleman received the money rightfully, though I will say this much of him, if he will permit me, that I have no doubt he will restore it if convinced he has taken it improperly.

“Mr. Speaker, all I have to say further in connection with this matter is, that what I stated the other day has, as I conceive, been fully, entirely, and emphatically vindicated by the record. I believe I have shown the members of this House that I am incapable of stating anything here for which I am not responsible—not exactly ‘here or elsewhere,’ but responsible as a gentleman and as a Representative.”

If the debate had stopped even there, the situation, though

dilapidated, might not have been irreparable ; but Mr. Conkling added, " Mr. Speaker, I sought the floor again to say this, which possibly I omitted to state before : that no commission was ever issued to me by the Judge Advocate-General. For fear that I omitted to state it, I beg leave to say that no commission, paper, or authority whatever was ever issued to me except the letter of retainer which has been read, employing me to act, according to its language, before military courts and before other tribunals."

Mr. Blaine, who had already said his final word, was instantly up again, but Mr. Conkling's patience was exhausted to the point of direct and simple ire.

The SPEAKER. — Does the gentleman from New York yield to the gentleman from Maine ?

Mr. CONKLING. — No, sir. I do not wish to have anything to do with the member from Maine, not even so much as to yield him the floor. [But he quickly recovered his rhetoric and attested the fervor of his indifference.] Mr. Speaker, if the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject which he has been discussing, or upon any other subject personal to me, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion. And as it is a matter of entire indifference to me what that opinion may be, I certainly will not detain the House by discussing the question whether it is well or ill-founded, or by noticing what he says. I submit the whole matter to the members of the House, making as I do an apology for the length of time which I have occupied in consequence of being drawn into explanations originally by an interruption which I pronounced the other day ungentlemanly and impertinent, and having nothing whatever to do with the question.

Mr. Blaine, taking the floor, began :

" It is hardly worth while to pursue this controversy further ; but still the gentleman from New York cannot get off on the technicality which he has suggested. He says that a commission never was issued to him. I understand him to admit that if a commission had been issued to him he could not have taken pay for both offices. Now every one knows that those

preliminary authorizations are the things on which half the business arising out of the war has been done. Men have fought at the head of battalions and divisions and army corps without having received their formal commissions. The gentleman was just as much bound to respect the law under that appointment as though it had been a formal commission with the signature of the Secretary of War." Turning then directly to Mr. Conkling, who was accentuating his profound indifference to what the gentleman from Maine might be saying by writing busily, there came one swift downpour of scorn for scorn. "As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut, has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him." Referring then to a chance newspaper comparison of Mr. Conkling to Henry Winter Davis (which he interpreted satirically), he continued, "The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great, it is striking. Hyperion to a Satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire!"

The House of Representatives proved to be but children of a larger growth. It listened to every word, shouted its inextinguishable laughter, then pulled itself together to comfort the gentleman from New York, and to discipline the gentleman from Maine. The Chair recovered presence of mind first, and laid the blame on the House. "If any member had called to order, the Chair would at once have strictly enforced the rule;" but it is noticeable that the Chair took care not to make this suggestion prematurely. The House, having first gratified its curiosity by listening to the whole letter, appointed a committee "to investigate the statements and charges made by Hon. Roscoe Conkling, in his place, against Provost Marshal-General Fry and his bureau, whether any frauds have been perpetrated in his office in connection with the recruiting service ;

also to examine into the statements made by General Fry in his communication to Hon. Mr. Blaine read in the House." The committee met, gave one look at the mass of documents which were to be examined, and determined, "in view of the magnitude of the task assigned to it," to undertake only half of it; that is, to dispose of the charges of General Fry against Mr. Conkling, and to leave General Fry to fight his way out of Mr. Conkling's charges as best he could. This task it accomplished to its own satisfaction. The committee asserted, and the House assented, that Mr. Fry's charges against Mr. Conkling were wholly without foundation in truth, that the conduct of Mr. Conkling had been in all respects above reproach, and, too late horror-stricken at the spectacle of a mere clerk of a department attacking a member of Congress in Congress simply to defend his own unimportant character, and forgetting that the House was advised of the contents of the letter before it was read, that it agreed to the reading without an objection, when a single objection could have kept it back, and that it must therefore be *particeps criminis*, it nevertheless condemned General Fry for breach of the privileges of the House. Indeed, General Fry fared so ill at the hands of the committee that the question was openly asked on the floor of the House, why some steps had not been taken to send him to the penitentiary; which it appeared, in answer, the House might have done, but that the sin of General Fry in writing the letter was so closely connected with the sin of Mr. Blaine in offering the letter that the same prison-door which opened on the one must needs close on the other, by which the dignity of the House would be still further violated. Thus it will be seen that while they laid exculpating hands on Mr. Conkling, and kept inculpatory hands off Mr. Blaine, they all turned upon poor General Fry, and, forgetting that he had any grievance at all, gave him a very bad time of it. The committee reported, and the House adopted the report, condemning General Fry for attempting to resent and disprove, in the House of Representatives, the charge made in the House that he had prostituted "the whole machinery of the government to miscreants and robbers."

Still there was a world outside. The House adopted the report

on the 14th of July. On the 17th of the same month, General Fry was appointed "major-general by brevet, for faithful, meritorious, and distinguished services in the Provost Marshal-General's department." And the Senate confirmed the appointment. June 10, 1868, he was appointed "brigadier-general by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Shiloh, Tennessee, and Perryville, Kentucky." And the Senate confirmed the appointment. He was appointed "colonel by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Bull Run (first), Virginia." And the Senate confirmed the appointment. March 12, 1875, he was appointed colonel in Adjutant-General's department. And the Senate confirmed the appointment. So the House of Representatives and the War Department each drew its own child from the fierce flame, to its own fond eyes unscarred, while the other child was all scathed and blackened by the lightning stroke.

This controversy has been given with more detail than its intrinsic importance would justify, because of the innumerable variations which time and tradition have lent to the tale, and because of the factitious importance with which the subsequent prominence of the two chief contestants invested it. National policies and presidencies have been hung on its issues, and the poison of an imaginary bitterness has been diffused through an entirely constructive "life-long feud." But to a feud there must be two parties. On Mr. Blaine's side certainly, there was no feud whatever. He spoke to the occasion, and smote no more. He had fought in his own field the soldier's battle, who had fought on the bloody field the citizen's battle, and that was the end. Thereafter was no moment when he was not ready for peace, — at least for such peace as was possible with Mr. Conkling. At intervals along the way were ever springing up friends who wished to heal the breach, and Mr. Blaine always lent himself cheerfully, without their urging, to their desire and design. He did not think it worth while to go over the story in detail, or to make an apology, or any scene whatever; he was quite willing that the dead past should bury its dead, but he would assist at no funeral ceremony. Hearing that the obstacle to reconciliation in Mr. Conkling's mind was a supposed reflection on his integrity by Mr. Blaine, the latter denied promptly any

such reflection, and half humorously maintained that any unprejudiced reader of the debate would testify that in this aspect he had more to complain of than Mr. Conkling. But he not only admitted, he was quick to avow his admission, that in the excitement of the moment both had spoken some words which in cooler moments both regretted and would have been glad to recall. So much he volunteered without regard to Mr. Conkling's attitude. To peace-lovers and well-wishers of both, and to loyal adherents of the Republican party, who thought its interests involved in the relations of its prominent leaders, he from the first averred his willingness, even his desire, at any moment to resume relations with Mr. Conkling, and to disavow at the same time, and at all times, any intention whatever to reflect on his honor as a gentleman. On one of the many occasions when he was approached by friends of Mr. Conkling in the cause of reconciliation, he closed with the proposition, "If you will assure me of Mr. Conkling's acceptance, I will without any other preliminary invite him and Mrs. Conkling to the best dinner I can proffer to the best company I can gather in Washington." This was after he had been made Speaker and had established his home with its usual hospitalities in Washington. The gentlemen withdrew, but the desired assurance was never given and the proffered table was never spread. On another and similar occasion he replied that he would "far rather be Mr. Conkling's friend than his foe, and I can say with entire candor that I never felt towards him any of the rancor of an enemy." During the presidential campaign of 1884, renewed efforts were made by loyal Republicans towards friendly intercourse in the interests of political coöperation. Again Mr. Blaine responded, as always, with assurances of good-will. He reiterated his readiness to resume friendly relations and to disavow any intention of imputing dishonor to Mr. Conkling, but added, "To do so now would subject me to the imputation of improper motives, but when the election is over, whichever way it may end, I would be glad as a step to reconciliation to make that disavowal in any way that would be agreeable to Mr. Conkling, assuming of course that he feels ready to make similar disavowal respecting myself." The reconciliation went no further.

Yet it probably was not wholly due to Mr. Conkling's unwillingness to be reconciled, but partly perhaps to his practical inability to overcome what seemed to him the awkwardness of the step.

It must also be admitted that Mr. Blaine did not set a high private value on Mr. Conkling's friendship. To the core of the heart they were different men. They worshipped different gods with different rites. They cherished different ideals and followed them on different lines. Mr. Blaine was not gladly on ill terms with any one, but he was not pressed to a reconciliation with Mr. Conkling by any inward urgency.

The controversy did not affect Mr. Blaine's political course, and not perceptibly, I think, his political fortunes. The situation was not indeed without its humorous side — as at a dinner where important matters were discussed with Secretary Fish, and Mr. Blaine would refer Mr. Fish to the Senator from New York as the proper authority, and Mr. Conkling, addressing also Mr. Fish, would presently refer another question to the decision of the Speaker of the House. On another day it chanced that a group of friends, including both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling, were travelling from New York to Washington, and enjoying the liveliest nonsense of leisurely talk. One of them, Mr. (since Senator) Chandler, amused himself with contriving, as opportunity offered, a *cul de sac* in which to entrap Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling, for the sake of forcing their skill at keeping out. In a careless moment Mr. Conkling produced some confection or other and began to pass it around, apparently without thinking of the great gulf fixed between himself and his constructive foe. When it should have come to Mr. Blaine, there was a visible rudimentary movement of Mr. Conkling's proffering hand towards Mr. Blaine; but alas! the habit of a lifetime prevailed, his good angel of gayety forsook him and fled, more to Mr. Conkling's chagrin, possibly, than to any other person's. "Would you have taken it if he had offered it?" asked a friend of Mr. Blaine afterwards. "Certainly, if it had choked me!" was the careless reply.

It was inevitable that they should be often in opposition, but they never clashed on the old battle-field. They never contended where, but for that battle-field, they would have combined.

On the contrary, that early conflict was rather, doubtless one of the things that made for peace. Mr. Conkling's manner was intolerable, and Mr. Blaine disembarrassed himself of it once for all, and thus the world remained unvexed of many a storm. Mr. Blaine never made the mistake of under-estimating Mr. Conkling while fully recognizing his limitations, and Mr. Conkling, I think, never again made the mistake of even pretending to leave Mr. Blaine out of the account. "Mr. Conkling and I have usually coöperated in political struggles, and I have never withheld my frank expression of admiration for his great abilities," wrote Mr. Blaine to one of the great army of peace-makers. "You can talk with Conkling and I can't," said Senator Blaine to a brother Senator when a pet measure of Conkling's was at stake. "I have seen L., and I think he is on the borders. . . . Go and tell Conkling if he will talk with L., I believe he can bring him in." And it was observed that Mr. Conkling speeded to Mr. L. like an arrow from a bow. On the other hand, in some of Mr. Blaine's many minorities, Mr. Conkling did not shrink from ranging himself alongside. "If any gentleman on this floor has made himself singular," was the euphuism by which Mr. Conkling indicated that it was Mr. Blaine's forlorn hope which he was following. In presidential nomination campaigns, as often in other causes, Mr. Conkling opposed Mr. Blaine, but there is no reason to attribute Mr. Blaine's defeats to Mr. Conkling, any more than to Mr. Sherman or to Mr. Windom, or to others with whom Mr. Blaine never had a personal conflict, but who were working each for his own man with as undoubted honesty and zeal as if that man had not been himself. Mr. Blaine never nursed the old dispute, never seemed to hold it in mind, never used it as a base of operations, never gathered or disseminated from it any poisonous fruitage, never looked upon it as other than an incident of the past, right in its origin and motive, improvable perhaps in its manner, to be left for what, on the spur of the moment, it was worth.

The metropolitan press seems, like the House of Representatives, to have joined in the laugh, but to have espoused the cause of the member from New York. A leading and powerful newspaper, the New York Tribune, marvelled that a bureau

clerk should impudently cause such a letter to be read to the House. It declared each and all the charges against Mr. Conkling to be proved false and frivolous and foolish, while only the novelty of the attack redeemed General Fry and its lamented supporter from Maine from general contempt. It was the Provost Marshal-General's bureau that was about to be put on trial, and the prediction was that Roscoe Conkling would convict it of the grossest crimes or compel it to prove innocence by confessing to the most finished, incalculable, and complete stupidity.

When "The Historic Congress" was delineated in that journal, Mr. Conkling appeared in minute and accurate detail, "brimful of blood and action, forceful and commanding, with the height of Mars, crowned with the forehead and locks of Hyperion, eyes large and black," — though in the search-light of the newspapers they often flashed blue, — "auburn hair, and beard peaked as his nose, set above shoulders that become a great captain!" but near the end of four and one-half columns, the member from Maine comes perfunctorily in only as "an editor from Maine, and the ally of Mr. Fry in the pending investigation."

One journal did not consider him of sufficient importance to be named, and brought him forward indiscriminately as Mr. Blane and Mr. Blain.

Five years flew by and another day had dawned. On the same pages "Conkling rose with his slow undulations like nothing so much as a yellow viper coupled with the accompanying venom," and by that time the "crimes," and the "stupidity" were alike merged in "the annoyance which we all suffered under General Fry's legal tyranny," but that "he did his duty faithfully, industriously, and honestly is too well vouched for by his superiors, among them the lamented Stanton," to be doubted; while Mr. Conkling's "overbearing manner has made him the most unpopular man in the Senate, and he carries it in debate to an extreme almost beyond belief. Though his rasping tones are disagreeable at all times, they are specially and incomparably odious when employed (as they are every day) to convey an insult to one of his associates. . . . In answering a political opponent, it is his custom to give the lie as

nearly as he can without being called to order. . . . Not being called to order, he went on to make that unfortunate observation about 'courage' and 'strutting' which brought upon him the severest rap he has received in six years. When Mr. Schurz begged pardon if he had done anything like strutting, 'because he did not want to interfere with the exclusive privilege of his friend from New York,' the application was so perfect that the galleries roared with laughter, and some of the Senators were convulsed with delight. For the strut of Mr. Conkling is one of the sights of the Capitol.

"Six years ago, Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine had a famous tilt in the House of Representatives. The debate was then upon . . . a piece of sharp practice which Mr. Conkling justified, if I am not mistaken, upon the plea that, though he took the appointment and the pay, he did not receive a formally engrossed commission. In the course of the discussion Mr. Conkling was guilty of an airy exhibition towards Mr. Blaine, and the member from Maine retaliated with a piece of denunciation so cruelly descriptive that it will long hold a place in our political literature."

Only the Creator, never the created, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

X.

VACATION IN EUROPE AND WORK AT HOME.

IN May, 1867, Mr. Blaine took a short vacation voyage to Europe, and often boasted that he had outstripped Napoleon, having in three months conquered three languages and overrun five kingdoms! Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, was his travelling companion, and though twenty years his senior, they sailed into New York harbor on their return, agreeing that if the journey were to be taken again, each could choose no better companionship.

"He was a delightful traveller," says Mr. Morrill, "marvellous. We fell in with many English gentlemen, and he seemed to know more about their country than they did themselves. He was thoroughly familiar with the history and the associations of every battle-ground we visited, of every spot connected with great events. His observation was remarkably quick and wide, and we swept a great deal of interest and value into a short time."

He landed at Queenstown on the last day of May, and never dreamed of anything in vegetation so splendid as the *green* of Ireland, but noted Spike Island, on the outer side of the harbor, a penal institution strongly walled in and "just now filled with condemned Fenians, waiting for transportation to Botany Bay." He rode on the engine to Cork, for a better view of the magnificent country. "The only fault, the double fault rather, is the absence of trees and the absence of houses. The inhabitants are all rooted out by the large proprietors. I had no idea of the beauty of Ireland, nor of the fearful effects of *absenteeism*, and the general disaster to the native race caused by the English policy." On the way to Dublin he made friends with the "guard" and rode on his car, an elevated one with forward and rear lookout, and got all the views and information attainable.



MR. BLAINE'S HOME, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



One Sunday in Dublin the travellers decided "to go to church on a large scale; so we took a carriage, and between 10.30 and 1.30 we attended four Catholic and three Episcopal churches. . . . We heard a very good sermon at the last one, where we wound up our ecclesiastical perambulations. At St. Patrick's, the great Episcopal cathedral, the highest of High Churchdom, there were by actual count more persons engaged at the altar and in the choir than were to be found in the pews. The audience did not number over fifty, including Morrill and myself, and such an array of rectors and vicars and deans and canons and prebendaries and deacons and sub-deacons you never saw and never will in America. The cathedral would probably seat at least three thousand, and it only lacked two thousand nine hundred and fifty of being full; and the church is maintained by tithes on the property of all denominations. What a cruel farce! The music in all, both Catholic and Episcopal, is very fine." At the great cemetery he noted O'Connell's monument and the memorial stone of an Irish soldier who fell in the battle of the Wilderness, "in defence of the 'Great Republic,' as the inscription said." From Kingston they embarked for Holyhead on the Isle of Anglesey opposite, and made the trip in three and three-quarters hours. "I never saw anything so long and sharp as the steamers are. We shot out into the English channel like an arrow, passed a lightship seven miles out from the pier in precisely twenty minutes by Mr. Morrill's watch. Fare on steamer very high, 12 shillings, \$3 gold, for sixty-six miles."

In Menai Bridge he was disappointed and gave it only the honors of a pioneer. But with the beauty of the scenery he was greatly impressed. At Chester he measured the Roman wall in his usual way by pacing it. At Eton his comment on the park, architecture, and greenhouses, which alone covered fifty-two acres, was enthusiastic, but of a distinctly Maine flavor. From Wolverhampton fourteen miles to Birmingham, through the Black Country, — "one continuous Pittsburg. Mr. Morrill, who is so familiar with statistics of trade and manufactures, confessed himself utterly amazed at the magnitude and extent of the display we witnessed." Giving two hours to Birmingham, they went to Warwick, thence a drive

four miles out to Kenilworth, then another drive with fresh horses to Stratford-on-Avon, and at 4.30, train to Oxford, after lunch driving out to Blenheim. They slept at Oxford, visited all the colleges, gave over an hour to the Bodleian Library, and reached London at 2.20 P.M. "It is only five days since we landed at Queenstown. . . . An attentive study of the trains and the notable localities that are accessible on the route has enabled us to do more in these five days than tourists often accomplish in two or three weeks. We find a great number of those who came over on the "China" with us here at the Langham, and all they have done is simply to travel from Liverpool, stopping nowhere and seeing nothing. We have seen rural England, ridden on its fine roads, talked with its people, seen its splendid country seats.

"Take the finest finished and ornamented lawn in Brookline, Roxbury, or any of those beautiful towns around Boston, and you see there only what you see in all directions in England, only what I have seen for every mile of the four hundred miles that I have travelled by rail or carriage on English soil. It is just as Ralph Waldo Emerson says of it in his English notes, 'England is finished with a pencil, America with a plough.'

"Travelling here is expensive. . . . My English experience thus far has cost me twenty-one dollars a day in our money. I had previously written Mr. Morse, our consul, from Oxford, that he would procure us admission to the House of Parliament and have the necessary papers at the Langham. We found his note containing a card of introduction to Mr. W. E. Foster, and down we went about 5 P.M., when we found to our dismay that he was not in his seat. . . . I was not, however, to be so easily put off, and remembering the almighty power of the shilling in England, I made up to one of the guards, door-keepers, explained our dilemma, slipped a half-crown into his hand, and away he flew and reappeared in a few minutes with Lord Henry Cavendish's order for our admission; . . . and for several hours we enjoyed the sight of the British House of Commons. I was intensely interested in everything that was said and done. . . .

"Next morning Mr. Morse called, and we all called on Mr. Adams and were very cordially received. He said he would send

his Secretary of Legation to our hotel at 3.30 to escort us to Parliament House and procure our admission to the floor. So at the hour Mr. Moran very promptly appeared, and off we drove. . . . Mr. Foster was in his seat, and, hearing about us from Mr. Morse, he did not wait to be introduced, but came right over, and soon after brought John Stuart Mill, and then Lord Amberley and many other of the Liberal members.

"After about half an hour Mr. Foster, having left us for a few minutes, returned with the compliments of the Right Honorable John Evelyn Dennison, Speaker of the House, inviting us to take seats on the Peers' Bench, — a most eligible location, — and sending us word that during our stay in London he would be happy to have us occupy that seat whenever it might suit our pleasure. Mr. Morrill and myself felt quite overwhelmed with the attention, but a member of the American Congress is a bigger animal in England than he ever was before. Our war has infused a tremendous respect for us into the minds of Englishmen.

"After staying for several hours we repaired to the House of Lords, and here again we had seats on the floor, at 'the foot of the throne.' We had an admirable chance of seeing all the notables in both Houses, Derby, Disraeli, Russell, Stanley, etc.; we did not see Bright or Gladstone, as they are both out of town. I never cared [for] a sight so much as the British Parliament, and I have now seen it under the most favorable circumstances. . . . But withal it is a body of notable men worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. . . . Mr. Morrill is a capital travelling companion in every sense — even-tempered and with wide-awake interest and attention."

From London to Brussels, through Antwerp, Malines, Aix-la-Chapelle, to Cologne; but he could not call Belgium prosperous, because while some were accumulating enormous wealth the laboring classes seemed deprived of their fair share of the profit. The "stolid, stupefied, resigned, and saddened look so unaffectedly assumed would touch the heart of stone — far worse than any I saw in England or Ireland," and he could "imagine no country better adapted for the marshalling and manœuvring of troops than Brussels."

Everywhere the works of art and of architecture receive his

word of criticism, of enthusiasm or of indifference, sometimes of disappointment. Of the most beautiful face he ever saw: "I could have choked the valet when he told me that the Antwerp tradition was that Rubens painted it from the face of his mistress." From his window he hears "in the soft moonlight the ceaseless *gabble* and *gibberish* of the German crowds in the street. Prussian soldiers are plenty, the fellows who fought at Sadowa. They look small and mean, and before an army of Americans would, I think, be a small obstacle;" but "Prussian power and prestige are everywhere visible after you leave Cologne. It is really a nation of tremendous energy and enlightenment." With carriage, horses, driver, and guide they made a thorough inspection of the field of Waterloo.

From Cologne they took steamer to Mayence — so charmed with the scenery that he could not leave the deck, having lunch brought up to him instead of going down to the saloon. Disappointed at not finding Elihu Washburn at Homburg, they went on to Ragatz, Switzerland, where he was taking the famous hot baths of mineral water, but stopped all along the way: two hours at Frankfurt, and a drive to Hanau in Hesse Cassel, then a night and a morning at Heidelberg, an afternoon at Baden Baden, presenting themselves dutifully at Strasbourg Cathedral at 12 M. to see the apostles come out, a night and a morning at Zurich, and meeting at the Hof Ragatz not only Mr. Washburn, but a dozen unexpected American friends. Thence they took carriages through the wild Alpine scenery to the Swiss village Tüsis in the canton of Grison, where they ate mountain trout and played "' Old Hundred ' and ' John Brown ' on a fine piano in the Hotel Via Mala" till eleven o'clock at night, and at half-past seven the next morning began the ascent of the real Alps by the Splügen Pass. When they had passed the last bridge of the Via Mala they called a halt and celebrated a feast of the meeting and parting "with as cordial a feeling of fellowship as ever animated the hearts of seven Americans. . . . We parted with songs and cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the cordial grasp of hands, and with more than one pair of eyes moistened by the grateful pleasure of the romantic meeting and the inexpressible sadness of the parting — they back to Ragatz, Mr. Morrill and myself on to Italy; . . . zigzagging

up the precipitous sides of the mountain just after the fashion of the pictures of the Tower of Babel in the old Bibles. . . . We have a splendid carriage all to ourselves, three horses, and pay for it one hundred and forty francs from yesterday P.M. to to-morrow at eleven, when we reach the head of Lake Como." They sailed across the lake to the city of Como, thence to Milan one night, with a glimpse of city and cathedral, then on to Florence, and found in the wonderful railroad engineering proof of "a new birth for Italy, hope of a great future and even increased glory for the *Latin race*."

At Florence, he had "considered the crossing of the Alleghenies Central as a wonderful triumph of human skill and enterprise, but it is absolutely lame and inconsiderable compared with what has been achieved in the Apennines."

Two days to Florence and its fascinations. "As we drove home we passed the elegant palace in which Bigelow Lawrence resides—not the finest by any means in Florence; but it is very elegant, and the grounds are by far the grandest in the city, except those of the king. They are in the city, sixteen acres in extent, and these, with the splendid house, he has on a lease of six thousand francs (twelve hundred dollars) a year.

Then eleven hours in a gondola at Venice, to Milan through the famous quadrilateral of the Italian war of 1859, over the Simplon Pass, "doing Geneva very thoroughly."

By July 5 he was "living in clover" at the Hotel de Hollande on the Rue de la Paix—just as it turns out of the Place Vendome; Elihu Washburn was there and Governor Curtin, and he was constantly accosted by Augusta people and Maine people and Americans, for it was the Exposition year. As he stood just where the garden of the Tuileries opens into the Place de la Concorde he had a good look at the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey, which was all he wanted. The travellers' only trouble was in regard to Congress. "It seems to be the very general impression that if we should start to-day we should not reach Washington before the adjournment. All our advices are to that effect, and yet I dislike very much not to *start* and try to reach there. . . .

"At the Theatre L'Imperatrice last night I saw John Breckenridge and his wife. They sat but a very few boxes from us,

and were very intently gazing on our party the whole evening. They look sad, downcast, and dispirited. He is in Paris *without money*. What situation could be more deplorable!

"I had a very fine day in the Corps Legislatif. Heard Berier speak, also Rouher, the great minister. Saw Jules Favre, Thiers, and all the magnates. The Assembly is very impressive, and I think contains far more talent than the British House of Commons. The speakers displayed marvellous readiness and eloquence. They were discussing the Mexican question, which is now exciting France profoundly. The death of Maximilian is a terrible blow to Napoleon. It shows his *infallibility* too palpably. The sensation created is immense and intense. One can see the excitement about it on all hands. . . . The dismay at the Tuileries is said to be great. . . . Nevertheless, I fully believe the power of the Emperor to be firmly fixed for his lifetime. His improvements in Paris, which are truly vast, and visible on every hand, give him this city, and with that and the army he can hold France. I saw him again yesterday. He bears himself stoically and splendidly."

The Representative conscience continued to flatter them that Congress would adjourn in a very few days. "I am very glad that I did not attempt to get home for the session. Had I been in London when John Sherman sailed I would doubtless have gone with him, but, luckily or unluckily, I was that very day on the top of the Alps, and by the utmost exertion it would have been impossible for me to reach Washington before this time, or say July 20, and that, I apprehend, would have been just in season to see Congress adjourn. At least, such were the reasonings of Mr. Morrill and myself, and I am satisfied that we acted wisely. We have, at all events, done the best we could with the light before us, and that is all that human nature is expected to do."

From Paris Mr. Blaine and Mr. Washburn went again to Homburg for a fortnight, while Mr. Morrill went on to England. With all the distractions of Homburg he remembered his desire to secure "George Field, if we can, for the Augusta church. I never saw the day when I did not prefer him to any other."

On August 8 he rejoined Mr. Morrill in London, met the

Garfields next day, and went down to see Mr. Washburn on the way from Bremen to America.

Two years afterwards Mr. Washburn returned to Europe as American Minister to France, an appointment that elicited much ridicule from a class of reformers, for its unfitness. Mr. Washburn very soon distinguished himself throughout Europe by his eminent fitness, staying at his post when all other ministers fled, and shielding under our flag, from the perils of the Franco-Prussian war and the greater perils of the commune, not only the property and the lives of his own countrymen, but of the still more endangered Germans. In the House of Representatives, April 17, 1894, Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, than whom no one is better entitled to speak of American diplomacy, said of Mr. Washburn, "When the first peal of that awful cannonade burst upon Paris, all the other diplomats, every one of the lords, and counts, and marquises hurried away: Washburn stayed—stayed through it all. The stars and garters all disappeared, but the stars and stripes stood fast. His house was pierced with shot. The bomb-shells fell all about the Legation, but he never failed one day nor one hour from his post. He had the respect and the confidence of both the French and German governments when they trusted no one else. For weeks he was the only means of communication between the contending forces, a pure politician turned diplomat, a dignified, courageous, discreet American minister."

But before the stress of war came on, while Mr. Washburn had hardly yet occupied his new position, he recalled the old visit of two years before with a touch of homesickness:

"The good old lady, three hundred avoirdupois, the well-beloved daughter, the polite 'captain,' and, last, little 'Betchen.' . . . The walk and the waters in the early morning, the same simple breakfast brought to the room, and the dinner at the Kursaal. I often sat at the same table where we took so many meals, and never without thinking of you. Homburg was for all the world the same. The same sort of a crowd, the same eternal jingle of the money, the same imperturbable 'croupiers,' and many of the self-same persons that we saw every day were there. Though the irrevocable edict has gone forth that the gambling must cease in 1872, the effort to make

everything attractive as possible has not abated. There is the music, the theatre, the ball, the illuminations, and the demi-monde, the latter more gorgeous than ever. A still larger crowd of Americans were there than two years ago, but I missed the pleasant people we had there, the Whitmans, the Fields, the Kings, the Van Bergers, the Holmeses, and others. . . . The regret at the removal of Murphy is very great, among the Americans and Germans equally. Never were people more beloved than both he and his wife, and particularly by the Frankfort people, who, in view of their departure, have presented them touching souvenirs. Webster, his successor, Ben Butler's brother-in-law, has been a long time at Homburg waiting for his commission to come, and now Kreisman writes me that Bancroft tells him that it is detained with two or three others, purposely, at the State Department. This leads me to say that there have been many curious changes made in the consuls abroad. . . . Further about Homburg people. The good madam was jolly as ever, with the bright, charming little girls. In Paris, for seven weeks, I was still unwell. The weather was the most wretched I ever knew, and on the whole I was not jolly. My reception was very cordial and all that I could desire. My intercourse with the officials was very pleasant. Rouher was the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs when I arrived, and he was particularly cordial. He is a great man, but now the worst-hated man in France. His ability and eloquence are conceded, but he is considered as utterly without principle. De Valette, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom I saw often, was a most agreeable and charming gentleman, and I am sorry the new deal has thrown him out. Burlingame writes me that the new Minister is a good fellow. I liked Marshal Neil (now very ill) and Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, very much. There are 'high old times' now in political circles in Paris, and the coming winter bids fair to be a very interesting one. . . . I think I shall like my position very well. The official duties will not worry me. The social duties are the most burdensome. . . . I shall not be lonesome as I was at Ragatz when I saw you and Justin Morrill streaking it up to the 'Hof Ragatz.'

In the House of Lords Mr. Blaine heard "a splendid speech

from Lord Derby, one of the most elegant, graceful, and eloquent men I ever listened to. I heard also *moderate* speeches from Lord John Russell and from Earl Stanhope."

The travellers took a week in Scotland exploring the Trossachs, one at least with the memory of his well-beloved Walter Scott for a guide.

"Yesterday before starting for Ayr, I thought I would look up Mrs. B.; but alas! the directory spoke of more than thirty John B.'s, and at least a dozen of the same business that I knew John B. pursued. But I looked them all over carefully and found one whose residence was at 5 Royal crescent. I said, 'That is highly genteel, and that must be the one.' So at 9 o'clock I took a cab and posted away off a mile and a half, and stopped in front of an elegant house in the most aristocratic section of the city. A tidy Scotch serving-maid answered the bell. 'Does Mr. Black live here?' 'Yeas, but he bes gone down to his business.' 'Well, is Mrs. Black in?' rejoined I, adding that I was not sure I was at the right house. 'I trow you are,' said she, 'for Mrs. Black is an American!'"

August 24 they sailed for America in the "Persia," and Mr. Blaine reached Maine in season to vote at the September election.

On the day of his departure from home he had written to his mother:

"I sail for Europe to-day on the Cunard steamer 'China,' a fine boat, and you must not feel uneasy about me."

He had hardly returned before he was asking her, "What are your desires as to the winter? I mean for yourself and Maggie. It is my wish that you select just the place you may desire to pass the winter. It is not for me to suggest where you had better go — you and Maggie can judge far better in regard to that point than I can; and as it more immediately and directly concerns you, I desire you to settle it for yourself."

Mr. Blaine derived health and pleasure from his foreign journey, but it can hardly be said that he needed it. Amusement he always found in his work. Intellectual occupation was his panacea. A definite purpose gave him bounding health. "Campaigning" was to him a recreation, not an exhaustion. His neighbors say that he did more service on the stump than any

other man in Maine. With a horse and buggy, sometimes with two horses, and generally accompanied by some member of his family, he drove over the hills, through the woods, along the shores, of the picturesque State.

To stop in some pleasant village, or by some pleasant pond, and talk under the trees for an hour or two on a theme with which he was entirely conversant, and in which he was deeply interested, to a great company of friends and neighbors, who had come from far and near to hear him, who listened intently and responded quickly, — what was it all but a festivity, an exhilaration, no labor; and the hearty greetings, the sympathetic and often humorous advice and comment, the quick mother-wit, were a stimulus both to heart and mind. He had great respect for his audiences, and never found it necessary to talk down to an assumed lower level, but paid them the compliment of addressing them on his own level. Speaking in the open air he considered as good as gymnastics, especially for the chest exercise, and it gave him no sense of fatigue. Generally he avoided hotels, and was greatly humored in such avoidance by the hospitality which opened all houses to him, not only as an honored but as an entertaining guest. His bearing was so simple and gentle, his interest in others so sincere, his talk so earnest and informing, that men and women, alike the cultured and the unlearned, were eager to welcome him, and by these excursions he made and kept himself acquainted with the people, diffused his own spirit around him, and felt himself the ebb and flow of the popular currents.

As his family had grown in numbers and stature the old home had grown straitened, and he had bought a house adjoining the State House, so that the State House grounds simply enlarged his own. In a far corner, near the river which flowed by out of sight beyond its high north bank, was "the governor's grave," where lay buried the young Governor Lincoln who died in office; to this grave led a path bordered by elms; all through these grounds and through the State House woods and Mulliken's farm, and up the Betsy Howard hill, and by Canada brook he rambled and roved with his children and neighbors and friends, in ever fresh and keen enjoyment of the common lot of life. As the children went from under his roof to school

and brought young friends home with them, and the outside world came in upon him faster and thicker, this second house had to be enlarged, and every summer the home was radiant and not infrequently rampant with life. The croquet mallet and the tennis racket and the billiard cue kept the balls in steady leap, and no carriage was too fine and no go-cart too shabby for climbing the far-off hills or winding along the river; and if there was a lull in politics there was always theology to fall back upon, in which the youngest child showed interest as soon as he could articulate; and the old questions of literature are new to every generation. Fresh visitors have been startled in the early morning by hearing mysterious voices of disputation; and inspection has revealed a boy's unkempt head stretched far out of window arguing with other unkempt heads stretched out of other windows, at various angles, all bearing down hard on some insoluble problem which they had fallen asleep over the night before. Frequent also were excursions along the coast, taking on all the traits of a pleasure party, though generally with some political or business aim to give it purpose and reason to be, and usually some outside friends to impart to it the grateful touch of hospitality. It was a breezy, healthful, stirring, satisfying life, in which work was the underlying earth and pleasure the overspringing bloom.

In work, in bringing knowledge and power to bear on some beneficent end, Mr. Blaine was always happy; and the larger and loftier the aim, the more buoyantly, almost boyishly, was he happy. Work seemed never to exhaust him. He wore out every one else, but himself remained bright and elastic. He had the inestimable gift of sleep, at convenience, in continuance. For him indeed there was no such thing as work; it was merely expression.

In the course of the summer he would strike off from all business to drink the waters of Saratoga, or he would run up for a few days with as many of his family as were foot-free to Poland Springs. In the cooler weather he would go down from Washington for a week to the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, and once he even adventured the Hot Springs of Arkansas. His journeys to his Pennsylvania properties, or on political missions, always seemed like celebrations, so welcome was he to

his old neighborhood and to his old State. It is pleasant to think that the two communities of his birth and of his adoption held him in equal confidence, honor, and love, as one altogether unique and worshipful, and that he lost nothing even of the satisfactions of the heart by his northward migration, and perhaps added by the transplantation—in accordance with the law of growing things—to his mental equipment and his moral force.

But always he went back to Congress with fresh energy, and especially was he earnest and untiring in working for the weak against the strong, in helping the South to recover from the war, in extending all the benefits of the Union, while seeing that the principles of the Constitution received no detriment.

One of the most important steps in the great work of reconstruction was the amendment of the Constitution regarding the basis of suffrage. Mr. Blaine, in the Thirty-ninth Congress, made the first argument against the plan of basing representation on voters, and presented and urged the plan of basing it upon population. Fully sharing the sense of justice which had inspired the first plan, he aimed to secure its benefits without incurring its evils. Its object was to deprive the lately rebellious States of the unfair advantage of a large representation in Congress based on the colored population, while that population was denied political rights. But women, children, and other non-voters he maintained may have as vital an interest in the legislation of the country as have voters, and if persons be excluded from the basis of representation, they should be excluded also from the basis of taxation. The ratio of voters to population varies from nineteen to fifty-eight per cent., and hence would come gross inequalities of representation. To make voters the basis of representation "would cheapen suffrage; would cause an unseemly scramble to increase voters, and the ballot, which cannot be too sacredly guarded, would be demoralized and disgraced everywhere."

His proposition was that representation and direct taxes should be apportioned according to the population, and that the population should be determined after excepting all to whom civil or political rights or privileges should be denied or abridged on account of race or color.

“ . . . No statistics show any loss to Maine, and on several theories we gain one member. My opposition, therefore, is not grounded on local selfishness, but upon the belief that the principle is a dangerous one; that it is an abandonment of one of the oldest and safest landmarks of the Constitution, and that it is a most perilous leap in the dark. It introduces a new principle in our government, whose evil tendency and results no man can measure to-day.”

Apportionment on the basis of voters was abandoned, and Mr. Blaine's proposition was substantially embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

He was equally strenuous against any measure that should place the South under military government without, at the same time, prescribing the methods by which the people could by their own action, reëstablish civil government. To this end he offered “the Blaine amendment,” making impartial suffrage the way of escape from “military police” — which also was subsequently embodied in the reconstruction laws.

In March, 1865, defending an amendment of the Constitution, which should strike out the clause that forbids the taxing of exports, in a speech, which caused an extraordinary agitation throughout the country, he had declared that in the future of our country “the great task and test of statesmanship will be in the administration of our finances, and the wise distribution of the burdens of taxation. . . . An immense amount of money will be required to meet the interest of our National debt, to maintain our army and navy — even on a peace foundation, and to defray the ordinary expenses of civil government. The revenue for these objects may be raised so injudiciously as to cripple and embarrass the commercial and industrial interests of the whole country; or on the other hand, the requisite tax may be so equitably distributed and so skilfully assessed that the burden will be inappreciable to the public. Whoever, as Secretary of the Treasury, shall accomplish the latter and avoid the former result, must be armed with a plenitude of power in the premises. He must have open to him the three great avenues of taxation — the tariff, the excise system, and the duties on exports; and must be empowered to use each in its

appropriate place by Congressional legislation. At present only two of these modes of taxation are available, and the absence of the third takes from the general government half the regulation of trade. It is for Congress to say whether the people shall have an opportunity to change the organic law in this important respect, or whether with a blind disregard of the future we shall rush forward, reckless of the financial disasters that may result from a failure to do our duty here.

“ I do not know whether there is the slightest hope that this amendment will be adopted, but I believe, with the old Covenanters of Scotland, that it is sometimes valuable to bear testimony against a wrong which we are unable to resist. I think the tax on raw cotton is altogether the most extraordinary that was ever laid by an intelligent government. Six years ago, when the war began, we had a monopoly of this article in the markets of the world. The course and events of the war robbed us of that monopoly. The system of labor on which the cotton culture rested was utterly destroyed — destroyed as a necessity of war and for the permanent welfare of the nation, as well as to vindicate the right of every man to personal freedom. Nor was this all. The war in its ravages consumed the horses, the mules, and the farming implements of the South, laying waste the plantations and using up the accumulated wealth and the reserved capital of the South. Brazil, Central America, the West Indies, Egypt, Australia, and the East Indies were greatly stimulated and encouraged to engage in the cultivation of cotton, and hence during the five years in which the business was practically suspended in the United States, every other country in the world, where the climate and soil are suitable, engaged in the effort with great zeal and enterprise.

“ We now desire to regain our ascendancy, and the first step which Congress takes is to impose a heavy tax of \$15 on each and every bale of cotton before it can be removed from the plantation where it is raised. It seems to me that absurdity cannot go further; that if we had specially designed to lay a great obstacle in the way of our ever reviving the cotton business in this country, we could not have invented a more certain and efficient mode. The fate of the negro and the cotton plant in

this country seems to be indissolubly connected, and just in the degree that we retard the cotton culture we retard the progress and the profit of negro labor. In urging the repeal of the cotton tax, therefore, I feel that I am most effectively pleading the cause of the emancipated negroes of the Southern States.

"The idea that we are punishing the South by this tax (which some gentlemen advance) is utterly delusive, if it were not indeed unworthy. The cotton tax is not an injury to the South merely, but to the whole country, and quite as great an injury to the manufacturing and commercial interest as it is to the agricultural. Resentment is always an unsafe basis for legislation. Let us remember that a heavy export of cotton with cheap cotton at home is among the most desirable objects for the whole country that can possibly be obtained; that the tax of \$15 per bale is not merely an oppression and a hindrance to cotton-growing in the United States, but that it is a bounty and a stimulus to cotton-growing in Egypt, in India, and everywhere else that the plant can be successfully cultivated.

"We may, I know, get several millions per annum from the tax, but every dollar derived from this source is a loss of \$5 in its adverse effects on other business interests of the country. It is a tax, in short, Mr. Chairman, which we cannot afford to collect."

Refusing to take a questionable advantage even for the Republican party, Mr. Blaine directed attention to the fact that "we have had an able committee of this House diligently at work on the question of loyalty or disloyalty of Mr. B., and after seven or eight months' investigation the committee reported that his record was disloyal. It took nine astute men, with all the powers of investigation that this House could clothe them with, to find out that fact, and then the committee could not agree. . . .

"I desire to know, if this doctrine be laid down, how any constituency, in the disturbed condition of the Southern States, could ever be sure that they were to have a foothold in this House by giving this man or that man a certificate of election. The power of the House is ample; it has been exercised, and exercised with tremendous power, in refusing to let Mr. B.

take the oath and assume a seat in this House, and I — one among the majority — voted to refuse him the right to sit here; but I am not going to turn round thereafter, and with this House elect a man to represent that district. Let them have another chance. If they send a loyal man here with a majority vote, he shall take the oath. If they send a disloyal man here, we will send him back. We can stand that just as long as the second district in Kentucky can stand it. . . .

“If there were anything decided by the election in this district of Kentucky, it was that they did not want Mr. S. to represent them. Now it appears to me to be stretching technical constitution to the last point, where it cracks and where it breaks, if you are going to hold up nine, ten, or twenty thousand men to an accurate knowledge of the precise political record of the various candidates asking their suffrage. We have a peculiar case pending now, I believe, before the Committee of Election. One of the gentlemen from Tennessee, who is in sympathy with this side of the House, was arrested at the Speaker’s desk on the first day of the session, and was not allowed to take the oath because he had once taken an oath to support the confederate constitution. If the Committee of Election shall report that he is ineligible on that account, why of course then this copperhead competitor by this construction comes immediately in.”

ELDRIDGE. — I rise to a question of order. I insist that the term copperhead is not parliamentary.

Mr. BLAINE. — I recall the word. I never used it before in a debate here. I will say his Democratic competitor.

The Speaker overruled the point of order on the ground that he was not speaking of any gentleman in the House, but Mr. Blaine refused to be thus upheld: “I did not withdraw the word as a question of order. I should have told the gentleman that he had made no point of order. As a question of taste I confess that I have transgressed, and as a question of taste I change the word. It was in bad taste, as it always is, to use offensive political epithets in debate. To resume the line of my argument: I am unwilling to lay down a precedent affecting the other side of the House, that I would not be willing to follow for this side of the House. . . . And it does seem to

me that it is a most extraordinary proposition — and I say it with all due respect to the admirable arguments that have been made on that side — the most extraordinary proposition that I ever knew advanced here in an election case, that the House should deliberately declare that a man who has a pitiful minority of the votes in the discussion shall be declared here entitled to the seat.”

The same scrupulous respect for the will of the people as the foundation of government is everywhere seen. On the bill concerning land-grants to Southern railroads: “We expect within the next few weeks, or at most the next few months, these States which are to be immediately affected by this legislation will be represented on this floor, that those States will have on this floor Representatives in the interest of the very class in whose behalf he advocates the passage of this bill. Now, Mr. Speaker, is it not at least fair that before passing a bill of this kind we should wait until these Representatives shall come upon this floor and be heard in their own behalf? They should be heard on this subject as the Representatives and Senators from Iowa and Wisconsin have been heard. Why, just as the reconstruction system is approaching its consummation, should we rush through a bill of this kind? I greatly distrust the wisdom of denying to these Southern States the means of finishing their lines of transportation. If these lands were ever necessary to those States, I believe them to be much more necessary to-day than they were at the time when they were originally granted. I do not say that I shall vote in favor of a renewal of those grants. I have not voted for other land-grants this session. But we lose nothing by waiting. To the accusation that they were rebels and lost by war, if the Southern country is ever to be built up again, then upon those lines of railroad depends the future of the South, just as if rebels never had anything to do with them. We do not propose to have the rebels here. Reconstruction is to bring loyal men here, and the best loyal men. Why, then, cannot the gentlemen wait until they get here?”

In the same spirit of justice he opposed anything like the

exclusion of the South from West Point. "I differ entirely with the committee. I do not believe in punishing children in the rebel States. When this war began the persons eligible to be appointed to West Point were nine, ten, or eleven years of age, and I do not propose to punish them for the faults of their fathers."

Being answered that it punished no children, but merely provides that no rebel should be admitted to West Point, he answered: "I am opposed to keeping up this imaginary line." "I should think the gentleman from Pennsylvania would see — if I had not a great respect for him, I would say — the absurdity of such a notion."

At the time when all were angry with President Johnson, when he was called on the floor "His Royal Highness," and had made inquiry of the Attorney-General if he could turn Congress out of the House, Mr. Blaine insisted that it was "perfectly absurd, to use a strong phrase, when the business of all the other departments has increased three, four, five, and six fold, and absolutely requires a proportionate addition of clerical force, to suppose that the Executive Department, which is the head of the whole, should need no more clerical assistance than in the days of Madison. . . . Every one knows that the business of the Executive Department has increased enormously of late, . . . and I ask any gentleman if it be at all possible for the executive head of all the departments to get along with precisely the same number of secretaries and clerks that he had five years ago. I think the amendment of the gentleman is wrong."

Offering communication from Judge Advocate-General Holt: "The report is clear and explicit, and nothing I can say will add to it. If gentlemen will not listen to what the Judge Advocate writes, I am sure they will not listen to what I may say. I move the previous question."

"I give notice of a vote soon, so that gentlemen may not consider the question as sprung upon them when I call it up."

"I understand perfectly well that gentlemen on the other side desire this bill shall not by any possibility go to the President till morning, but they must see very plainly that it is now impossible it should go to him before to-morrow. I appreciate

their motives. They have the power, and I am willing they should exercise it. But it is a mere capricious demand on their part that this bill shall again be postponed a whole day."

"Unanimous consent, in nine cases out of ten, is only another name for negligence on the part of the House. It was gross negligence in this case."

"I move to strike out, and insert 'by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.' The appointing power is vested by the Constitution in the President of the United States. The secretaries are but his servants, and we do not intend to invest the Secretary of the Treasury with a power distinct from the President of the United States."

As a specimen of Mr. Blaine's parliamentary manner we may refer to his conduct of the Army Appropriation Bill shortly before he was elected Speaker:

MR. BLAINE. — Before the Clerk proceeds to read the bill for amendment, I desire to make a statement in reference to the aggregate amount of the appropriations comprised in the bill.

It will be observed that the total amount appropriated by the bill is \$43,199,500. . . . I desire for myself to say now, as I said then, that it is my conviction that the army ought to be reduced. I had the honor to introduce last year a provision in the Army Appropriation Bill for the reduction of the army, which did not meet with the concurrence or approval of the House. . . . Therefore, the Committee on Appropriations have not this year made any recommendation touching that question. But in order to preserve my own consistency, which is important to me if not to other people, I hold now that instead of sixty regiments, this Congress, or, if not, the very next, ought to provide for the reduction of the army to thirty regiments, or just one-half what it now is.

General Grant, as General-in-Chief of the Army during the past year, has done everything within the existing law, and under the power that the law confers upon him, to reduce the army. All that it contains now, with its sixty regiments of

enlisted men and non-commissioned officers, is about forty-nine thousand. That is nearly the minimum of the army, and yet we have the same number of officers. There are between twenty-eight and twenty-nine hundred officers on the pay-roll, which, in my judgment, is a larger number than it ought to be, and more than Congress ought to allow. But as the army is now circumstanced, with the exigencies which seem to be upon it with reference to army operations, the Committee on Appropriations have not felt at liberty to readjust its proportions by this bill to what they believe the size of the army ought to be, but have felt it their duty to report the appropriations for it under existing law, leaving to the appropriate committees of the House itself to give directions as to whether the army shall be reduced. With this explanation I ask that the bill be read for amendment.

Mr. BROOKS. — I would ask the gentleman if under the rules, orders, and proceedings of this House it is practicable during this session to pass an act reducing the army from sixty to thirty regiments save in this bill?

Mr. BLAINE. — I am very glad to answer the gentleman. If by unanimous consent the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, or the gentleman from Illinois, who opposed my proposition last year, could to-day move to put a proviso in this bill for the reduction of the army, I would be glad to have it done. Or if any one else will move it, it will gratify me. I decline to do it myself, because, having been voted down last year, I do not choose to run the hazard of a second rebuff. No one would support such a proposition more cheerfully than myself. It need not be moved now: it can be done at any stage of the bill.

Mr. BROOKS. — To what committee does this business appropriately belong?

Mr. BLAINE. — To the Committee on Military Affairs, of course.

Mr. BROOKS. — Will that committee or the Committee on the Militia have any opportunity to report before the fourth of March?

Mr. BLAINE. — I think not. . . . I have a suggestion which I think is practicable. This is Friday; the bill will be

considered about one hour to-day, and I think it will be possible to get through it to-morrow, when it will be reported to the House. I will not call the previous question till Monday, which is suspension day. In the meantime, if any gentleman can devise a plan for the reduction of the army which will meet the concurrence of two-thirds of the House, it will bring it within the power of two-thirds under the rule to act upon the proposition.

Mr. WOOD. — I have not wished to interrupt this interesting discussion by gentlemen on the other side of the House. Perhaps it would be as well to leave it to them, as the responsibility rests with them. But I wish to remind the House and the country that we have repeated discussions of this character by the gentlemen who have recently participated in this discussion, proposing a reduction of the army and of the great expenditures which grow out of the army. It is about time that we should have a practical reduction of the army, which has been so often promised. Although the war has been closed for now nearly four years, and although it is contrary to the genius of the country to keep up a standing army in a time of profound peace, yet this bill proposes to tax the people of the country over \$43,000,000 to maintain an army at this time — one-sixth of the whole amount required to be raised for the support of the entire government of the country. This is proposed for the support of an army when no necessity exists for an army of over six or eight thousand men. I think the country, like myself, is tired of hearing of a reduction of the army when there is no practical proposition to reduce the army, and when the majority in Congress persist in maintaining the present large army, for the support of which this bill appropriates money. Our avenues and streets are filled with generals and major-generals and captains and colonels drawing full pay, while the poor tax-payer is overburdened with unnecessary taxation, wrung from him for the purpose of supporting these idle vagabonds, who are so well paid and do nothing.

I ask, therefore, that we shall have some practical proposition presented to us on this subject. I ask the gentlemen on the

other side to show that they are acting in good faith by commencing an actual reduction of the army. I want to see these \$43,000,000 cut down to what it was before the war.

Mr. BLAINE. — It was \$22,000,000 before the war.

Mr. WOOD. — I wish the gentleman to tell the country why, although the war has closed for almost four years, we are called upon at this day to appropriate these immense sums of money for the support of the army.

Mr. BLAINE. — During Buchanan's administration of four years the annual expenditures for the support of the army, as the gentleman will find by reference to the documents, were \$22,000,000 in gold for nineteen regiments. While I will go as far as the farthest in favor of a just reduction of the expenditures of the government, I wish the House to understand that the rate of expenditure for the army under the administration of James Buchanan was greater than at any time during the last eight years. This bill only proposes about \$700,000 in paper for each regiment, when during the administration of James Buchanan before the war the cost of supporting a regiment was a little in excess of \$1,000,000 in gold.

Mr. WOOD. — I know that the gentleman from Maine is exceedingly ingenious in making the worse appear the better reason. I will remind him that under Buchanan's administration we had to suppress a rebellion in the Western country.

Mr. BLAINE. — There were only nineteen regiments employed, and not a single extra regiment was called into service.

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Mr. FARNSWORTH. — I hope the gentleman from Ohio will submit his amendment, so that we may have it printed and before us for our consideration.

Mr. BLAINE. — That consent having been given, the proper place for the amendment will be at the end of the bill.

Mr. FARNSWORTH. — Of course.

Mr. BLAINE. — I hope it will be printed for use to-morrow, as I hope to be able to get through with this bill to-morrow. Unanimous consent having been given, it will not be necessary to carry this bill over to suspension day.

Mr. LAWRENCE, of Ohio. — Will the gentleman yield to me for a moment?

Mr. BLAINE. — Yes, sir.

Mr. LAWRENCE, of Ohio. — I ask unanimous consent of the committee that other amendments may be offered to this bill providing for the consolidation of the regiments of the army and the mustering out of the necessary officers.

Mr. BLAINE. — The permission given to the Committee on Military Affairs covers the whole ground.

Before the committee is compelled to rise I desire that some little progress may be made in the consideration of this bill. I wish only to say this for the benefit of gentlemen on my right and my left: this matter is now exactly in the position where it should be. The Committee on Appropriations tried their hands last winter at the work of reducing the army, and met with such discouraging results from the action of the House that they are not very eager to try their hands at it again. It belongs properly to the Committee on Military Affairs, and I think the responsibility has now been very properly shifted to their shoulders. Unanimous consent having been given for the introduction of a measure looking to the reduction of the army, the whole question will be opened, and all amendments pertinent to the subject will be in order.

Mr. WINDOM. — I would like to know whether that will enable the Committee on Military Affairs to introduce an amendment contemplating a reform with reference to commutation of quarters, subsistence, etc., in connection with which there has been so much swindling of the government?

Mr. GARFIELD. — And I will inquire whether we shall be permitted to submit a proposition for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department? (Laughter.)

Mr. BLAINE. — I decline to yield further. I ask that the bill be now read for amendment.

The Clerk proceeded to read the bill by paragraphs for amendment, and read the following:

“For expenses of recruiting and transportation of recruits, \$300,000.”

Mr. ROSS. — I move to amend the item just read by striking out “three” and inserting “one,” so as to make the amount of the appropriation \$100,000.

Mr. BLAINE. — I desire to make a single remark. If the army is to be kept at the present minimum standard, this appropriation of \$300,000 is absolutely necessary; but if the army is to be reduced, then I think there might be a reduction in this item; but the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Ross] proposes too small a sum. If he will modify his amendment so as to make the amount \$150,000, it will obviate the necessity for offering an amendment to his amendment.

Mr. ROSS. — I decline to modify my amendment.

Mr. BLAINE. — Then I move to amend the amendment so as to make the amount of the appropriation \$150,000.

Mr. MAYNARD. — I see that the appropriation for this purpose for the present fiscal year was only \$100,000.

Mr. BLAINE. — Yes; but we recruited for only four months in the year. We were reducing the army down to the minimum. But to keep the number of men at the present minimum a larger amount will be necessary. One hundred thousand dollars were appropriated last year because it was intended to cover only about one-third of the year.

Mr. MAYNARD. — Then the gentleman is of opinion that \$150,000 will be needed for this purpose?

Mr. BLAINE. — Absolutely.

Mr. BURLEIGH. — I move to amend by adding: Provided, that no officer or soldier of the army of the United States under the age of sixty-five years, unless he be a married man and takes his wife with him, shall be assigned.

Mr. BLAINE. — It is unnecessary to read that amendment further. I raise the point of order that it proposes independent legislation, and cannot be entertained as an amendment to this bill.

The CHAIRMAN. — The Chair sustains the point of order.

Mr. LOUGHRIDGE. — I move to amend the pending paragraph by striking out "fifteen" and inserting "ten," so as to make the amount of the appropriation for the pay of the army \$10,000,000.

Mr. BLAINE. — I think the gentleman from Iowa will not urge that amendment when he understands fully the circumstances of the case. If the House should, to-morrow or

Monday, take the action which seems to be contemplated for the reduction of the army, the amount named in the bill will be absolutely needed. The reduction of the army will lead to mustering out, whereby additional expense will be incurred; and if the mustering out process is to go on, it is probable this item will have to be increased.

MR. LOUGHRIDGE. — I would like to ask the gentleman from Maine how or where we are to reduce these appropriations. It is understood that the army is to be reduced: where are we to reduce the expenditures?

MR. BLAINE. — In the quartermaster's department.

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MR. BLAINE. — I move that the rules be suspended, and that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, to proceed to the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill; and pending that motion, I move that all general debate upon it shall cease in one minute until we reach the point where the amendment which was allowed to be presented yesterday for the reduction of the army shall be introduced.

The motions were agreed to.

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MR. BLAINE. — In view of the very general agreement that seemed to pervade the House yesterday, that an amendment should be presented for the reduction of the army, I have consulted several members of the Committee on Appropriations, all that I could meet, and all excepting one gentleman, and they agreed that I should move such amendments to the appropriations as would cut down the aggregate to the amount appropriated last year. That will reduce the amount \$10,000,000. I think, from the examination I have given the bill, that I know better than those who have not examined it at all, just where these amendments ought to be put, and where they can most profitably and easily be made. For that purpose, I propose, if the gentleman from Iowa will withdraw his amendment, to move to reduce the pay of the army from \$15,000,000 to \$11,000,000. That will be a reduction of \$4,000,000.

Mr. LOUGHRIDGE. — That is entirely satisfactory to me, and I withdraw my amendment.

The Clerk read as follows:

“For commutation of officers’ subsistence, \$2,000,000.”

Mr. BLAINE. — I move to reduce that appropriation to \$1,500,000.

Mr. WINDOM. — I move to amend the amendment by reducing the amount to \$1,000,000.

Mr. BLAINE. — I think the reduction that I propose is a very considerable one, and it is on a scale that will cut down the bill just \$10,000,000. I think every dollar that is left after that reduction is made will be absolutely needed.

Mr. WINDOM. — My reason for moving to cut this appropriation down to a greater extent than the gentleman from Maine proposes to reduce the bill generally is, that I think upon this point we shall have an amendment offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Butler] that will prevent the corruptions growing out of this system. Now, sir, it has been my fortune during the last years to board in a good many boarding-houses in this city; and I think I never, with one exception, was in a boarding-house where there was a military officer that a part of his board bill was not paid by allowing the boarding-house keeper to get beef cheaper than it could otherwise be bought. I know of one honorable exception, and only one. Now, I am opposed to this sort of swindling of the government, and to this whole system of commutation of subsistence. I do not believe there should be such a thing. I believe the provision of the gentleman from Massachusetts should be carried out, and that this kind of fraudulent dealing with the government should be prevented.

Mr. BLAINE. — I do not understand that the gentleman from Minnesota proposes to cure the evil at all. If you do not change the law you must appropriate what the law allows. If we do not need \$1,500,000 we do not need anything.

Mr. WINDOM. — I move to amend the amendment by striking out the whole clause.

Mr. BLAINE. — I think that would be a very injudicious amendment, and I hope the committee will not concur in it.

Mr. WINDOM. — When we come to act on the amendment of

the gentleman from Massachusetts we can prevent this kind of corruption.

Mr. BLAINE. — I do not think it fair to call it "corruption." This is an appropriation for pay under the existing law. The law may be unwise, but I think the gentleman uses too severe a term when he calls it "corruption." There is not a gentleman upon this floor who has served in the army — and there are a great many who have served with great distinction — who has not drawn a part of his pay in this form. It is a part of the pay of officers of the army under the law, and so long as the law remains as it is, it is idle to talk about its being corruption to draw pay in that form.

Mr. SCOFIELD. — I ask unanimous consent of the committee to pass over this and the two succeeding clauses providing for commutation of officers' subsistence, forage for officers' horses, and clothing for officers' servants, so as to consider them in connection with the amendment offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts and which has been ordered to be printed.

Mr. BLAINE. — I think that is a good suggestion. I am willing that these three clauses shall be passed over until we see what fate will betide the amendment of the gentleman from Massachusetts.

Mr. WOOD. — I desire to ask the gentleman from Maine whether in this appropriation of \$60,000 for contingencies of the army there is included \$25,000 to be paid to a horse doctor by the name of Dunbar?

Mr. BLAINE. — The Committee on Appropriations have no knowledge of a horse doctor named Dunbar, or any other horse doctor, being interested in this appropriation. Nothing of the kind came to the knowledge of the committee, and I never heard of it before. It is an appropriation \$40,000 less than up to last year has usually been made for that item.

Mr. WOOD. — The Secretary of War has made a contract with a horse doctor for which he proposes to pay him \$25,000 a year for curing horses' feet. I meant to ask in what part of this bill the appropriation is made which would include that expenditure?

Mr. BLAINE. — I think it is in the item of appropriation for cavalry and artillery horses, which I propose to materially reduce when we reach it.

Mr. ELDRIDGE. — I desire to inquire of the gentleman from Maine if there is in this bill any appropriation for the purchase of the museum called the Army Museum, I believe? And then I would like to have him inform the House, if he will, by what authority that museum was purchased — how it became the property of the War Department, or of the United States.

Mr. BLAINE. — We have already passed the item for the Army Medical Museum; but, of course, I will not take advantage of that point of order. It was by authority of an appropriation made by this House, for which I suppose the gentleman voted in common with the rest of us.

Mr. ELDRIDGE. — I beg pardon of the gentleman; I think I did not vote for it.

Mr. BLAINE. — I suppose there is no record to sustain the gentleman in his assertion.

Mr. ELDRIDGE. — Perhaps not; but I generally vote against such things, and think I did this. I hope the gentleman will inform the house by what authority this museum was purchased.

Mr. BLAINE. — This Army Medical Museum has nothing whatever to do with the Ford's Theatre museum, to which I suppose the gentleman refers. The Army Medical Museum is under the management of the Medical Department, and is regarded as of great use. The appropriation given for it has been considered a very wise expenditure; it is not very large in amount.

As to the Ford's Theatre Museum, that is a matter of three or four years ago. And if there was anything done in that matter that was not right, the gentleman from Wisconsin should tell the House, if he knows it. I do not know it.

Mr. ELDRIDGE. — I will tell what I know about it. I have understood, and I believe, that the Secretary of War took possession of that building without authority of law, without any right whatever to do so, without any authorization from Congress or from any other source, and made it the property of the United States by force — he only consenting. I believe that to have been done; and that is the reason why I make the inquiry of the gentleman.

Mr. BLAINE. — Does the gentleman object to that having been done?

Mr. ELDRIDGE. — Yes, sir; since the gentleman asks me the question, I object most emphatically to any man or any officer of the government doing anything without authority of law. I would never consent that any officer of the government make any purchase of property or do any other act not authorized by law. I oppose all such things now and at all times.

Mr. BLAINE. — I desire to say to the gentleman from Wisconsin, who, I think, rather ungraciously brings up this subject and obtrudes it upon us at this time, that the Secretary of War, in the case alluded to, acted in a way which the Congress of the United States clearly approved, in rescuing that building, which was the scene of the greatest sacrifice that has been made in modern times.

Mr. VAN TRUMP. — I rise to a point of order.

The CHAIRMAN. — The gentleman will state his point of order.

Mr. VAN TRUMP. — Unless there is something here in the way of instalments for the purchase of Ford's Theatre, I object to this debate.

Mr. BLAINE. — It was to prevent that desecration [the use of it as a place of common amusement], that the Secretary of War took possession of the building; and the Congress of the United States afterward gave him the money necessary to vest the title to it in the United States.

Mr. SHANKS. — I wish to say that the murder of President Lincoln was an act of war, and that it was the duty of the Secretary of War to take such steps as became a nation in a state of war.

Mr. BLAINE. — . . . If at this late day the gentleman from Wisconsin, or any other gentleman on that side of the House, desires to criticise acts of Secretary Stanton which he believes to have been outside the Constitution or outside the laws, he makes a very unfortunate selection when he singles out this particular transaction; for among the many deeds which will for all time commend the name of Edwin M. Stanton to the patriotic people of this country, that will not be among the least.

. . . I desire to say a very few words in reply to what was said this morning by the gentleman from Massachusetts touching the amendment for reducing the army. I hope the House will not vote to sustain the amendment of the gentleman from Massachusetts. I hope the House will not vote to deprive General Sherman of the right to be promoted to the rank of general. I hope the House will not vote that Gen. George H. Thomas or Gen. Phil. Sheridan shall never be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. I hope the House will not say that Meade or Hancock must and shall be mustered out as major-generals of the army; and yet that is what they would say if they voted for the proposition of the gentleman from Massachusetts. There is a great deal in his proposition which is meritorious, and which I would vote for if it was by itself. But there are features in it which I do not believe this House will ever be willing to approve.

The amendment which I have moved as a substitute for his proposition has this extent and no more: it ties up the army so that there can be no more new appointments or promotions until Congress can take hold of the question. And in that way all increase of the army will be prevented, and under the administration of General Grant the army may be very rapidly decreased.

The criticism of the gentleman from Massachusetts that the Secretary of War and not General Grant will have the control of this matter, is very superficial. The Secretary of War under General Grant will be very apt to carry out the ideas and wishes of General Grant in this matter. I do not think there is any great danger that General Grant and the Secretary of War will differ very much about this matter.

Mr. BUTLER, of Massachusetts.—Why did the gentleman leave it entirely to the Secretary of War last year?

Mr. BLAINE.—Because Andrew Johnson was President. Was not that a good reason?

Mr. BUTLER, of Massachusetts.—Yes, it was a good reason for the time.

Mr. BLAINE.—When the question was up last year there was a very serious trouble between President Johnson and Secretary of War Stanton, and my sympathies were with the

Secretary of War, and the provision was made accordingly; and when I moved the amendment last night, I did not think it worth while to change it from what it was last year, because I do not suppose that there is any doubt that the Secretary of War under General Grant will carry out the wishes and views of General Grant on the subject.

Upon the election of General Grant, Mr. Blaine congratulated the American Congress and the American people, making one of his rare pauses in an unwearying march to look back along the path already followed. The victory of 1860 he recounted as having dealt the fatal blow to slavery-propagandism — the American people deciding that at all hazards the further spread of human servitude into free territory should cease.

“The election of 1864 turned upon the point of continuing or discontinuing the bloody contest, which up to that time had raged with unabated fury and with enormous sacrifice of life and property. The vote of the people demanded the prosecution of the war until the rebellion should be suppressed, the national unity secured, and slavery utterly abolished throughout the length and breadth of the land. But the unexpected and unprecedented course of the Executive, the revived malignity of the southern rebellion, and the manifold attacks on our national character and credit by the Democratic party, rendered the victory of 1868 as absolutely essential to conserve and preserve the fruits of our great triumph, as was the victory of 1864 to insure the prosecution of the war to a successful conclusion. And now that the victory, complete and unsullied, has been won, the points that have been solemnly adjudicated and permanently settled by the American people in the election of General Grant to the presidency, are:

“First. The union of the States has been maintained, and its perpetuity guaranteed, by this election, in a sense and with a force that were never before enunciated when the question was involved.

“Second. The reconstruction laws of Congress have been vindicated and sustained by General Grant’s election.

“Third. The election of General Grant had settled the financial question. The American people have deliberately, solemnly,

and emphatically recorded their decision in favor of an honest discharge of their public obligations, and against all the forms of evasion and delusion so temptingly set forth in Democratic platforms. They have declared against the policy of wildly inflating, depreciating, and ruining their currency in order to prematurely pay off any portion of the government bonds; and they have declared with equal emphasis in favor of lightening the public burdens by reducing the interest on the national debt as promptly and as rapidly as may be done with honor. They have decided against all forms of repudiation "open or covert, threatened or suspected," and in favor of upholding the public faith and maintaining the public honor spotless and stainless. Nay, they have gone one step further; the question of paying the public debt "in the utmost good faith, according to the letter and spirit of the contract" is no longer to be made the subject of controversy or of doubt in the American Congress.

"Fourth. With the election of General Grant comes a higher standard of American citizenship — with more dignity and character to the name abroad and more assured liberty and security attaching to it at home. Our diplomacy will be rescued from the subservient tone by which we have so often been humiliated in our own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, and the true position of the first nation of the earth in rank and prestige will be asserted; not in the spirit of bravado or with the mere arrogance of strength, but with the conscious dignity which belongs to power, and with the moderation which is the true ornament of justice. And with this vindication of the rights and the rank of our citizenship abroad will come also its protection and its panoply at home.

"Whatever, therefore, may lie before us in the untrodden and often beclouded path of the future, — whether it be financial embarrassment, or domestic trouble of another and more serious type, or misunderstandings with foreign nations, or the extension of our flag and our sovereignty over insular or continental possessions north or south, that fate or fortune may peacefully offer to our ambition, — let us believe with all confidence that General Grant's administration will meet every exigency with the courage, the ability, and the conscience which American nationality and Christian civilization demand."

With all Mr. Blaine's foresight and forecast which often left him alone on the mount of vision, with all his undisguised directness and intellectual vehemence, the rectitude of his judgment, the depth and delicacy of his sympathy, his sense of justice, his enthusiasm for humanity, and his over-brimming good-will to men, were always in evidence. His parliamentary skill and power had been attested by repeated temporary service in the chair, and during the winter of 1869, the gossip of Washington in the newspapers began, as early as January, to invest him with the speakership, and his "great popularity with his fellow members" began to be "inferred from his prospective promotion." The Republicans made good the gossip by his unanimous nomination on March 2, and his harmonious election on March 4. The oath was administered by his long-time friend and comrade, Mr. Elihu Washburn.

The approval of his promotion to the speakership was general, but not extravagant. He was described with the not immoderate praise of being a hard-working member who never made long speeches, but was ready and quick in debate. His frequent service as speaker *pro tem.* was declared to have certified his fitness for the permanent position, and though he had "assumed the chair at a critical moment, he has proved himself equal to the emergency." He was congratulated that there was so much excitement attending President Grant's Cabinet appointments as to leave him at peace in the appointment of his committees.

But when the fifteenth of March had come and he had not announced those committees, even the warmly Republican newspapers began gentle gibes, and fables, and philosophies, warning him of the folly and the futility of trying to please every one on committees, which were "said to be the reasons" of the delay.

On March 16 the committees were announced, and the press made a handsome retreat, avowing that the attributed reasons were all erroneous, and that the delay was on account of the New Hampshire members who had not been sworn in, and could therefore not be on committees, which would leave New Hampshire unrepresented. The appointments, in spite of prophecy and fable, were declared to have elicited general satisfaction. Important committees were pronounced especially

strong, and every section of the country was represented. Two years later, at the beginning of his second term in the chair, to which he was re-elected practically without opposition, Mr. Blaine pointed out the care and preparation required in making appointments, especially in the case of new members, and, referring to these eleven days of committee-making, suggested that the announcement even then was in many respects premature!

From Hon. Elihu Washburn:

GALENA, ILLINOIS, September 15, 1868.

DEAR BLAINE: Well, you have gone and done it in good earnest. What a campaign, what a fight, and what a victory! I tell everybody *you* deserve immense credit for the magnificent conduct of the campaign. Complete success in November is now assured if we only half do our duty. . . . There is a terrific fight going on in Indiana, and our friends have been alarmed. Your election will help them out.

. . . I think Grant will remain here till after October elections. I wish you would write him about your election and tell him to remain quiet at home till the October elections are over.

From Mr. Blaine:

16 JANUARY, 1869.

The book to Senator Fessenden was "favored by Mr. Blaine" with prompt delivery. I did not content myself with sending it by a servant, but carried it myself. He opened it very deliberately — when out dropped a note. He put on his glasses, read the note with some apparent interest, then read it again — and then "the wretch" (a term Beau Brummel applied to his wife, and thus sanctioned its use in polite circles) with great care returned it to its envelope, laid it on his table, and proceeded to read the marked pages. To be sure, I had no earthly right to see that note, but then I said to myself he might just as well have shown it to me, for he knows I would have enjoyed reading it. . . .

You write very sensibly about the speakership. Do not imagine that I am unduly excited about it, or that I desire it with an intensity which leaves me unprepared for failure and its consequent disappointment and chagrin. I have measured the whole matter calmly, logically, and philosophically. I mean to win if I can fairly and honorably. If I cannot, there's the end. But if successful, I shall not have the self-reproach of having done one unworthy act to secure the place; and if unsuccessful, the same consciousness will be my compensating and consoling fact.

FEBRUARY 11, 1869.

Your search in the papers for the sayings and doings of Mr. Blaine, of Maine, will have meagre reward this winter — for, by a wise care or caution or cunning or cowardice, Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Blaine, of Maine, are taking just as little part as possible in the current business of legislation; not exactly dodging, for that would be too mean, but avoiding very carefully the trampling on other people's corns — a good deal of which I have done in this hall during the last half-dozen years.

What a very sad death that of Mrs. —. And what a sad sort of life to look back on. A married life that has so much that is necessarily painful in it as hers must have had, is to me the blankest and hardest form of human woe. For it is so ordained that all those relations best calculated to confer happiness have in them the largest capacity for suffering. Weighed down almost continuously with the “primal sorrow of her sex,” burdened with the care of a family, constantly outgrowing her powers and resources, her sympathy drawn upon if not exhausted by an invalid husband; her fate, to my observation and appreciation, was the very acme and essence of domestic misery. But all these sufferings have their compensation. I am a firm believer in the doctrine that suffering here is to be carried to our account on the credit side in balancing the Ledger of Eternity. Dickens' sermon on the death of the Chancery prisoner was always to me one of the most touching passages in his writings. . . .

In June, 1867, I stood on the spot where this scene is laid, and it came upon me with the rush of reality, far more than when viewing the localities of actual tragic occurrences of life, such as the Tower of London or the Field of Waterloo. I realized at that moment the creative power of Dickens as never before, — and I say this not liking him, — indeed, having a sort of distaste for the *man* as separated from the author. But there is one thing in regard to which I have always done him injustice, and I hasten to offer my apology through you. It appears after all, that the Chicago woman, who lately destroyed herself, was not his brother's wife, but merely his partner in crime; that the actual lawful wife or widow has always been in England, and tenderly cared for by Dickens. This ought to have been told before, and Dickens may have been restrained from the explanation by a desire not to uncover the skeletons of his household, and still more by a chivalrous reluctance to expose and farther degrade an erring and lost woman. Having accepted the version of the story as given by the Chicago papers, I had laid up a heavy charge against him, which I now deliberately retract. If, in your judgment, it would be wise and proper to acquaint Mr. Dickens with my “change of heart” on this subject, you can give the pertinent hint to your friend, Mr. F. Through this channel it would doubtless reach Mr. Dickens by the earliest trans-Atlantic mail, if not by cable despatch. Probably, however, the apology would create a more profound sensation in England if I should wait till I am elected Speaker of the House. But then if I should not be elected Speaker! Why, what then? Dickens might have to die without the sublime satisfaction of reading my *retraxit*.

From Mr. Blaine to a friend who had characterized one of his letters as "just a scrawl, with an umbrella handle, on an acre of white paper":

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D.C., March, 1869.

You complain in an audacious and umbrageous manner that I sprawl my writing out to such a degree that you are cheated by the appearance of a letter on the outside, that really contains nothing within; now, to punish you for this slur and contempt of my precious epistles, I have a great mind to send you sixteen sheets written just as close as this, so as to weary your brain and destroy your eyesight, as a proper punishment for the disrespect and contumely that you have so gratuitously heaped upon me. Indeed, I would surely do it were it not that in the process I should be punished as severely as you would be; for of all the combined mental and physical processes to produce an ecstacy of agony, commend me to this "cribbed, cabined, and confined" style of penmanship. It not only cramps my hand and benumbs my fingers, but it freezes my blood and paralyzes my brain and reduces me to a condition bordering on spiritual despair. I am sure that one of the occupations of lost souls doomed to eternal punishment must be the copying of Jonathan Edwards' sermons forever and forever in just such handwriting as I am now joyfully inflicting on you. What a delightful torture it must be to the hopelessly lost to continually transcribe in this choice chirography the special causes, the general grounds, and the absolute justice of their damnation; and what sublime equity there would be in giving you a temporary purgatorial experience of this fate, in compelling you to read the transcriptions. I am administering a slight taste of it to you, and I shall sicken you, I am sure, of this type of writing, and make you cry aloud in agony for another display of my sprawling proclivities. Please remember that in letter-writing I am nothing if not "sprawling." My education in that respect was once good, but by bad association and evil practice it has come to naught, and by the blessing of God, or its absence, "I am what I am."

From an Andover Professor to Mr. Blaine:

MARCH 28, 1869.

. . . Mrs. M. has for some time declined taking boarders, though much pressed, and did so in the present instance; but my assurance respecting your son, founded in part on the pleasant impression he made on me when I saw him at your home in Augusta and again last spring, induced her to change her mind.

From Mr. Blaine, enclosing the former:

I have no doubt Mr. S. has selected wisely. I am very anxious that Walker should be continually under good influences, and I think he must

have secured a very safe and excellent place in this regard. He has certainly taken great pains and put himself to much trouble to accommodate me.

It is noticeable and notable that his letter is written on Sunday. Andover is liberal.

From Mr. Blaine :

In that same file of the "Kennebec Journal" in which I hunted up the Manchester romance of the Swedish girl, I found the accompanying paragraph, which conclusively establishes the date. You must have come up to Augusta on Thursday, August 23. Next day, Friday, you returned to Bath by steamer, and went thence home by rail on Saturday, August 25. Another trifling fact corroborates Thursday as the date — *i.e.*, I was late at tea on account of its being publication day, and thus by my industry in my business I was cheated out of more than half your call. Who knows but that if I had enjoyed the other half, we should not have been compelled to wait thirteen years, two months, six days, twenty-one hours, and thirty-six minutes for a new introduction and a second meeting! You may rely on this interval being stated with absolute accuracy, it having been calculated with laborious care after the most diligent comparison of almanacs and the closest astronomical observations, the "reckoning being verified by geometry and the higher mathematics."

JULY 22, 1869.

How sad and heavy our hearts were eight years ago to-day. We were just having our eyes opened to the magnitude of the war under the keen anguish of our first defeat. The first shock of that defeat was the moment of deepest grief I ever felt in my life. The reaction, of course, came promptly, but not until my very soul was harrowed with agony unspeakable. I do not think I have ever been the same man since; perhaps I am a better man than I was before, but no stroke so stunning could ever be entirely recovered from. I felt as one whose treasure and honor and life were at stake. . . .

From the courage I gained on the reaction, I never once afterwards despaired or grew faint. The awful magnitude of later battles, the terrible carnage, the costly sacrifices never had in them the fearful omens of that trifling fight and gigantic defeat at Bull Run.

ELIZABETH, PENN., 30th July, 1869.

I write you from a house of mourning, though my dear mother, with a fortitude which I could not have anticipated, bears the burden of her great sorrow with pious resignation. Indeed, the very magnitude of the affliction seems to have given her the nerve and Christian courage to endure it.

My dear sister died at three o'clock on Monday morning. She was taken very suddenly and alarmingly ill on Saturday night, and all day Sunday she was sinking — was in a state of great debility, though not suffering any

acute pain. She was in entire possession of her faculties, but spoke little, paying attention, however, to all that was going on around her. She was perfectly conscious that her time on earth was to be measured by hours only, and early in the afternoon she expressed a desire to receive the last sacrament of her church — the *extreme unction* which the Catholics base on that verse in St. James, “Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.” After the ceremony was concluded she seemed to revive for an hour or two, but at nightfall she grew painfully worse. At midnight she said that her hour was nigh, and desired that the “Liturgy of the Church for the Dying” might be read while she was yet able to follow it. It was at once done, and the two physicians in attendance — both Protestants — begged that they might be allowed to remain and join in the responses. Many parts of this liturgy are very impressive:

“Receive thy servant, O Lord, into that place where she may hope for salvation from thy mercy.

“Deliver, O Lord, the soul of thy servant as thou didst deliver Enoch and Elias from the common death of this world.

“Deliver, O Lord, the soul of thy servant as thou didst deliver Isaac from being sacrificed by his father.

“Through thy nativity, deliver her, O Lord!

“Through thy cross and passion, deliver her, O Lord!

“Through thy death and burial, deliver her, O Lord!

“Through thy glorious resurrection, deliver her, O Lord!

“Through thy adorable ascension, deliver her, O Lord!

“Through the grace of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, deliver her, O Lord!”

I might copy much more, but this little, selected at random, will show you the impressive solemnity both of the thought and the diction. Really all that is beautiful in the Episcopal service is borrowed bodily from the Catholic ritual.

Parts of the liturgy were repeated at intervals for two hours or more, and a few minutes before three o'clock she dropped off into a sweet and infant-like slumber, and in a short time ceased to breathe, — without a struggle or a single exhibition of pain, — peacefully passing to her reward.

If ever a sinless life was lived, she lived it. If ever a soul went before its Maker pure and white and spotless, that soul was hers!

She left most affectionate and affecting messages to all her near relatives, and she wished it to be told to me that she “had always loved me more devotedly than any one else in the world except ma;” and she added, among the last things she ever said, “Tell him from me to be *very mindful* of his soul's salvation” — speaking in the somewhat quaint, strong phrase that was natural to her tongue. Her funeral was on the afternoon of Tuesday. It was attended literally by a vast multitude. The services were conducted by her own beloved pastor, and among those present were seven Protestant ministers. Indeed, the entire country side seemed anxious to testify their respect for her life of faith and good works — an exhibition

which in life would have been most distasteful to her modesty and humility, but over the grave and in the presence of death there was nothing to restrain it or forbid it.

Between the good and the pure there is a link of interest and identity which binds them together on both sides of the grave. She was lovely to all who loved purity and piety. No fear of death darkened her last hour — her mind was unclouded, her heart undaunted, her hope sure, her faith steadfast. She fills a place in the first rank of those who are redeemed from the earth, who stand without fault before the throne of God, who share the last mighty victories of the Lamb, who are called and chosen and faithful.

XI.

THE SPEAKER.

UPON his election to the speakership, Mr. Blaine bought a house and established a home in Washington.

It was a glorious era of intellectual and national life, the beginning of a happier time. The country had not yet wholly lost the first rapture of slavery abolished, of peace renewed and assured, of advanced and advancing reconstruction. The irritations and exasperations of Mr. Johnson's presidency had no place under the administration of the great general. The leaders of the war were the leaders in peace. Congress, army, and navy abounded in them, and one saw on every dinner-card names still aglow with the heroism, the patriotism, the self-possession and self-surrender which have lit up the long, sad story of humanity, which have vitalized history, constituted poetry, created civilization.

To the new Washington, the centre of the new nation, everything came. The new life was represented in every phase of its beauty and brilliancy, its intellectual impulse, and its moral activity.

The Speaker's house would naturally be a house of much resort. With his family about him, Mr. Blaine was always happy, and that happiness left him free to seek and to give pleasure. His modest means were ample for a generous and refined, but never ostentatious hospitality, which indeed his taste, if not his purse, would have forbidden. He had never wealth for the demands of extravagance. The luxury which is a necessity he had never lacked. The nursery was at the top of the house, and was the one place in it which the children disdained even to visit. His library was between the dining-room and the drawing-room, his writing-room was at every one's writing-desk, where he was a great disturbance and a still



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S. CAPITOL.

greater delight. No child's frolic, no talk of friends, annoyed him. His power of abstraction was illimitable, and he could always be interrupted with impunity. The world of his thought builded its own walls and closed its own gates and did not fear incursion. There was but one imperative and external law of his life—to be in the Speaker's chair at 12 M. As often as possible he walked thither—a mile or more—from his house on Fifteenth street, accompanied by as many members of his family as chose to go, or chanced to be at leisure. He declared that any proposal of his for walk, or drive, or concert, or theatre, or any other outing was always a signal for town-meeting. If the Congressional debates were interesting, his companions stayed to listen, and an informal luncheon in the Speaker's parlor, with a friend or two from the House, or from the gallery, was a separate attraction and an agreeable realization.

On the one side of Mr. Blaine lived Governor Buckingham, then Senator from Connecticut, a churchman without pretence, a total-abstinence man who shunned all notoriety from it, a knight without fear and without reproach, a serious man with full appreciation of humor, and abounding in unobtrusive good works. On the other side was Governor Swann, handsome, hospitable, and luxurious, a Democratic member of Congress from Maryland, but knowing no North or South in social amenities. Beyond Governor Swann, in the corner house, Hon. Fernando Wood, of New York, also a Democrat, was an equally courteous, friendly, and irreproachable neighbor. Opposite lived Secretary Fish, ruling his diplomatic world with iron hand and velvet glove,—himself ruled in all things lovely and of good report by the serene and stately lady, his wife, greatly, but never too greatly, praised for the dignity, the elegance, the untiring assiduity with which she discharged the duties of her position.

The friends of Mr. Blaine's childhood helped to make the atmosphere home-like. The Hugh and Tom Ewing of his boyish comradeship had gone from the army to become, in time, one minister to Belgium, one a lawyer in Washington, afterwards member of Congress. Their sister Ellen, wife of General Sherman, was living in the house on I street, that had been given first to General Grant and then to General Sherman;

and the father, Hon. Thomas Ewing, passed the tranquil evening of his years and honors sometimes with one child, sometimes with another. Younger members of all these houses were naturally gathered in Washington, and Mr. Blaine had the happiness in his new home of finding himself in the midst of closest friends and kin of his old homes.

Walker and Emmons were at school at Andover. Mr. Blaine's letters to his absent children were not long or over-frequent. A word of family news, a word of public affairs, always a word of abounding love, often a word of tender and sometimes of urgent advice, occasionally a delicate word of religious suggestion; but details were left to a pen that never failed them. The boys were generally in such a hurry to get home that whichever was dismissed first on vacation shot home like an arrow from the bow, without waiting for the other. Once it was Emmons whose excellent report had preceded him, and whose way, therefore, was unclouded. But Walker's report had accompanied his brother's, and Walker's standing was nothing to speak of. Dr. Taylor, the head of the school, averred that Walker could take any rank he chose, but that he had not studied at all. Emmons tried continuously to soften matters for Walker before his arrival, but an irate father was not to be appeased till the miserable but happy boy, barely inside the threshold, had promised to do his best the next term; and the storm having burst in one minute, in two minutes the sun was shining clear. Stout, tall Emmons was sitting in his father's lap with his long legs hanging to the floor, while bigger and taller Walker was sitting close to his father, resting his two elbows on his two knees, bending forward in his eagerness to lose no word of his father's talk with a group of men who had called on some business errand, perfectly content simply to be at home, taking the liveliest share in the conversation without uttering a word, and drinking in knowledge at every pore in spite of his disgraceful report. Mr. Blaine was never brilliant in baby-lore, although the children's story-teller found no more interested listener; but whenever his children asked him an intelligent question he gave them a full, exhaustive answer, as soon as he could be dragged up out of his well of thought far enough to be aware that a question had been asked. He never saved

himself for anything. He was an inexhaustible source of information and inspiration. His best talk was as free at his own breakfast-table as to a listening constituency. His best thought was at the service of his own family, and he was never more direct, more rich in illustration, more earnest, eloquent, and luminous than when he was expounding a policy, or shaping a measure, or explaining a point, or quoting a precedent, or verifying a statement to this select audience of the fireside, which he believed, and pronounced, and made, the happiest fireside in the world.

When Emmons' turn for admonition came, it was a more serious one. His father, visiting Andover when Walker graduated, had thought the mock programme performance rather silly, and wondered that the teachers did not forbid it. The next year it was forbidden, and Emmons was suspended for being connected with his class in the distribution of the prohibited programmes. Emmons', however, was no case of suspended animation, and before presenting himself to his father in the character of a discarded student, he had secured board in Newton in a good deacon's family, and the tutorship there of Mr. Waterhouse, who had been the remarkably successful high school master of Augusta, and was most favorably known to his father and mother. It may be mentioned, however, that Emmons entered Harvard after two years at Newton, much better prepared than Walker, who had gone through the whole preparatory course at Andover.

In all parliamentary and administrative questions, Mr. Blaine's skill and power were quickly recognized. The business of Congress, in his view, was to promote the interests of the country by furthering wise legislation, and preventing unwise legislation; the Speaker, from his central position, was especially empowered to secure such a result by an impartial and inflexible administration of parliamentary law—the highest embodiment of wisdom from the experience of generations. His decisions were instantaneous and authoritative. Sometimes they made against the object of the hour and of the party. Though always founded on principle, and often fortified by precedent, he seldom argued the one or quoted the other, but carried conviction by the clearness of his statement, the promptness of his

ruling, and the unwavering definiteness of his own conviction. He ruled, but it was a rule well-tempered and flexible to the law of right, never varying in principle, ever varying in application. As he presided not over a House of subjects, but in a House of Peers, and peers who were often intensely concerned in the theme under debate, things did not always run smoothly. In the heat of contest sharp words were sometimes spoken, and men who were ruled to their seats when they were eager to be on the floor resented the authority against which they did not rebel. But the resenting mood was followed by the consenting mood of calmer moments, and exasperation yielded to reason or dissolved in a jest, — all the more easily because the Speaker did not arrogate absolute power.

“While the Chair does not possibly see how there can be any difference of opinion, the Chair does not desire to extend absolute decision without the right of appeal.”

“It would put the Chair in an embarrassing position to say that his judgment shall absolutely be taken without appeal, although it is not possible for him to see in this case any ground for difference of opinion.”

“As gentlemen have expressed some dissatisfaction with the ruling of the Chair, he will only say that if the motion for a suspension of the rules could be made by the gentleman from Arkansas, in order to permit him to speak on this question, a suspension of the rules would be in order to allow the same privilege to every other member of the House.”

“MR. BUTLER. — Why not, if the House desires it ?

“THE SPEAKER. — Simply because the House does not wish to commit an absurdity after having seconded the previous question and ordered the main question. It would put it in the power of one man to detain the House here until noon, on Thursday next [the end of the session], by moving to suspend the rules that each member of the House should have the right to speak. It would, of course, be the greatest absurdity.”

Naturally it would require some courage to take an appeal in face of this calm confidence.

A member having quoted the Speaker's past decision against his present one upon conditions which seemed precisely alike was assured that “the Chair is really quite pleased to see how

accurately he made the distinction in that decision. It is precisely what he would reaffirm at this moment. . . . The two bills were entirely different in scope and purpose. . . . This bill may involve an expenditure, but does not require it. The distinction is very wide."

"I withdraw my motion."

"So the Chair understands."

Wearied with all-night sessions, a member plaintively asked that absentees might be sent for. Mr. Blaine, whose physical endurance seemed insurmountable, and who presided after an all-night session with as much dexterity and decision as at its morning commencement, replied that the House would not have a particle more power than it had at that moment, since a quorum was already present. The poor gentleman insisted that a call could be made. Mr. Blaine gently insinuated that there should be some reason for the call.

To the suffering member it appeared reason enough that "when it is now a question of endurance, and those who are here are suffering all the inconvenience of attending this long session of the House, is it not right that those who have gone home to bed should be brought here under the call?"

"That would not make the endurance of those who are here a particle less."

"The House has the right to send for absentees."

"If the gentleman got the House of Representatives to enforce that, it would never do anything else."

Although acting as Speaker of the House, Mr. Blaine never forgot, and never allowed the House to forget, that he was a member of Congress from the Third District in Maine, and that he retained all his rights and especially the right to discharge all his duties as a Representative. When General Butler, of Massachusetts, endeavored to make a point that in shaping a resolution and securing its adoption at a Republican caucus, the Speaker had committed an impropriety, Mr. Blaine left the Speaker's chair and came down upon the floor to dissipate the assumption with a series of rapid, verbal, and logical onsets which that very clever and belligerent man of genius was more accustomed to assay than to receive.

When a Congressional District sent a prize-fighter to Congress

it was a scandal to many, not only that a prize-fighter should be sent to Congress, but that the Speaker should treat him like a Congressman. But the Speaker answered that Congress was a representative body, and the right of representation was a sacred right, and not only a sacred, but a safe right; that it was not his duty, but would be a flagrant violation of duty in the Speaker to interpose his personality between a member and his constituents. More than this, he sent for the pugilist to the Speaker's parlor, acquainted himself with the man's views, with his wishes, with his ways of thinking, his modes of action, with his fists and his muscles, acquired his confidence, and helped him in many ways. It may be added that he found the ex-warrior very modest in his legislative ambitions, desiring only as quiet and inconspicuous positions as possible, and aiming to perform his duties with decency and fidelity.

When a member had fallen under popular disfavor by reason of charges against his character, the Speaker was widely reproached because on the reassembling of Congress the offensive member was reappointed to the Chairmanship of an important committee. But the Speaker responded that it was no part of his duty to visit popular odium upon a member of Congress. The gentleman in question had not been censured by Congress, he had been elected by his constituents, and the Speaker should strictly regard parliamentary law and official duty.

On the important Committee of Ways and Means there was a serious "split." The Chairman, Mr. Dawes, was a moderate Protectionist; so also was another member, Mr. Roberts. Two Republicans were high-tariff men; three Democratic free-traders and two low-tariff Republicans constituted a majority and brought in a very low tariff bill, which the Chairman could not support, and refused to report to the House. No one of the majority who had forced it knew enough of tariff details to undertake its management in the House. The Speaker was justly held responsible for the composition of the committee, and was criticised as having formed an unwieldy organization. But he was unmoved. By the withdrawal of the previous Chairman, General Schenck, the head of the Committee of Appropriations, Mr. Dawes, was justly entitled to the pro-

motion which he received. The opinion of the House was fairly represented and was entitled to fair representation in the committee. The result justified the Speaker's judgment. A compromise was effected. The Chairman agreed to report the bill, reserving right to state to the House his disagreement with certain provisions and to offer amendments. After the subject had been well knocked about in the House for several weeks, Judge Kelly offered a very high tariff bill as a substitute for the committee's bill, and Mr. Dawes offered by way of amendment a moderate bill as a substitute for Judge Kelly's. The low-tariff men joined the moderates and voted for the Dawes bill, then the high-tariff men turned about and joined them, and thus the two moderates had their way at last. Their bill became the Tariff law of 1872, and "parliamentary luck" turned in the exact direction that the Speaker wished and designed.

During his first winter in the Speaker's chair, the sale of cadetships was proven against some members of the House, and a resolution for their expulsion being expected, the House was surprised by the resignation of the offending member whose case was first reached. Two prominent legislators, one an *ex-Speaker*, objected that the House alone had the right to decide when one of its members ceased to be a Representative; but the Speaker ruled against them. Leading Republican newspapers, friendly to Mr. Blaine, criticised his action frankly, and paying full tribute to his high personal character, and his devotion to the public interest, and to the dignity of his office, yet maintained that by allowing a member to resign and thus escape expulsion, he had made a false ruling, contradictory to all English parliamentary law and to the law of common-sense, and establishing a dangerous precedent.

But the Speaker maintained his ground both by precedent and principle. The member had sent his resignation to the Governor, the Governor had formally accepted it, and a notification to this effect had been sent to the Speaker the day before. By the unbroken precedent of the House, the man ceased to be a member. The Speaker could not suppress or withhold the resignation. But that the House might have opportunity to give its judgment, the Speaker privately requested a Republican

member to appeal from the Speaker's decision. He did so, though publicly stating at the same time that he agreed with the Chair. A Democratic member moved to lay the appeal on the table, which was done almost unanimously, and thus the decision of the Speaker became the decision of the House. Mr. Blaine maintained that any other decision would not only be unparliamentary, but would entail great embarrassment and might be productive of great injustice. Resignation being unknown directly to the British Parliament, and only to be practically secured by indirection, that body could furnish no analogy, and he pronounced it absurd to attempt to institute a parallel or even to deduce an inference applicable to the American Congress.

He steadily maintained and upheld the rights of the minority. When the transformation of the minority into a majority was manifestly and rapidly approaching, he refused to advocate a legislative change which would bind the majority by new and repressive rules. To the argument that the Democrats would work mischief without it in the next Congress, he maintained that a majority has the right to legislate, and the responsibility for legislation by reason of its numerical existence, irrespective of its political complexion, and that no legislation can be so destructive in its effects as the forcible assumption or the forcible prevention of legislation.

His manner in the Chair was entirely without self-consciousness, yet utterly self-confident. He had thorough control of the situation. He was never perplexed or uncertain. If in some temporary absence or in Committee of the Whole, the House fell into confusion and he was summoned from the dinner-table to straighten the snarl, he appeared upon the scene radiant, intent, erect, masterful, and order evolved itself from chaos.

No better stage can be imagined for the display of his personality. The vast hall, the strong men, the great questions, the intense interest, the varying purposes, clashing, combining in stormy debate, — among it all and above it all he stood, an embodied intellect, a regnant spirit, — vibrant, electric, compelling. One could not say with the poet, "his body thought," but his body was transfused with thought, became the perfect medium of his will. Eye and voice and figure were instinct with command. Great as was the position, he illustrated it by the un-

conscious dignity of his bearing, by the force, the scope, the completeness of his control. Recognizing — and assuming where he did not recognize — that all men were, like himself, loyal to the reign of law and seeking always the way of righteousness, which is rightness, he disentangled the law and developed the right, and penetrated the consciousness of men. Mr. Holman is reported as saying that Mr. Blaine, by that personal quality which gained for him the name of the “magnetic” man, convinced his opponents of the correctness of his decisions against their own judgment. It is a contradiction in terms, yet holds a germ of truth. “His winning manner,” “his irresistible fascination,” was the proffered and pleased disguise under which many a man confessed to spiritual illumination.

Yet no man was less averse to pleasantry upon occasion. Sometimes when the House was too noisy or had failed to respect his gavel, he would fling himself into the chair with a fierceness of patience, with a desperation of resolution to wait for quietness that was both effective and amusing. Monday being private Bill day the proceedings had a tendency to become turbulent. A sudden declaration by the Speaker that no business would be transacted until order was restored, and that the condition of the House on two preceding Mondays was a scandal to legislation, had the effect of producing better order for at least one day. As nothing could exceed the earnestness of members to get their Bills through, so nothing could be a greater inducement to order than a suspension of all business during disorder.

While General Garfield and General Butler were acting as tellers in a long and fatiguing session, the irrepressible boy in the two men enlivened the monotony by interjecting a quasi-dialogue into the proceedings:

General BUTLER. — I want gentlemen to vote to save nearly a million dollars to the treasury.

General GARFIELD. — I object to the gentleman from Massachusetts discussing the question while acting as a teller.

General BUTLER. — Read the rule that forbids it.

The SPEAKER. — The rule of common propriety forbids it.

After a pause :

General BUTLER. — Mr. Speaker, may I be dismissed as a teller?

The SPEAKER. — Does the gentleman demand a further count?

General BUTLER. — I don't want this question to be decided without a quorum.

The SPEAKER. — That is what the Chair is trying to get.

General BUTLER. — I do not like to see a great wrong of this sort done at this time of the morning.

General GARFIELD. — I object to a teller making remarks on the question which is being voted upon.

General BUTLER. — I object to being interrupted by my fellow-teller.

General GARFIELD. — I rise to a perpetual point of order: that the gentleman should behave with seemly decency in this matter.

General BUTLER. — Pardon me; it is a very indecent neighbor I have got here who keeps all the time talking.

Mr. SPEER. — I object to debate.

The SPEAKER. — The Chair thinks it fair to let the tellers fight it out.

“Mr. Speaker, put me down for five minutes!” called Mr. S. S. Cox when a dozen were clustering around the Speaker arranging for the order of the day.

“I wish I could keep you down for one minute,” was the very audible *sotto voce* of the Speaker.

It is hardly too much to say that his authority in Congress became almost absolute. His imperiousness was seen and felt to be founded on understanding, pervaded with good-will, lightened with good-humor, and justified by the strength and skill with which he guided the important business of the country through the legislative labyrinth, and by the firmness with which he established himself in the confidence and regard of the House. Not his own party alone, but the opposition placed so much reliance on his knowledge of the law and on the impartiality with which he administered it that an appeal was seldom taken except by his own devising, for his own satisfac-

tion, and no appeal against his decision was ever sustained by the House. When the minority subsequently became the majority, knotty questions were often referred to him privately, and Democrats who on the floor had been the most recalcitrant to Mr. Blaine's rulings, sometimes took the precaution of fortifying themselves for imminent battle by having on hand a parliamentary programme, solicited for the occasion and adapted to its probable course by the Republican ex-Speaker. Both parties agreed with equal unanimity in congratulations upon his taking the chair, in regrets at his leaving it, and in thanks for the manner of his incumbency.

Mr. Blaine was hardly settled in the speakership before the question of the Senatorship was again presented. It had been agitated two years before, but while he had looked at it with a certain favor and had carefully observed the situation, the time had not seemed to him propitious, and he had decided not to encourage the movement. In the spring of 1870 another decision was required. His friends in Washington, and even in the public press of the country, warmly opposed, in the public interests, the contemplated change. "The House of Representatives," protested the latter, "needs the best possible of Speakers to keep it in anything like order, and Mr. Blaine has shown himself on several occasions well fitted to hold the reins." He fully enjoyed his position, and as fully discerned its great influence and responsibility. He feared also that the step might disappoint friends to whom he wished to give only pleasure, and, being unnecessary, might seem to them inconsiderate. He therefore decided against it, and replied, "Fearing my candidacy would tend to produce discord among those who have hitherto been friends and might possibly mar the harmony of the Republican party in Maine, I deem it my duty to say thus early that my name will not be presented to the next Legislature as a candidate for the United States Senate." It was recognized that this withdrawal secured the election of Mr. Morrill, who held Mr. Blaine's confidence and received his cordial support.

Public questions of home and foreign relations were of manifest vital interest from the very opening of General Grant's administration. By the spring of 1870 all the States were back

in the Union, and, in Mr. Lincoln's quaint phrase, "finding themselves once more at home it seemed immaterial to inquire whether they had ever been abroad." Reconstruction was formally completed during this first year, and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments became a part of the Constitution with public proclamation and unutterable thanksgiving; but Congress continued to be urgent in enacting laws to protect the newly guaranteed rights. Ku-Klux Klans were still odious to the North, and carpet-baggers to the South, but it remained that four years of war had abolished slavery, and four years of reconstruction had restored the Union, and not a drop of blood had been shed or a single home confiscated by way of legal penalty. The annexation of San Domingo was earnestly desired by the President, but he could not bring Congress or the country to his way of thinking; while Senator Sumner opposed it with unnecessary heat. The British Government, in its own defence, had picked up and proffered the arbitration which it had contemptuously thrown down when offered by the United States, and which President Grant had quietly permitted to lie where it fell. A Joint High Commission was sent over by England, — the gossip of Washington said in such a hurry that they could not stop for their papers, or their trunks, but made sure of getting here themselves, and certified their right to come, afterwards. Their arrival and residence in Washington in the winter of 1871, together with the presence of the American commission appointed to meet them, made a pleasant social feature of the season with its veiled note of American exultation, through which ran also its jar of discord caused by the deposition of Mr. Sumner from his chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Sumner had been among the first to condemn the attitude of England, and it seemed only fitting that he should assist at its change. The country with regret saw him set aside in the hour of victory, a regret scarcely modified by the feeling that his own methods and manners had contributed somewhat to the bitter result.

In the spring of 1871 Mr. Blaine's mother died. From her earliest days when she was at school at Emmetsburg, and when even her girlish letters to her young friends closed with gentle wishes for their happiness here and blessedness hereafter, her life

and love had been in two worlds. She was a Catholic both in the ecclesiastical and the etymological sense of the word. Not only her close alliance to Protestants, but all the instincts of her heart made her liberal. The Protestant Herrons, of Pittsburgh, were akin through Alexander Blaine, and the Catholic Tiernans, of Pittsburgh, were akin through a marriage with her only sister, and when her eldest boy died in Pittsburgh, while she was on her way to the old home in Brownsville, Dr. Francis Herron, Presbyterian minister, and old Father McGuire, an Irish Catholic priest, walked together at the head of the procession at the child's funeral.

"Ah," said one of her nieces to her, "if all Catholics were only like you!"

"My dear," was the gentle reply, "that is the poorest compliment you can pay me."

"But, dear aunt, you are so charitable, so kind."

"That is my religion; that is the way I wish to recommend my religion."

But though suffused with the religious spirit, she was not careless in observing the forms of her own faith. Washington held no Catholic church at the time of her removal thereto, and she at once secured the services of the Brownsville priest and held such public worship as was practicable in her own house. Her husband was a Protestant, but he had been well trained to public spirit, and by hereditary habit shared his privileges with his neighbors. When his father came to Brownsville he found no sufficient facilities for the education of his children, and therefore sent for a teacher from Philadelphia to his own house at his own expense; but to this private school-room the children of his neighbors were warmly welcomed, and shared its advantages with his own children.

Years after her death Mr. Blaine wrote to a friend: "It seems to me here and now that I would give worlds could I have had a single parting word. The last message my mother left in her conscious moments was to me, the last word she ever uttered audibly was my name, after her intellect was clouded with the shadow of the dark valley. She was the most loving, devoted, and affectionate of mothers, and my love for her was very great."

In the summer of 1871 Walker was sent to Paris for a year's study. His father's P.P.C. is characteristic. It was a little manuscript book known only to those two, and found among Walker's papers after his death.

WALKER BLAINE, P.P.C.

AUG. 7, 1871.

Read pages *a* and *b* near end of book once a day during your voyage.

It contained among other things minute directions for the trip, written from memory of his own, mostly in pencil and in the irregular chirography of the railroad train.

If you find an agreeable travelling companion on the "Tripoli" who wishes to land at Queenstown and proceed overland to London, the following is a good route: Delay at Cork only long enough to go out to Blarney Castle, five miles out the valley of the Lea. Go in an Irish jaunting-car. Go one road and come back the other. Then take rail for Dublin. If you stop at all on the way, let it be for a single day at the Lakes of Killarney. One day in Dublin will enable you to see the public buildings and churches, the Phoenix park, the monument to Daniel O'Connell, etc. From Dublin to Kingstown, mouth of Liffey, nine miles; thence by steamer to Holyhead on the Island of Anglesea. At Holyhead buy a ticket in early morning train for Menai station, thirty-two miles, near famous bridge over Menai straits; after seeing the bridge, drive to Bangor three miles farther on; see old cathedral, and take the next train to Chester, fifty-two miles. In Chester see the old Roman wall, the old cathedral, and drive out to Eaton Hall, the famous seat of the Marquis of Westminster. Procure ticket of admission in the town. You may get back in season to go to Birmingham, forty-eight miles, the same evening, via Wolverhampton and the "Black country"; if not, go next morning. At Birmingham there is nothing to see except a vast succession of factories. From Birmingham go to Warwick, twenty-six miles. Engage a carriage at Warwick station to take you to Kenilworth, and then back through to Stratford-upon-Avon. Get a carriage if you can belonging to the keeper of the little hotel in Warwick. I think the Warwick Arms landlord will probably drive you. From Warwick go to Stratford one way and back the other; see Squire Lucy's, where Shakespeare shot the deer. You will get back to Warwick in season to take evening train for Oxford, forty-five miles. Stay in Oxford a day or two studying it well; while there drive down to Blenheim Castle, the famous seat of the Duke of Marlborough; see fair Rosamond's well, etc. From Oxford to London, fifty miles. In London you will have friends to advise you what to see, and how to see it. If Parliament is in session you will, of course, attend there several times.

Visit British Museum. Go to Richmond via the park, and take a row up the Thames. See Madam Tousseau's wax-works. Attend divine service in Westminster Abbey; see Poets' corner; see Bank of England; Zoölogical Garden. Try to get Director's ticket and visit Sunday afternoon St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, Crystal Palace on Saturday. During your stay in London you can run down one day and see the University of Cambridge; one day will do it. A very fine excursion of a single day may be had thus: Leave London early in the morning for Southampton, there take a steamer for Cowes, and along Isle of Wight by Osborne. Ride, etc., to Portsmouth, the great naval station; thence to London by evening train. In going to Edinburgh, go up on east side of England through "Old York." If you provide yourself a lunch before leaving London you need not dine in York, but can employ the time that other passengers are eating in seeing the famous York minster. In Edinburgh see the "Castle," Holyrood Palace, the famous old Cannongate, the house of Regent Murray, house of Jno. Knox, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Scott's monument, Arthur's seat, etc. In leaving Edinburgh go to Glasgow by way of the Trossacs, first to Calendar by rail; thence in open wagon over Ben Lomond, and by boat over Loch Lomond; thence in wagon again to Loch Katrine, etc., and finally by rail into Glasgow. In Glasgow spend one day, Cathedral crypt of same; also spend one day in going to Burns' birth-place, Ayr; go down by rail via Paisley, distance forty miles. Returning go by steamer up the Fryth of Clyde, a splendid sail. See Castle of Dumbarton as you go up the river Clyde. From Glasgow go to Sheffield or lake country; thence to London. Reach London Saturday night. . . . Sunday go to hear Spurgeon preach in the morning. Monday go to British Museum. Always have sun in room in Rome and Naples. Victoria Hotel, Naples.

To temper the rigor of a superiority attested by this foreign journey, Emmons was allowed to make alone a tour of exploration and discovery to Chicago the day after Walker set sail. All went well until he should have telegraphed his arrival in Chicago. Not hearing from him there according to appointment, his father was in great apprehension and telegraphed in all directions. Twenty-four hours after "schedule time" Emmons telegraphed cheerfully that, seeing in the papers that there was to be "a race in Buffalo with a favorite trotting mare," he had stopped over. And having delivered his letters of introduction in Chicago and investigated the city to his heart's content, the "positively delightful boy" — as a friend wrote to his parents — came leisurely and safely home, without mistake or mishap.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, April 27, 1869.

. . . Yesterday Emmons commenced his school again — likewise M., the magnificent, hers. Mous came home at noon fearfully disgusted with his arrangements. He had been put into Cæsar, although he is perfectly unposted as to rules — into geometry, though he has never been in algebra, and in arithmetic only to square root. His other study, natural history, he made no objection to. Then he has that *bête noir*, declamation, threatening him. Altogether I think if it were not for the fear of boarding-school hanging over him, he would sit down in the ashes and wait for his fairy godmother, rather than try to help himself; but with this dread harrowing his soul, he knows that he must do or die, so last night he shut himself into the parlor until he had mastered his geometry, and this morning at breakfast, while I cut steak and poured coffee, he ate and read out his "*Gallia omnis divisa est in tres partes*," and I will say for him that he translated his nine lines very deftly and neatly. All your old books come in play so well that he has not had to buy a new one. As soon as breakfast is over, I take in the little Blaine girls and the one big brother and off we drive. First we drop M. at Winthrop street, — she goes off bowing her head and saying, "Now, Alice Blaine," — then Emmons throws out the reins and gives a spring as we come in sight of that dirty, *hubbubly* High School, and lastly I drive over the old bridge and deposit my saintly Alice among the saints [Saint Catherine's School]. She likes there much, and this is now the fourth week, so I feel some confidence in the permanency of her regard. When I come home, father meets me with the salutation, "Well, old lady, the separation is over. We have nothing to do now but enjoy each other." This on Friday, but on Wednesday I find myself at the door saying good-by, with the best grace I may. I give him now until Saturday to get home in. If he comes not then, I have a fit of the blues all ready to put on. I was delighted to hear from him so satisfactory an account of you. That your tongue ran, that you ate the oranges, that the home-sickness had disappeared, that you addressed Aunt C. as Sir, — each and every item gave satisfaction.

To Mr. Blaine from Hon. Elihu Washburn :

PARIS.

About home matters, I read up pretty well, but I take it I don't get quite all there is going. I would give "a pretty" for an old-fashioned talk of three or four hours with you touching the present political situation. I may be deceived, but I confess I don't like the look at this distance. . . . If A. Johnson gets to the Senate, it must be regarded as the *joak* of the century. I want you to take a morning for it and give me a bird's-eye view of the field. How stands the administration, and does the President hold all his popularity? . . . Tell me all about your movements. I am delighted not to have seen your name among the junketers on the Pacific Railroad. Keep clear of all entangling alliances.

From Mr. Blaine :

PORTLAND, Sept. 3, 1869.

I write you with a sad heart. It is not improbable that the same mail which delivers you this note will bring you the newspaper announcement of Senator Fessenden's death. I have just returned from his house. He is critically low — exhausted in body and wandering in mind. His attending physicians give no hope. He was taken suddenly, a day or two since, and the peculiar feature of the disease seems to be that it is a consummation of the National Hotel poison — of which he with so many others was a victim in 1857.

I feel profound sorrow for the impending blow. Notwithstanding I may desire his place, I do not wish to get it in that way; nor indeed do I know that his removal from the field would improve my chances. It may raise up other Richmonds. But in the shadow of death, I do not think of the future, only of the past; and in the past, I recall a man of strong mind, of many high points of character, and with few weaknesses, who has been my friend for fifteen years, and with whom I have passed through many trying scenes, and had many pleasant days, and I grieve that, at sixty-three, he is to be removed from earth.

From Mr. Blaine to Hon. I. Washburn, Jr. :

AUGUSTA, Sept. 13, 1869.

DEAR GOVERNOR: Yours received. I thank you for your frankness. But in telling me that you are a candidate for United State Senator you do not specify which term you will run for.

Am I to understand that you are a candidate for the short term, or for the long term, or for both?

I am not myself a candidate for the short term — so in the one pressing exigency of the hour you may regard me as out of everybody's way.

Colonel Smith must have quite misunderstood what I said to him or what I intended to say, if you have correctly reported him. But nothing is more common than for conversations to be misunderstood, and such misunderstanding implies no reflection on any one.

From Mr. Blaine :

The depth and richness of Y.'s *composition* remind me all the time of the infinitely varying and always freshly developing grandeur of Henry Winter Davis' character. I was only yesterday glancing over one of his speeches and I came across this, which I well remember when it fell from his lips:

"For untimely agitators and premature reformers I have little sympathy. They are cocks that crow at midnight, heralding no dawn, and only disturbing peaceful and needed rest by unseemly and unseasonable clamor."

I do not quote this as any striking exhibition of eloquence or excellence of speech, but only of that wonderful readiness and facility of expression and illustration which came to his lips as with inspired force. I remember the startling significance of this particular phrase as it fell on the ear. It arrested the attention of the entire House, and you have very probably heard me quote it before. Davis was essentially a many-sided man. His culture seemed to embrace the whole domain of knowledge. He was a profoundly learned lawyer. He was a most clear-headed and admirable statesman. He was a man of letters. He was a matchless orator. He was a true and genial Christian, and yet a man of the world.

From Mr. Blaine :

Oct. 3, 1869.

As to that Sorrento expedition, it strikes me as in some respects just what you would not want. Going that horrid Quebec route in the autumn is enough to chill one with apprehension at the very outset. Seven steamers of that line lost in four years, and the navigation the most hazardous and least interesting of all the Atlantic waters! And still further, after you shall have reached Liverpool, seasick, exhausted, despondent, hating the sea and all connected therewith, the proposition is to coast round through Gibraltar on one of those miserable mail steamers that touch here and there on the barren coast-line, but give you no more glimpse of Europe, than a trip by steamer from Boston to the Kennebec would give you of New England. Your sight of France would be that of the sailors whose experience is embraced in that charming display of ballad-rhyming :

“There we lay
All the day
In the Bay
Of Biscay, O !”

. . . Wait and go with the Blaines, and we will take a Cunard steamer to Queenstown and we'll “do” Ireland at the start, and then we'll do England and Scotland, and then cross over to Belgium and Holland, and thence to the Rhine valley and the German States, following the Rhine through Switzerland, and crossing the Alps via the Simplon, and come back via the Splugen, after doing Milan, Turin, the Lakes Maggiore and Como, and then when on the North shore again, doing Munich and Vienna and Pesth, and then to the head of the Adriatic, over to Venice, Padua, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, *Sorrento* (one day), and thence back along the Italian coast, Leghorn, Genoa, via the *Cornici* road to Nice, Marseilles, Lyons, Paris, *Home*. This would be a trip worth taking. We'll do it in '71, so don't go and spoil your appetite by imprudent nibbling in advance of the real feast. As we go along, I shall gather up sufficient data to demolish Julius Cæsar, and

you can see about Joan D'Arc, and any other worthy whose real immortality hangs upon the end of your pen.

From Mr. Blaine :

Boston, Oct. 10, 1869.

We have just returned from hearing Mr. Murray, and I must tell you that, in spite of the prejudice his Adirondack book gave me, — deepened and intensified as it was by your settled adverse judgment, — I liked him *very much* indeed. He preached a lucid, logical, fervent, impressive sermon, well conceived and admirably delivered. His text was very brief, "On earth peace and good-will to men." The subject, "Christian unity." My wife was even more taken with him than I was, and she is a capital judge of a good sermon. . . . Doubtless in future if I hear Mr. Murray he may not preach so well, surely not if I go to hear him with you and have the aroused *sensitiveness* which your presence would inspire ; but I always will maintain against all comers that "the discourse" delivered by the aforesaid on the tenth day of October, 1869, in the presence of the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States and his wife, was a scriptural, Christian, eloquent, and faithful exposition of the Word as it was delivered to the saints and handed down by the elders — a very saving power to them that believe, and ineffectual only on such incredulous and uncharitable mortals as can see no good in a man who had the bad taste once to tell an indelicate story ; as if the very prince of English statesmen in the eighteenth century had not been in the habit of entertaining his guests at parliamentary dinners with *coarse* stories, on the avowed ground that, it being difficult to find congenial topics for such mixed companies, he fell back on that "which everybody enjoyed." Now, I am not defending Murray's coarseness, nor am I assailing Sir Robert Walpole. I am only showing you that genius and vulgarity are not by any means incompatible ; nay, that they are not infrequently associated !

I found myself nearly laughing aloud as the preacher hastened in such a hand gallop through the preliminary exercises, apparantly anxious to get at the sermon. Just at that moment the d—l put it into my head to remember Byron's tart letter to his publisher, when he was so impatient for additional cantos of "Don Juan," commencing,

"My dear Mr. Murray,
You're in a d—d hurry."

But Jacob Stanwood's carriage is at the door, punctual at the 1 P.M. which I appointed, and so I take leave of Mr. Murray in a — hurry.

At three I went to Andover and had three good hours with my beloved boys, and at seven we met their beloved mother. At your cousin's we had a very pleasant time and a dinner altogether too sumptuous to have been cooked on the Sabbath day, in the household of one descended of the Puritans, but perhaps he had his notions of the strict observance of that day somewhat loosened by reading a certain review and criticism of Gilfillan's

Sabbath. At all events, as I had the advantage of the dinner, and greatly enjoyed it, I am not going to question too closely the theological basis on which it rested.

From Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14, 1870.

The way in which you analyzed the parliamentary question involved in the point at issue on Monday last is worthy of an old legislative head. By the way, did you see that the paper editorially sustained me, and their correspondent has since materially modified his despatch in which he attempted to place me in the wrong?

I write this while the roll is calling on Bingham's amendment to Virginia Bill, and maybe another tie is in reserve for me with its trials and tests. I close this letter without knowing, save that the vote is very close.

From Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16, 1870.

You observed how close a vote followed the closing of my last letter, 98 to 95, for the unconditional admission of Virginia. It came very near precipitating another tie. They were counting noses during roll-call, and thought it would be 96 to 96. I would really have been glad had it been so, for I would like to vote on the admission of all the States still out.

You have so well analyzed and so well understand all the points of my parliamentary disagreement that you have left me nothing to explain. The editorial was very good, just, and true. No Speaker has voted to produce a tie since Robert C. Winthrop, and he was very severely censured therefor. To produce a tie and defeat a motion is to give the Speaker's vote the force of two votes, and would prove highly odious and offensive. The Speaker has the undoubted right to vote on every question; but if he refrains from exercising that right from motives of courtesy and conciliation, he ought not to claim it at a time when its assertion must prove exceedingly offensive. I take great pleasure and no little pride in telling you that the decisive weight of opinion is now in my favor. Indeed, my course is approved by all who have any right to give an opinion on the premises or any knowledge to base it on.

JAN. 20.

I noticed that your dear and daily Monitor gave the Speaker a slight dig for his decision on Monday; nevertheless, the Speaker was entirely right, and the oldest and best parliamentarians declare that he was. But as *he* knew from the outset that he was right, he can afford to endure the criticisms of all the "Respectable Dailies" that can be crowded into or issued from the city of Boston, because "Respectable Dailies" in Boston or elsewhere, have very slender knowledge of the *Lex Parliamentaria*, that bundle of wisdom into which the unregenerate have never even looked.

JANUARY 26.

I dined with the prince [Arthur] last eve. He impressed me as a young man of fair sense *who had been accustomed to good society*. It seem to me but yesterday when I saw in the "London Illustrated News" the picture of the Duke of Wellington holding him in his arms for baptism. It was in 1850.

From V. :

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1870.

All the Shermans were out, but across the way Mr. Blaine happened to see General Sherman in his garden and drove back to speak to him. He came up with the greatest cordiality, insisted on our going into the garden, showed us all around the place, which you may remember is the one formerly given to General Grant and afterwards transferred to Sherman. I wanted to see his horses, and we went into the stables, saw the carriages, etc.; then he would have us go into the house, showed me the maps which he used in his campaigns, some of them mere pencil sketches drawn to illustrate a plan, one which General McPherson drew and brought a few minutes before his death. I asked him if in that march to the sea he was following a designed plan or making it simply as a necessity. He said it was wholly a plan. Did he have faith in it? Entirely, never faltered a moment. It was just as the lightning opens the landscape to you suddenly and shows everything. It was one mental effort and the thing was done. From Chattanooga to beyond Atlanta, for a four-months' march with one hundred thousand men, there was not an hour in which the cannon was not roaring somewhere along the line, so that when at last it did stop, it seemed strange and noticeable. We spoke of the attempt now making to reduce the General's salary. I said I did not care so much about the inconvenience to him, but that it seemed mean for the country, whose fate had so hung upon the strength and steadfastness of a few men; now having availed itself of all their services and being in the full enjoyment of the fruit of their labors, it turns about and proposes to reduce their salaries. Then we professed unbounded gratitude; now we talk of paying them too much, as if we did not owe to them the having anything to pay for, or to pay with. He said he did not care so much about himself, he could live anyway, but he did care about his family, whose mode of life must be changed by this proposed reduction. He is also opposed to having the office of General cut off with his life, thinking there were many others who had served with great distinction in the war, and who ought to have the title when he was done with it. The call was all the more interesting for our being thrown entirely upon the General. He is so simple, so hearty, and earnest, and intense, with his small, sharp, wrinkled face, anything but good-looking in the common sense of the term, with the *elan* of genius from head to foot, in every tone and turn. . . .

WASHINGTON, April 25.

. . . Later came Senator and Mrs. Williams. She is handsome, vivacious, has an agreeable voice and manner of speech, a good deal of intelligence and fluency. She talked on woman's rights, — against it, — and advanced such arguments that I withdrew from the field "in sullen silence," Mr. Blaine said afterwards. Mrs. Williams talked in earnest, and Mr. Blaine told her, on leaving, that he had talked on three sides, and if she had stayed only a little longer, he should have got on to the fourth!

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Anson P. Morrill :

READFIELD, May 8, 1870.

Your highly esteemed favor of 29th ult. was duly received. I have been from home nearly all the time since on railroad matters, and hence my delay in answering. Permit me to say that nothing could give me greater satisfaction than to be assured that in no event would you and Lot be made opponents and competitors for political place. If such a contest presented itself, the ties of consanguinity which would urge me to support a brother would be hardly stronger than the personal friendship I have felt for you for many years. I have, amidst all the rumors, constantly asserted that such an evil day would be averted. No word of an unfriendly character has escaped me, and for the future, as in the past, I shall rejoice and feel proud of your prosperity and success. . . . I defer very much to your judgment, and should be glad, very, to act in harmony with your views as I ever have done. . . . I shall see our true friend, Stevens, to-morrow and will try to consult for the general good.

From Mr. Blaine :

AUGUSTA.

. . . Q.'s baptism was very impressive. Mr. McKenzie is marvellously felicitous in all such exercises. Give him a marriage or a funeral or a christening, and he is the very soul of all that is pious and eloquent and touching. M. insisted that the baby ought to be baptized after "mother's cousin," the title by which she always designates you.

From Mr. Blaine :

AUGUSTA, August 15, 1870.

Our darling little Q. has been very ill since I wrote you. Yesterday morning we were really quite alarmed about him. He is better this morning, and we hope and trust permanently so. The weather is cool, delightful, and charming, and that is very favorable to him.

No news of any kind, and if there was, my anxiety about Q. has been such that I could write nothing. . . .

I think your tile drain need not be laid over three and one-half feet deep. I will see how deep mine is. N., I know, is colder than Augusta, but by a little differential calculus, aided by a last year's almanac and the meteoro-

logical tables of the nineteenth century, you may calculate how many inches deeper you would require a drain on the bleak coast of Massachusetts than in the mild valleys of Maine, to be secure from frost. . . .

I take another half foot from the drain. I find that mine is but three feet under ground, and we have never heard of a freeze. You see, the less you sink the drain, the better. If you do not, I will come to N. and illustrate by diagrams and drawings on the ground, fixing my corner points by shavings carefully deported !

To Mr. Blaine, from General Schenck, of Ohio :

BURLINGTON, OHIO, Aug. 29, 1870.

I have been constrained to be a candidate for reëlection in spite of me. I have just sent down my acceptance of the nomination, after four weeks of delay and consideration. Now for the canvass. I am going home to open the campaign next week. It is going to be a tough and doubtful fight. . . . Two years ago, in a vote of 35,000 I had 474 majority ; 335 of that was from the inmates of the National Soldiers' Asylum, now ruled out by the count. I shall gain about 200 by colored votes, and lose perhaps as many from prejudiced Republicans who " won't vote with niggers." Altogether it's close work ; but I *think* I'll win.

Now, do you remember your promise to come and help in my district if I should run ? What time can you give me between the 15th September and 10th of October ? . . . Mind, it isn't to come to Ohio, but *I* am after you for my district.

From Mr. Blaine :

Town of

Pittsfield

Somerset County

State of Maine

United States of America

Western Hemisphere

Terrestrial Globe

Latitude $44\frac{3}{4}$ North

Longitude $77\frac{1}{2}$ West

from Greenwich

$8\frac{1}{4}$ East from

Washington

8.25 A.M.

Tuesday

Sept. 6th

A.D. 1870

Can you tell where and when by the above ? Left home yesterday a little after twelve, and drove here with my pair and my wife. I drove the

pair, my wife rode; she is not generally driven, but in family arrangements she more commonly drives. Distance from Augusta, forty miles, directly up the Kennebec to Winslow, nineteen miles; thence N.E. up the valley of the Sebasticook twenty-one miles. Now, I presume you never heard of the Sebasticook, which is only another proof of the deep ignorance that prevails in the country towns of Massachusetts. What a State you live in, — all the culture and intelligence crowded into a little circle of three miles diameter measured from the Boston State House, the remainder of the Commonwealth left to black and blue ignorance. In Maine, culture is generally diffused, reaching this country town in such profuse abundance that the largest church in the village, last evening, was filled with its inhabitants, able to follow and comprehend an abstruse and profound political discourse, delivered by a friend of yours. The same discourse, an hour and a half in length, would have been preached in vain in a Massachusetts audience, outside the favored circle I have mentioned.

WEDNESDAY, September 7, tea-time.

Town of

Bingham

on the Kennebec river

70 miles north of Augusta

Directly on the route that

Benedict Arnold

took to reach Quebec.

Inspired by this patriotic reminiscence, I addressed a large audience this afternoon, and here I am two hundred and twenty-one miles nearer the north pole than you are.

My wife and I have just returned from a ramble up the side of a mountain here, where we enjoyed a view of unsurpassed grandeur.

I wrote you from Pittsfield yesterday morning, that afternoon I spoke in Hartland, and the same evening in Athens, both very beautiful villages. This morning we drove hither, twenty-five miles. We are staying at a delightful country hotel and enjoying everything except *you*. We leave to-morrow morning for North Anson, twenty miles nearer home, where I shall mail this letter. The tea-bell rings, and after tea we shall have country friends calling.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Schenck:

DAYTON, OHIO, Sept. 29, 1870.

. . . My strength and voice are nearly gone. But I *think* I shall beat Free Trade, Repudiation, Whiskey, Ireland, Democracy, Falsehood, and the Devil generally, and get, may be, five hundred majority. The combination, though, has become ferocious!

I am sadly disappointed at the prospect of your not coming at all. You could have given me just the help I wanted and need.

From Mr. Blaine to his mother :

NOVEMBER 14, 1870.

. . . I had three days to spare — two of which I spent in Washington [Pennsylvania], and one in Brownsville — saw all the friends in both places — none more delighted to see me in Washington than Mrs. Adams. She flew at me with wide arms, and kissed me. “You’re not Mr. Blaine nor Speaker Blaine. You’re just *Jim* Blaine to me,” she said. She sent showers of love to you. The same with Mrs. Huston. I saw her in the identical old kitchen in which I pulled the chair from under grandpa.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, December 17, 1870.

Mr. Fisher, of Boston, is with us, and last evening we had a round-table dinner — the guests, besides Mr. Fisher, were Schenck, Banks, Allison, Cox, Potter, Beck, Garfield, Schofield, Hale, Peters, Kelly, Hooper, Ingersoll, and General Butler; good company and a good dinner.

I had quite a chat with Governor Coburn yesterday noon about advancing the \$140,000. I think I shall induce him to do it.

From Walker :

ANDOVER, December 27.

I have so many things which I wish to thank you and father about, and I have so many occurrences which I wish to tell you, that I hardly know how to make a beginning.

Saturday noon, Emmons, Guy [son of General Howard], and myself went to Boston. We met father at the Parker House at two o’clock, and he engaged the rooms for us which we occupied during our whole stay. We all three went to the Globe Theatre to see Fechter in “Ruy Blas.” The best piece of acting I ever saw. In the evening, father and Emmons went to the Globe, while Guy and I went to the Boston Theatre, and saw the opera of the “Bohemian Girl.” The opera was very good, though I believe you are not very much interested in operas or theatres. Sunday morning we all went to hear Mr. Murray preach. At two o’clock we all, except Guy, who dined with some relatives, dined with Mr. Fisher. On the way to that place, father said that he wasn’t sure whether he was invited for Sunday or Monday. However, we stumbled on, and found that there was no mistake. Had a very nice dinner at two, after which father went out into the country with Mr. Fisher to see his father, and Mons to Cambridge to see N. I stayed at Mr. Fisher’s, where I spent a most pleasant afternoon. . . . Father returning, we all went to tea, and afterwards Dr. Gay came in. Father retired with him for a private consultation on the subject of his *broken-down health*. Mrs. Fisher and I went in to see Dr. Lewis’ library. Dr. Lewis is the father of the first Mrs. Fisher. A magnificent library. Two rooms completely walled in with books, while the doctor himself is a real old antiquarian. He says that he has over six thousand medals and coins. On returning to the house, we found a carriage waiting, which

drove us to the hotel. This ended Sunday — as pleasant a Sunday as I ever spent, and spent in the way which I like. I don't think very much of the doctrine of making you expiate all the sins of the past week every Sunday by corporal punishment on hard benches, and by mental punishment under ——! Monday morning we took breakfast at a very reasonable hour, nine o'clock, and then Guy and I went out to see the picture of "Sheridan's Ride," by T. B. Read, the author of the poem. Jenks and all the boys from Andover came up Monday, and in the afternoon we went to see Stuart Robson at the Boston Theatre, in "Paul Pry." At six o'clock of the same evening, nine of us took dinner together, and in the evening we went to see Fechter and Miss LeClercque in "Black and White," by Wilkie Collins, as you would soon discover if you saw the play. I found, on returning from the matinee Saturday afternoon, that father had gone out to Mr. Caldwell's (Josiah) to a Christmas-tree, and that he enjoyed it so much that Mr. Caldwell had sent a carriage for Emmons and myself to go out there. Of course, as I was not at home Emmons went alone, and had a very pleasant time, I believe. After returning from the evening performance we all went to bed, and came to Andover at seven o'clock this morning. This closed the Boston trip. I have been to the theatre thrice, opera once. Have seen six plays and one opera. Have been out to dinner, and have, on the whole, had one of the best times I ever had in my life. And now I come to giving thanks both to you and to father. To father for all three, for the splendid time we had.

From Mr. Blaine

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4, 1871.

I have been round to the White House since dinner to call on the President. He sent for me, and we had a frank chat on San Domingo. I will support the resolution of inquiry, but am against the final acquisition.

From a guest:

WASHINGTON.

Thursday morning I walked to the Capitol with Mr. Blaine, and then back again alone. In the evening we went to General Sherman's, and had a very bright and agreeable evening. Old Mr. Ewing is spending the winter there, and his son, General Hugh, late Minister to the Hague, was also there. The former is past eighty, tall, handsome, silver-haired, a real gentleman of the old school, and he promised to come here some evening if possible. We had Mr. Stephens, the new Minister to Uruguay, at dinner. Mr. Blaine is guiltless of Sumner's deposition. He told the President frankly that the whole power of his administration could not do it. If he was not right, he came pretty near it, for it is still a question whether the administration will not break down under it. Yet the President keeps on perfectly good terms with Mr. Blaine, though the latter is very outspoken and frank.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1871.

Mr. Blaine has been exceedingly busy these last few days, was up at Congress all last night, and did not get home till near six this morning, then at it again at ten.

We have been to the House, heard a resolution of thanks to the Speaker passed with an eulogistic speech from S. S. Cox. The caucus was held last night, and nominated Mr. Blaine by acclamation. There was practically no opposition. The dissolution and recreation were extremely interesting. At precisely 12 M. Mr. Blaine brought down the gavel and made a little farewell speech; a few minutes of pause, and then the clerk, McPherson, came in, called the roll, and then elected the Speaker by the roll. Mr. Blaine had one hundred and twenty-six votes, one hundred and ten necessary to election. There were no scattering votes. Then Mr. Morgan, the Democratic candidate, and Mr. Dawes, the oldest consecutive member, led him to the chair. He made a short inaugural speech, and Mr. Dawes stood in front of the desk and administered the oath. Then Mr. Blaine swore in the members. It was very impressive. Mr. Blaine's speeches were everything one could desire — short, touching, concise, sufficient, not a bit of spread eagle. The House was as still as emptiness. I heard every word with perfect distinctness.

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1871.

I suppose you have seen the Butler-Blaine fight in all the papers. The boys came from Andover Thursday morning. Mr. Blaine said it would probably be lively at the House and we went up. Judge Kelly was speaking when we went in. Presently I was startled by Walker's saying: "I declare, he is going for him," and I then saw that Mr. Blaine was leaving his Speaker's chair and taking a place on the floor. He did come down like a sledge-hammer. Butler was really cowed. You know how impetuous Mr. Blaine is, and it was lightning and thunder all together. Mr. Peters, who sat in front of Butler, told Mr. Hale that Butler shook so that he (P.) could feel it where he sat. Butler has brow-beaten witnesses till all the world exceedingly feared and quaked, so that he has, in a certain sense, had free course; but this time he was faced down and pounded and battered, and very much — surprised. I was surprised too to see how little he had to say in reply. He left nearly every point untouched, throwing out a few wild shots. But yesterday he went up to the desk and chatted with Mr. Blaine just as if nothing had happened, and the whole gallery of reporters rushed down to the front seat and looked over below to see it — frightfully disgusted, no doubt, that it was all talk and no tussle.

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1871.

It is very warm to-day, and Miss Ripley took us driving this morning, and then to lunch with her, and then H. went to Nettie Chase's wedding. The boys are all to dine at General Sherman's, and Mr. Blaine and I are going to the Thomas concert. H. won't go because she is sure she shall

go to sleep. There is and has been a report around for several days that General Butler was to attack Mr. Blaine again to-day, and old Mr. Ewing sent his son, General Charles, down this morning to see if it was so, because he wanted to go in if it was, and wanted Mr. Blaine *to be loaded!* I meant to go up and see for myself, but just as I was dressing for Miss Ripley's, the note came from Mr. Blaine which I enclose with this.

First page.

General Butler opened his fresh attack on me to-day as soon as the journal was read, and before a privileged question, which Farnsworth was trying to offer, could be got fairly before the House for consideration

Second page.

by inviting you and Miss D. and myself to accompany the managers of the National Asylum to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk on an excursion to-morrow, by boat, to be back on Monday morning. Will you go?

Guy Howard and a school friend of his here at dinner; also General Sherman's son and nephew, Tom Sherman and Tom Ewing, — all fine boys. Tom Sherman has a pony and rides over to Georgetown to school every morning at eight and back at five. Did I tell you that Mr. Fish had given the boys a fine billiard-table? In the evening Mr. Hooper came up, having seen in the evening paper an account of some previous transactions alleged to have taken place between Butler and Blaine, bringing Mr. Hooper in. He came to say that so far as he was concerned, there was no truth whatever in it. The San Domingeese are expected next week, and there is no prospect of an immediate adjournment. There was a conference Wednesday night, Butler being on, and when they were considering where they should meet, Mr. Blaine invited them here, and they came, Butler and all. He came in and shook hands as heartily as you please. Mr. P. went on that Fortress Monroe expedition, and says General Butler seemed to be really disappointed that Mr. and Mrs. Blaine did not go, and had the steamer wait for them.

Mr. Sumner's speech went too far against the President. The President was at Governor Buckingham's in the evening, and was much excited — for him.

Mr. — has a picture of Mr. Blaine that makes him look like a brigand, and a biographical sketch of him makes him out not much better. Mr. Blaine says he always knew they would have their revenge on him, and here it is. General Garfield was here at breakfast. The Shermans called last evening, and are coming here to-day to dinner, and General Tom Ewing, who is visiting in town.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, April 15, 1871.

I will not give you very many rules in interest, but aim merely to impress one useful point on you, and so to explain it that you may be able readily to tell *qua ratione*. Knowledge *sine ratione* is not enduring.

In business affairs your most frequent use of interest is to calculate it for short periods, months and days. For even number of years your path is easy and direct. The months and days are the bother.

The most comprehensive rule for calculating interest at six per cent. for any number of days is to multiply the amount by the number of days, and divide by sixty. For example, what is the interest on \$371.23 for eighty-three days, six per cent? Process:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \$371.23 \\
 83 \\
 \hline
 1,113.69 \\
 29,698.4 \\
 \hline
 60)30,812.09 \\
 \hline
 \$5.135
 \end{array}$$

The reason for this is, that in the interest year there are 360 days, therefore if you multiply by 360 and divide by 60, you do the same as multiplying by 6 per cent. If true for 360 days, it must be true for any other number of days, greater or less.

For 5 per cent., multiply by the number of days and divide by 72, same as $\frac{360}{5} = 72$.

Eight per cent., multiply by the number of days and divide by 45 = $\frac{360}{8}$.

Nine per cent., multiply by the number of days and divide by 40 = $\frac{360}{9}$.

Seven per cent. does not give an even quotient. Your easiest way is to get the interest at 6 per cent., and then add $\frac{1}{6}$ of the result.

Seven and three-tenths you get accurately by multiplying by number of days and dividing by 50. In this case, however, we reckon the year at the calendar number of days, 365. You get the result thus, $\frac{365}{7\frac{3}{10}} = \frac{3650}{73} = 50$.

For reckoning in months at 6 per cent., always remember that each month is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. For two months you simply reckon *one* per cent.; four months you reckon two; six months, three; eight months, four, etc.

All well and send much love.

Hastily and very affectionately,

YOUR FATHER.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

SARATOGA, N.Y., August 15, 1871.

The day after you sailed, your mother went home and I came to this place, where we have been since. Emmons went same day to New York; thence to Niagara; thence to Cleveland; thence to Chicago; and then

home via Pittsburgh. He left Chicago last evening, will be in New York to-morrow morning, and home Thursday P.M. . . . Your mother, I have no doubt, is sending you a letter full of domestic news by this same mail. . . . Be very careful and prudent in your money matters. I want you to have everything needful for your comfort, culture, and enjoyment, but do not forget that my fortune is not a large one.

Most lovingly and tenderly,

YOUR FATHER.

To Walker:

AUGUSTA, August 21, 1871.

. . . The great event since I wrote you a week ago is your father's Saratoga serenade speech, which he made last Wednesday evening. An immense crowd assembled to hear him, and he has been overwhelmed with congratulations. I think myself he was most happy, and perhaps I should be more difficult than almost any one else to please. All the papers have said their say about it, pro and con. . . . Emmons has expected to leave for Andover, via Boston, to-morrow, but has had a telegram this afternoon from your father telling him not to leave till he hears from him; so possibly he may not go till Wednesday. I hope he may not, for no tongue can adequately portray my loneliness since I came from Boston the day after you sailed. I have, to myself, to lead two lives entirely distinct from each other. The one when I am with your father, all variety, wide-awake, gay; the other —

From President Grant:

WASHINGTON, August 31, 1871.

DEAR MR. SPEAKER: Your favor of the 28th inst. was received yesterday just before I started for Washington. I have given Mr. Hamlin, and two other gentlemen who called with him, a reply to the questions contained in your letter. I can reach Bangor on Tuesday evening, the 17th of October, and can remain *down East*, low down, until about Friday morning. I cannot, however, leave the limits of the United States. Somehow I am under the impression that there is a statute, or some provision, against the President leaving the territory of the United States. However, whether there is or not, I think I will not be the one to establish the precedent of an executive going beyond the limits of his country. I anticipate a very pleasant visit to Maine. It will be the second time only that it has fallen to my lot to get so far East, and I never got among cleverer people. When I was there before I had not yet become a politician, had not arrayed a section and a half against me, and it was, too, just at the close of a great war in which the ignorant, but enthusiastic, Maine people, not looking to the "New York World" and other equally veracious Democratic papers for true light, supposed I had taken a small part. Their ardor being cooled by time, and true light having been forced in, in spite of Yankee prejudice in favor of a united country, may make a change now.

I will trust myself among them again, however, Providence permitting, taking all the chances of having very pleasant recollections dashed.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Blaine and the children, who I hope are all well and enjoying their vacation.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, August 28, 1871.

Seeing that General Schenck is on the Continent, I have feared that you might have missed the cheerful welcome you anticipated in London. . . .

I would not go to Paris until you know that Mr. Washburn is there. . . . I shall assume that you have made your hasty run to Scotland before this reaches you.

I should get to work on French as soon as I well could; and be sure to pursue it with great diligence, but not to the detriment of a great deal of out-door exercise and plenty of observation of what is going on around you.

I more and more incline to the belief that Paris is the best place. I have so suggested to Mr. Washburn in a note that goes out by this mail. As soon as you reach Paris call on Mr. Washburn. It would be well for you to write him a line a few days before you leave London, advising him of the day you will reach Paris.

Your mother writes a full budget of news.

To Walker:

AUGUSTA, September 8, 1871.

. . . Your father and I had the first reading of your letter in the carriage over Malta Hill. How delighted we were to hear from you I cannot express. Your father is well pleased with you. Thinks you outdo him as a traveller. He was saying, at the supper-table, that next summer if Emmons wanted to go over to meet you, he should make no objection; whereupon Alice insists that he told you over and over again to keep away from Americans! "Surely Emmons is an American!" . . . Your father expects, Tuesday, to leave for Pennsylvania. The local politics are becoming very interesting. A partisan warfare is waged between the Journal and the Standard, and, of course, your father is the mark for most of the shafts and honors. W., it is reported, has gone over to the Democrats. . . . You cannot think how high the partisan spirit seems to run this election. Your father has just had sent him from down town a Democrat sheet, which that party, in lack of a daily paper, have just issued. Two-thirds of it certainly devoted to him. . . . How glad I shall be when the city and State are well carried, Monday evening! . . . I am immensely interested, for I feel that there has been a deliberate effort to break down your father. Nothing at the bottom of it, I presume, but envy.

Monday evening. Well, Walker, the election is over and well over. Every ward in this city is carried by Republicans — a thing which I think

has hardly ever been before. This city is carried by 239. Other towns have thrown very large votes. Gramp [a venerable neighbor] voted among the first, fearing that he might die during the day if he put it off. Every one congratulates your father on the election in this city as a personal compliment. How he would feel to have had it telegraphed all over the country, as it was to be, that Augusta, the home of Morrill and Blaine, had gone Democratic!

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, September 12, 1871.

We have had a great treat this afternoon, viz., your first and second batch of London letters, the last date of which was August 30. Father expected to go to Boston to-day, but, as his stay is quite a serious one, two weeks at least in Pennsylvania, and as there were a great many telegrams concerning election to receive and to send away, he concluded to defer his departure till to-morrow; so he was here to read out your letters. First, they were read in the "spare chamber" — S., M., and I the audience. When about half through, Alice and Q. added themselves to the little circle, the former very indignant that we had not sent for her to hear the beginning of the narrative. Then George was told to put old Prince into harness and go for Aunt C. Of course, she was more than ready; so at supper we had reading number two, and, Aunt H. coming in during the evening, there was a third reading, your father officiating every time. We all think you are doing splendidly, seeing a great deal, and describing all to us with great accuracy and freshness. But do not write any more on both sides of that paper. Your father says use it, if you wish, but write only on one side. You have no idea how impatiently we want to read, and how slowly we have to feel our way. . . . The election, as you will see by the papers your father sent you this morning, has turned out splendidly. A grand vindication of your dearest dad, that of this town is. All the capital of the Democratic party seemed to be centred in him. . . . He got off yesterday noon, started in his usual hurry. At the last moment, there was the key of his strong box missing — was fortunate enough to find it, carelessly left on the clock! At the "Journal" office there was proof to correct, cars meantime in. Then there was the bank, and at every corner some one running to stop him. However, he got off, cheerful and bright, for he feels that he has conquered gloriously in this town, and I have already had two notes from him — one sent from Brunswick and another from Portland. . . . You are a dear, good boy, and your letters give us unbounded satisfaction. . . . And, by the way, one of the things about your letters which pleased your father especially is the address. I often see him showing it and challenging admiration for it. . . . I greatly miss the enjoyment of reading your letters with him. We have, since they began to come, read them together, and generally alone, and, sympathizing with you and with each other to the fullest, we have felt united over you to a wonderful degree. Always may you give as much joy and satisfaction to

our hearts as you have in the way you have improved the first two weeks of your stay in Europe.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, September, 21, 1871.

. . . The mail also brought me a letter from your father, written Sunday afternoon at Elizabeth, when he was wandering over coal-fields and thinking sadly of his mother.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, September 24, 1871.

. . . It is a week last Wednesday since your father went away, and I am beginning, as you may suppose, to long for his good company once more. He left Pittsburgh Friday evening, was in New York yesterday, and telegraphed me to write him to Parker House by last night's mail, so that I expect him home next Wednesday. He spent his time in Elizabeth going over coal-fields, but I do not yet know whether he purchased any more of that kind of property.

. . . He has succeeded in purchasing some more coal-land—only \$28,000 worth, however. Payments very easy. I expect him home Wednesday. . . . Gramp hopes to live to vote for Grant next President. Thinks Mr. Blaine will certainly be the next, but he shall not be here to vote for him; shall intercede for him in heaven, however.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

BOSTON, September 25, 1871.

I am thus far on my return from Pennsylvania, where I have been for ten days past.

I reached here at ten Saturday night.

Emmons had come up to meet me in the afternoon, and spent yesterday (Sunday) with me. We went to church in the Old South, and in the afternoon drove out to Uncle Jacob's. This morning at seven Emmons returned to Andover. He had received your letter from Edinburgh. I think he is studying very well this session, and seems really very much interested in Mr. Tilton—is growing rapidly. . . .

I hope you will get settled down to study in Paris at once. Be sure to get into a good family where you will hear no English and the best of French. Mr. Washburn will give you good advice, I am sure. I am writing very hastily, relying on your mother to give you all the details of news. . . .

Massachusetts is in a great ferment over the Butler nomination. The convention is at Worcester on Monday, and the result will probably be known to you before you receive this. I think Butler will be beaten, but others fear his nomination.

From Walker :

SEPTEMBER 27, 1871.

I cannot bear to think of missing the presidential election next fall. I want to be at home and stump the State like the man who stumped it with Daniel Webster — held the horse while the great Daniel harangued the audience from the buggy.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

AUGUSTA, September 28, 1871.

. . . The great event just now in the public mind is the defeat of Butler at Worcester yesterday. You know the Mr. Washburn who is nominated — one of the best of men. . . . Alice is making fine progress in her music.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, September 28, 1871.

Tuesday evening, just before eight, I got a telegram from your father saying that he was on the train due at that hour, and would expect to find George at the depot. . . . The night was stormy, and George had been dismissed till the next day. Of course there was not a bit of meat in the house. However, it was everything to have him coming home. Mary flew down the lane, and George's father came to the rescue and harnessed. A good supper was knocked up with the help of Mons, and at fifteen minutes past eight your dear dad was comfortably housed, sitting before a blazing fire in the back parlor. He had spent Monday night at Hamilton in company with the Stowes, having, of course, a most brilliant time, Harriet Beecher being in one of her most communicative, social moods. Emmons went back to Andover Monday morning early, looking, your father says, as well as he ever saw him in his life, and appearing like a good boy and a faithful scholar. He thinks he shall lay up on his allowance! One hundred dollars is due him already, though, of course, he has not paid his board.

AUGUSTA, October 5, 1871.

. . . In the library Mr. Sherman [Mr. Blaine's private secretary] is diligently at work, making an accurate list of committees, together with resignations and new members and the outs, — a very nice "job" indeed, — and I heard him tell your father yesterday he thought he had gone over the names, in his anxiety, some thirty times. In the nursery, Bedlam, under the generalship of Alice, has evidently broken loose. There are gathered J. and M. and Alice and Eliza, and as their leader stands in awe of no one, the liberty I permit soon becomes license. . . . Your dear father, I am happy to say, has gone out for a walk, and, as he turned his face down-townward, I am in hopes his admiring constituency will have the pleasure of seeing him! I think, perhaps, he never stood so high with them before. Certainly he never stood

higher. This morning I rode down town with Q. to get the darling some boots, also to canvass the field a little before making the change in his clothes. At half-past twelve, just as we were turning our faces homewards, your father hailed us from Mr. Hurder's saloon, to come over and have Q.'s picture taken. His dress was torn and his boots shabby, but I hope we got something that will at least remind you of the little brother. Your father also sat; and Alice, who came in on her way from school, wanted to, but it was too late. Your father has just interrupted me to read some letters about his recent coal purchases. He is immensely pleased. Finds that the M.'s were after the very property he has purchased. . . . Since I wrote you he has returned from Boston. He was there only one day, but in that time bought blankets and got my mended jewelry from Shreve & Stanwood, where it has been ever since you sailed, and had business interviews unsatisfactory and satisfactory with Warren Fisher and Mr. Hayes, and, to my great surprise, he got home on the four o'clock train yesterday afternoon, his beloved Kinglake ("Crimea") still accompanying him. . . . You see, Walker, I write you the most trivial details of our life. I go out but little, and even if I went more my narrative would still run on the same way. I wrote just such letters to your father when he was away as you are, and he said the very sight of the home names was a refreshment to him. . . . Mrs. Pike has inquired with the greatest interest for you. She thinks she never saw such children, meaning you, your brothers and sisters! Father has gone to —, loudly bewailing his sad fate in having to leave his pleasant fireside, his darling Q., and his sweet M. Mr. Sherman is waiting for this letter, and now nothing remains but for me to bid my dearest boy good-by. I send you no advice, for you know, better than I can tell you in words, the youth and man I wish you to be. God bless and keep you! Be sure to write about your financial matters, as the dada wishes to know.

From Hon. E. B. Washburn:

PARIS, October 5, 1871.

BLAINE: The great question which now agitates all circles in Paris — business, social, political, and diplomatic — is, whether or not "Blaine is sorry."

An early and a categorical answer "Yes" or "No" would lend to the quiet of Europe.

To Mr. Blaine from Hon. Horace Greeley:

NEW YORK, October 6, 1871.

. . . I would like to visit Bangor with your crowd, but I am chosen defendant in a libel suit which is to be tried the week of your festival. As I am seldom chosen anything, I feel obliged to accept.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, October 8, 1871.

. . . I get no line from you. A week yesterday morning since we heard from you. Your father sits in the parlor toasting his feet over the fire, a suspicious dampness having settled upon them in the garden, where he and Tom Sherman have been exercising or exorcising — which you like. I have just been saying to him, “Am I not better to thee than ten sons?” “Yes,” he says, “and if you were better than twenty, I still want the sons.” I thought he was uneasy about you, but he says he is not. Still, my dear boy, be particular to send off a letter, if of ever so few lines, by frequent mails. . . . Your father and Mr. Sherman are still desperately busy over the committees. It is part of the power of the Speaker, and, like everything else worth anything, is a rock of offence and a block of stumbling to many, though to others the chief corner-stone. . . . Friday he expects to go to Boston to participate in the honors paid the President, all of which he will see, and a part of which he, as he is himself the city's guest. Tuesday he expects simply to come through town with the President on his way to Bangor. The President stops, I believe, about twenty minutes only. He — your father — hates it, but I suppose it would not do for the President to come into Maine and the Speaker not be here to see him. Mr. Morrill gets rid of the whole thing by starting to Kansas to see May to-morrow.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

AUGUSTA, October 9, 1871.

We are eager to hear from you in Paris. . . . I still cling to the belief that Paris is your place, but you must confine yourself to French society and not allow yourself to be much in the American colony. I do not wish you to overstudy or too closely confine yourself, but I am very anxious for you to acquire French and study Paris in all its moods and tenses, by your American eyes.

I am now in the very midst of the troubles and perplexities of making up my committees, and a most vexatious job I find it. The resignation of Burton O. Cooke, of Illinois, and the nomination of Mr. Washburn for governor of Massachusetts, throw two important chairmanships into my hands — District of Columbia and Claims. . . .

I close this just as Mr. Homan comes sauntering in for an evening call.

From General Sherman :

WASHINGTON, October 13, 1871.

DEAR BLAINE: I am just back from St. Louis and Lancaster, and find your letter of the 5th, and the official invitation to assist in the ceremonies of opening the European and North American Railroad. Of course I wish I could come, but there is a reason which you can better understand

than any man living, and yet which I ought not to submit to a corporate body. Mr. Ewing's life is now flickering in its socket, so that any moment the dread notice may come. I took Ellen out last week, and he seemed so utterly feeble that she could not venture with me to the St. Louis fair, and I left her at Lancaster. On my return there on Tuesday last he was better, and we came home yesterday, leaving him in this uncertain condition. Just as we started we learned that his old faithful physician, Dr. Roustler, had fallen dead, and we dared hardly reveal the whole truth, though he read it in our acts. I beg you will, then, aid me in explaining to the good people of Bangor that, however anxious I may be to be present on the 17th, I am restrained by private reasons that are overwhelming. Of course I will answer the president of the company in general terms.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, October 14, 1871.

. . . Your father goes to Boston to-day at twelve M. to meet the President. He stops at the St. James, and has written Emmons to meet him there this evening. I have had a letter from him this morning full of the Chicago calamity. He was so full of Chicago he would think of nothing else.

M. and Q. are playing on the sofa. The latter has been trying all the morning for a cat. I heard him before breakfast on the porch calling to George to go out and find him a cat. There are so many on the premises that they go out very much as one would hunt an elephant in Africa. Sure enough, he came in a few minutes ago hugging up a very fair specimen of the feline race. This is a specimen of M.'s manœuvring to get the kitten: "Oh, Q., you be the mother, and play that you are out shopping to buy something for the baby's birthday, a little gold chain or something. I'll be the nurse and stay at home and take care of the baby. Here, darling, come to nurse," and Q., overpowered by the argument, surrenders, and M. sits on the sofa, fondling and enjoying to her heart's content.

I do not know how much you may have seen of the Chicago fire. All the prominent newspaper accounts, doubtless. There never was, and God grant there never may be, anything like it. Perhaps you know that your father has been very much urged to buy in Chicago lands, and when he was in Boston to see you off, a gentleman from C., engaged in real-estate business in that city, was at the Parker House, pushing the matter very hard. I supposed that your father had invested a good many thousands, but it seems his lucky star is still in the ascendant, for when in Pennsylvania lately he decided to use all his money in coal-lands, and sent back there all the papers, bonds, etc., connected with this business. . . .

Think of the winter which is before those crowds of people! Any quantity of work, but no shelter. In five years, your father thinks less, Chicago will be rebuilt. . . . I suppose Mons and he are to-day at the St. James. Sunday the President comes to Bangor, stops here about twenty minutes. I shall go to the depot and get a passing word with

your dear daddy, who is to keep with the President till Friday I have heard from your father this afternoon. He reached Boston at 8.30 Saturday evening. Found Emmons and an alderman waiting for him. Saw the President, the P.M., Mrs. Grant and Nellie, and the boy. Breakfasted with them. Then went to Dr. Putnam's church, Roxbury. Emmons and the Grant boy went with Collector Russell, to attend service on the school-ship. . . . To-morrow they come to Maine. I expect to go to the depot to see your father, but he has to keep on to Bangor, not returning till Friday. . . . Aunt C. is down spending the evening. She has copied nearly all your letters into a book. Alice thinks it will be so interesting to Walker's children and children's children to read them. . . . Emmons is in distress for your Greek lexicon. He is so economical now that he hates to buy a new one.

OCTOBER 19.

. . . Father is in Bangor, accompanying the President. I took M. and Q. and rode as near the depot as I dared Tuesday afternoon. There was a great crowd. I did not see him, as I sat high up the hill in the carriage; neither did I see the other dignitaries who were present, but I saw, best of all, your father, who, as soon as he had introduced the President to Mayor Evelyn, hunted us up and spent a delightful quarter of an hour at the carriage. . . . I think, from the newspaper accounts, that the whole celebration at Bangor must be a great success. Your father told me that he dined at Mr. Hooper's Sunday evening with Agassiz, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and other savans. Enjoyed it extremely. . . . We were fearfully disappointed not to receive a letter from you. Your father could not believe that I had none for him. . . . You cannot tell how anxious it makes me not to hear.

OCTOBER 23.

. . . Your father sits here at the table toiling away over his committees. Hard, hard work. As fast as he gets them arranged, just so fast some after-consideration comes up which disarranges not one, but many, and over topples the whole row of bricks. It is a matter in which no one can help him. . . . The door-bell has been ringing the whole morning, your father seeing not one in twenty who call. Yesterday Newman Smyth preached for us. I went out with your father and Alice in the morning, your father also in the evening. In the afternoon he took the three home children and went up on the knoll. . . . Saturday was made memorable by the arrival of your first Paris letter. You cannot think how anxious we were to hear. As I told you in my last, your father could not believe that I had not a letter for him when I met him Tuesday. Still he would not permit me to express the least anxiety, but when he came Friday afternoon, and still no letter, he could not quite conceal his own anxiety. Of course, we calculated for the despatch bag, and should have allowed for one day more before quite giving up, but when I came out of my room at the ringing of the breakfast-bell Saturday morning, I

was greeted by the joyful words, "A letter of the longest kind from Walker." Down we sat at the table, and while I poured coffee and tea and otherwise waited on the children, your father read. Then when he had read about half, I took the manuscript and read out while he ate his breakfast. With thankful hearts, we read of your getting to Paris and among friends. Now I shall feel entirely different from what I have while you were in London, isolated. We like your arrangement about school very much. Of course, it is an experiment, but I hope it will work satisfactorily. At any rate, you will not fail to master French. Friday morning I had a telegram from your father, saying that he would not be at home till afternoon. He had left Bangor the night before with the President, and gone through to Portland. Then, after a wearisome barouche procession, at one o'clock he took leave of His Excellency and set his face homewards, and here he now is, and here he expects to stay for at least a week. I suppose there never was anything like the time they had in Bangor. The speeches were good as they could be. Underlying the speeches was the best of feeling. Hospitality flowed like a river, and not an untoward circumstance marred the perfect whole. Your father stopped with Mr. Hamlin, and was obliged to borrow his host's dress coat to wear to the dinner and reception. Don't you think he must have looked funny? As Hannibal never wears coats of any other cut, of course he had one in reserve for himself.

. . . Your father is waiting to take my letter to the post-office, so I must say good-night to my dear boy. I long to see you. No words can express how much. I have every confidence that you will not abuse your father's indulgence, and if you make any mistakes, be sure to write me or him all about it. Do not be afraid, under any circumstances, of giving us your fullest confidence. When your father was in Bangor he saw a great deal of Rear-Admiral Alden. He sails very soon for Europe. Takes out General Sherman. His ship is the "Wabash," the flagship of the European squadron. He has invited you to go with him, but your father felt obliged to decline, because he wants you to improve your stay in Paris by the acquisition of French.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, October 24, 1871.

Your mother and I observed with much concern and no little pain that after you returned to London your letters seemed a little low-spirited. You did not go anywhere and seemed all tired of London. . . . There seemed a perfect cessation of interest. . . . I shall, of course, expect the most absolute frankness from you, with a very full explanation of the cause of your low spirits after you return. . . .

And here let me caution you in regard to loaning money. You must not do it. Your letter of credit is to supply your own wants, not to enable you to loan money to others.¹ . . . But don't let it prey on your

¹ Mr. Blaine's conjecture was right. Walker had loaned a large sum, but it was to a friend and was duly returned.

spirits. Be cheerful, enjoy yourself, and acquire French as rapidly as you can; and, above all, do not in any event suffer yourself to be led astray. Do not permit yourself to do anything which you would blush to confess to your mother or to me.

I do not wish you to feel if you have loaned money that I blame you too harshly. You will understand that I write in the deepest and tenderest affection for you. You are the very apple of my eye, and anything wrong with you goes to the very core of my heart.

Now, if you have had any sort of mishap or trouble that you do not wish to write about in your home letters, write me a private note to the Parker House, Boston, marking, "To be called for." As I shall be in Boston every few days in November (D.V.), I shall easily get it without observation.

Your frankness towards me must be equal to my affection for you.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, October 26, 1871.

. . . So long as there is perfect and absolute frankness between us, I feel at ease in regard to you; but where concealment begins, trouble begins. . . . We stripped the house yesterday of every spare piece of clothing for the Wisconsin and Michigan sufferers, so while you are enjoying yourself in Paris this winter, your pleasure will not be decreased by knowing that your former clothing is warming the backs of some destitute lads on the shores of the North-western Lakes.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, October 30, 1871.

We are about to have postal cars now through here all the way to St. John, and as soon as the European and North American road is finished to Halifax (May, 1872), they expect to send the foreign mails that way, expecting to gain fully thirty-six to forty-eight hours in the regular transmission of letters between Boston and London, and at least twenty-four between New York and London. Boston letters have now all to go to New York. The gain from here would be still greater.

. . . I was busy all day yesterday with a special agent of the Post-Office Department, and with the railroad authorities, in arranging postal cars from Boston to St. John, to begin November 13. . . . You must not get the impression that my resources are very large. They are not. I have all the time to plan, to calculate, and to provide for my large expenditures, and while I wish my children to enjoy themselves and not feel pinched, I wish them at the same time to be prudent and careful, and in any and every event to be free and unreserved with me in all their acts and deeds.

(Enclosing photograph.) AUGUSTA, November 7, 1871.

This is Q.—just as he was caught upon the street about four weeks since. He is a great driver. To-day I was out exercising in the back yard, and, looking up on the top of the portico, found the rogue quietly sitting there. He had crawled out from the gallery, and did not seem to know that he was out of place at all. Alice is having her face taken, and will send you soon. I enclose a letter to you which she was busy writing a few days ago.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, November 12, 1871.

. . . Father left for New York Wednesday. I could hardly let him go. I needed his reviving society so much. But he had wool and cotton manufacturers to meet in Boston, dinners, breakfasts, and lunches, all or some, to give and take in New York, and, over and above all, pressures, to resist or permit, of Congressional committees. He had to go, but felt that my desire to keep him was all right and natural; so, with a man's appreciation of a woman's nature, he promised to buy silk dresses for M. and Alice, to say nothing of half a dozen for myself. When I look at the bed and the little heap of flannel on it, laces, silks, feathers, and gew-gaws of every description resolve themselves into preposterousness; but your father is strong of will, and I am weak, and he is determined that I shall be in society this winter, and I know I shall. . . . Since he left, I have heard from him several times. Every one pleasant and pleased to see him, but he says, after his own bright fireside, inexpressibly dull to him.

. . . Your father will be delighted to find that you are getting under headway in French. Let nothing keep you from earnest application. Oh, how fond I was of study when I was your age! I never had any gift at writing. In this deficiency I am sorry to see that Emmons is my own child. He writes me little—short, unsatisfactory letters usually, mostly taken up in acknowledging the arrival of my own, and ending always one way. According to his own story he is a perfect Mussulman for prayers—the evening bell invariably calling him away from his letter. . . . Greatly to your father's discomfort, I cannot go on till after the holidays. On this I take my stand, and he has to submit. He will sleep in the house, have a servant or two, and take his meals at Wormley's, and the *ménage* will open with the New Year. . . .

Have just had the pleasure of reading two letters from your father, one written yesterday afternoon, the other in the evening. . . . He had been to see "Lord Dundreary" by the same actor you saw in London. Said it seemed to bring you very near. Was exceedingly anxious to get your letter. I sent it to him by the early mail of the morning. The children have been out all the afternoon making a snowman. For anything of this kind Alice is really artistic, and this afternoon she has surpassed herself.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

AUGUSTA, November 18, 1871.

I returned from New York yesterday after a week's absence. I came from Boston via Andover, and having telegraphed Emmons he met me at Wilmington Junction and rode to Lawrence; distance, nine miles; time, twenty minutes. He is well and seems to be studying well. . . .

Russell Jones, our Minister at Brussels, I know very well. He is a very clever gentleman. But I would rather have you adhere closely to your studies than to do any writing just now.

Do not study German to the neglect of French. I would far rather have you push the latter with all energy, so that you can speedily begin to read history, geography, etc. I do not, however, object to German if your teacher thinks it will not interfere with your French. Study six hours a day faithfully, take plenty of exercise, and enjoy yourself in every reasonable and proper way.

I am glad you are so much at Mr. Washburn's, but do not go more than seems to you proper. In other words, do not wear out your welcome. I must trust to your discretion, of course, in this as in most other things.

From Mr. Washburn :

PARIS, November 21, 1871.

DEAR BLAINE: Mr. Elliot C. Cowden, of New York, but who lives here more than half the time, a most excellent, intelligent, agreeable, hospitable man, and one of my most highly esteemed friends, leaves to-morrow for home. He knows all about Walker, and can tell you what a nice boy he is and how well he is getting along. He will visit Washington, and I want you to go with him and see the President, as he can tell him, as well as yourself, all about us. . . . Among other things, please introduce him to Butler, as I want him to find out Butler's authority for declaring that "Blaine was sorry."

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, November 26, 1871.

. . . Down-stairs Mr. Sherman is trying to put some final touches to the copying of the committees. Alas! If final touches are not soon put to them, I am afraid your father will give out entirely. . . . To-morrow he leaves for Washington, getting there Thursday or Friday. He made his usual preparation last night by having up a barber at the house. The door-bell was ringing continuously, and people calling on him all the time, so after the tonsorial professor had been introduced to my room, and a large linen spread down for the protection of the carpet, Emmons sat down. His hair had been cut quite lately in Boston, but it certainly needed clipping, and then Mons was not averse to saving one fee! When he was through, we put Q. into his high chair. The pretty little fellow would not permit himself even to wink. When his head was cropped, we had

up father. It is a work of art now to cut his hair and leave at the same time enough on the head. Happily, however, this desirable end was achieved and at ten Monsieur took his leave. . . . Emmons' report came by the morning's mail, and is, I believe, quite satisfactory. What did not come, and what your father, Alice, Emmons, and I were all watching for at the window a full half hour before Harry Brown came along, was a blue enveloped letter from you. Your father would allow no one to go to the door for it but himself; but alas! though there was a very bright letter from G., a racy one from Horace White, and a gossipy one from Joe Manley, who had ridden over a Western railroad with Colfax and had interviewed him, there was nothing from across the water. The detention by the despatch bag is sometimes very much longer than it should be. Your father is particularly anxious for this letter, as he thinks it must answer his.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, November 29, 1871.

This morning, to my great delight, — for I had given up expecting anything from the "Scotia," — your two letters in reply to your father's turned up. I at once telegraphed him to the Parker House. His anxiety I knew was great, and he could not get your letter till he reached Washington. He will be so pleased at his own shrewd guessing that he will not be very severe on you. Your letters were admirable. I never had a fear that you had done anything wrong. You made a great mistake in not writing about it.

. . . I have had three letters from your father to-day, all of course written yesterday — in the afternoon, after tea, and at bed-time. . . . I am sorry to say that Mr. Fisher seems to be fast losing in the esteem of all good men. Every new discovery your father makes only seems to show a baseness still deeper. Will he ever reach the bottom of his treachery towards him? . . . Emmons has been skating all day. Fun for him, but hard for the horse, as he rides to his pleasure ground, blankets poor old Prince, and comes home only when he is hungry. I expect he takes girls, as he has the best carriage. He is so kind and pleasant, so bright and gay, I can refuse him nothing. I make a very poor mother.

To Mr. Blaine from Walker :

PARIS, November 17, 1871.

. . . I am sorry that, in the very first of the whole matter, I did not write you fully and openly. I did intend and wish to have the most perfect frankness. I am studying very hard now, much harder and better than I have ever done before, and were it not that I fear you may be a little displeased with me, should be in every way perfectly happy. I trust that I have given full explanation of everything in my former letter.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

WASHINGTON, December 8, 1871.

. . . You will have seen before this all about my committees in the New York papers.

I am keeping bachelor's hall — none of the family being with me. . . . They will come on after the holidays. It seems lonely to be here by myself after such pleasant and lively times as I have had for the past two winters. We expect, however, to take a recess on the 21st till after New Year's, and you may depend I will promptly report in Augusta.

. . . Your expressions of confidence and affection are very grateful to me. A child can scarcely know or appreciate the deep love and solicitude of a parent. Your welfare and success in life are objects of daily care, and I trust of daily prayer, with me. You are my pride and my hope, and if anything should go wrong with you I think it would kill me. But I have the greatest confidence in you. My sending you to Europe was surely a great proof of this at your tender age — trusting you all alone. There are few boys at sixteen whom I would so trust. . .

To Mr. Blaine :

AUGUSTA, December 11, 1871.

. . . Professor Barbour has been down to see me this afternoon, really overflowing with congratulations on your most happy selection of committees. Says he shall tell you to cut off the tail of a dog. When Alcibiades did so many fine things that he was afraid of being forced into some great office, he cut off the tail of a dog to show that he could do a foolish deed.

Mr. Blaine to Walker :

WASHINGTON, December 11, 1871.

. . . I fully understand and appreciate your desire to remain at your studies during the winter, and not go off travelling. As I said before, I leave this wholly to your own judgment, though at your age I, of course, consider the acquisition of the languages the most important. Rome and all Italy "will keep for a future tour," but your golden opportunity to acquire French may never again recur with such favoring auspices and circumstances. I do not wish you in any way to stint yourself in attending the innocent amusements of Paris — theatres, operas, etc., leaving you to be the judge of what is proper to expend of time and money in that direction.

They are improving Washington very rapidly and very greatly, — and I think extravagantly, — expending \$4,000,000 on the streets and squares, raising the money by sale of city bonds, and heaping up taxes for the future.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

DECEMBER 15, 1871.

. . . I have by same mail with yours a letter from Madame Heidler, speaking in very kind and flattering terms of your progress and your behavior. This is, of course, very gratifying to me, and will be so to your mother when she receives it.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, December 28, 1871.

After getting off your letter Monday evening, I turned my attention to your father's toilet. I do not know whether or not I wrote you that we were invited to the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and that just at the time when I was rejoicing in the thought of wearing some of my finery in Augusta, it came out that your father had no clothes at home, excepting those in which he was then standing, a roughish suit a year old. What Chicago had not swallowed up had gone to Washington. We were both full of chagrin, as you may believe. The father took a candle and made search in the trunk-room, but nothing came of it but two gaiters, and even those were not alike. To match the gaiters, I myself went westward and returned triumphant, bringing on my arm a pair of black trousers not too much the worse for wear, a swallow-tail coat, very much of a swallow too, made in Paris when your father was in Europe, — lavender gloves, almost new, turned up in the pockets; in short, every essential of a first-class society dress was drummed up from one quarter or another, with the single exception of a white cravat, and at nine o'clock behold us in the narrow sleigh, with George for postilion, *en route*. You never saw any one so pleased as was your father with his dress. When I went down into the parlor, on my way to the sleigh, I found all the burners lighted, while he turned himself about and about, admiring old clothes as good as new. As good? A thousand times better in his eyes! Of the wedding, there was a table loaded with presents, a handsome supper, a poem by Madame Dillingham, read by Mr. Beach, and sung to the tune of "Auld lang syne," the house trimmed with Christmas greens, the whole Williams clan, and, last, a dance, the chorus jig, led off by Mrs. Fuller and Arthur Edwards' grandfather. Emmons was invited, but preferred to spend his evening with the W. girls; he told George he might stay in the kitchen and he would drive over for us. When he rang the bell Aunt H. came to the door, so, of course, Mons had to go in Emmons got off Sunday noon. We have not heard from him since his arrival at Andover, for Emmons, though a very good talker, holds a more cramped pen than even I do. Father wrote to Mr. Tilton, telling him that he, and he alone, was to blame for the delay in Mons' return.

XII.

CREDIT MOBILIER.

AS the presidential election of 1872 drew on, discontent with the administration became, if not very deep, very demonstrative. Early in the year a group of the leading malcontents came to Washington and held conference with Mr. Blaine regarding the situation. At a dinner in his house there was a full, frank, and confidential consultation. They desired and proposed to organize a movement antagonistic to the President, with Mr. Blaine — tentatively — at its head as candidate for the succession.

He had disagreed often enough with the President to be supposed ready for organized opposition.

In the ensuing campaign it was publicly reported, to offset his advocacy of President Grant, that he had said, "The only way to have a good, square talk with the President was to get him behind a pair of horses that he liked to drive," and that on another occasion, leaving the President after a long interview, he had exclaimed that Grant had no more sense than a horse. It is true that he was often impatient with the President's views, or lack of views, and occasionally intolerant of his methods, as might well be with a President who had served his administrative apprenticeship at the head of the army; but Mr. Blaine held steadfastly an underlying respect for his character, for his patriotism, for his achievements, and for his standing with the people. Occasional disapproval or disagreement is a far step from declaration of war. He not only declined to join the movement, but tried to convince its advocates of its undesirableness and its futility — in vain. They left him regretfully, assuring him that they left him behind, and that he had made the mistake of his life in rejecting the opportunity for reform and promotion.

Reform was the watchword, investigation the weapon of the new party. Every leader in every governmental department seemed to be set alight for his honor. A dozen investigations were dragging their slow and sometimes slimy length across the boards at the same time. The Democratic party, despairing of success on a question of principle, was only too glad to join the Reform party—or the Liberal Republican party, as it otherwise called itself—on a question of personal character. The Japanese embassy under Iwakura came over to meet Arinori Mori and to study the institutions of the Republic, and was received with welcome and much rejoicing. The arbitration of the Alabama claims, a distinct advance in the world's progress, had gone so far as to sign the Treaty of Washington May 8, 1871, to ratify it June 11, and to proclaim it July 4. Every intelligent American citizen and Christian was watching the outcome. The Chinese Commission was here to inspect our educational systems, the young Prince of Russia, supposed to be on pleasure bent, was struggling through the country as best he could under the weight of Catacazy, and Gilmore was singing his international love-songs in the Boston Coliseum against all the winds of Heaven and the breezes of criticism. The American people looked and listened, but the Juggernaut of investigation went steadily on.

The Southern Rebel saw the Northern Abolitionist opening for him the path of preferment through the gateway of scandal, and the old foes became firm allies. It was Grant, they proclaimed, who was blocking the wheels of Reform, and Grant must be gotten rid of. A feeble blast was blown on the "one term" bugle, but it had small summoning power. "One term" had never been an urgent question, and the people could not be made to bring it to an issue on the man who had been most conspicuous in saving the nation from destruction. General Banks attempted to bring forward a term of six years. Mr. Blaine, if there was to be a change, favored a term of two years, to diminish rather than by a longer term to increase, the strain of presidential election; but there was no vitality in the question, and it was never fairly launched. Mr. Sumner, not without reason for his resentments, forgot his Civil Rights Bill, for which he had persist-

ently and heroically labored, and publicly and formally joined hands with the men who had secured its defeat. Mr. Blaine at once wrote him a public letter of remonstrance :

JULY 31, 1872.

Your letter of July 29 has created profound pain among your former political friends throughout New England. Your power to injure President Grant was exhausted in your remarkable speech in the Senate. Your power to injure yourself was not fully exercised until you announced an open alliance on your part with the Southern secessionists in their effort to destroy the Republican party.

I have but recently read with much interest the circumstantial and minute account given by you in the fourth volume of your works, of the manner in which you were struck down in the Senate Chamber in 1856, for defending the rights of the negro. The Democratic party throughout the South and, according to your own showing, to some extent in the North also, approved the assault upon you. Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, openly announced his approval of it in the Senate ; and Jefferson Davis, four months after its occurrence, wrote a letter to South Carolina in fulsome eulogy of Mr. Brooks for having so nearly taken your life. It is safe to say that every man in the South who rejoiced over the attempt to murder you was afterwards found in the Rebel conspiracy to murder the nation. It is still safer to say that every one of them who survives is to-day your fellow-laborer in support of Horace Greeley. He would have been a rash prophet who in that day would have predicted your fast alliance sixteen years after with Messrs. Toombs and Davis in their efforts to reinstate their party in power. In all the strange mutations of American politics, nothing so marvellous has ever occurred as the fellowship of Robert Toombs, Jefferson Davis, and Charles Sumner, in a joint effort to drive the Republican party from power, and hand over the Government to the political control of those who so recently sought to destroy it.

It is of no avail for you to take refuge behind the Republican record of Horace Greeley. Conceding for the sake of argument (as I do not in fact believe) that Horace Greeley would remain firm in his Republican principles, he would be powerless against the Congress that would come into power with him in case of his election. We have had a recent and striking illustration, in the case of Andrew Johnson, of the inability of the President to enforce a policy or even a measure against the will of Congress. What more power would there be in Horace Greeley to enforce a Republican policy against a Democratic Congress than there was in Andrew Johnson to enforce a Democratic policy against a Republican Congress. And besides, Horace Greeley has already in his letter of acceptance taken ground practically against the Republican doctrine so often enforced by yourself of the duty of the National Government to secure the rights of every citizen to protection of life, person, and property. In Mr. Greeley's letter, accepting the Cincinnati nomination, he pleases every Ku-Klux villain in the South

by his slogan about "local self-government," and his inveighing, in Rebel parlance, against "centralization."

You cannot forget, Mr. Sumner, how often, during the late session of Congress, you conferred with me in regard to the possibility of having your Civil Rights Bill passed by the House. It was introduced by your personal friend, Mr. Hooper, and nothing prevented its passage by the House, except the rancorous and factious hostility of the Democratic members. If I have correctly examined the Globe, the Democratic members on seventeen different occasions resisted the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, by the parliamentary process known as filibustering. They would not even allow it to come to a vote.

Two intelligent colored members from South Carolina, Elliott and Rainey, begged of the Democratic side of the House merely to allow the Civil Rights Bill to be voted on, and they were answered with a denial so absolute that it amounted to a scornful jeer at the rights of the colored man. And now you lend your voice and influence to the reelection of these Democratic members who are coöperating with you in the support of Mr. Greeley. Do you not know, and will you not, as a candid man, acknowledge that with these men in power in Congress the rights of the colored man are absolutely sacrificed, so far as these rights depend on federal legislation?

Still further, the rights of the colored men in this country are secured, if secured at all, by the three great constitutional amendments, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth. To give these amendments scope and effect legislation by Congress is imperatively required, as you have so often and so eloquently demonstrated. But the Democratic party are on record in the most conspicuous manner against any legislation on the subject. It was only in the month of February last that my colleague, Mr. Peters, offered a resolution in the House of Representatives, affirming the "validity of the Constitutional Amendments, and of such *reasonable* legislation of Congress as may be *necessary* to make them in their letter and spirit most effectual." This resolution, very mild and guarded as you will see, was adopted by 124 yeas to 58 nays. Only *eight* of the yeas were Democrats. *All the nays* were Democrats. . . .

It is idle to affirm, as some Democrats did, in a resolution offered by Mr. Brooks, of New York, that "these amendments are valid parts of the Constitution," so long as the same men on the same day vote that these provisions of those amendments should not be enforced by Congressional legislation. The amendments are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to the colored man, until Congress makes them effective and practical. Nay, more; if the rights of the colored man are to be left to the legislation of the Southern States, without Congressional intervention, he would, under a Democratic administration, be deprived of the right of suffrage in less than two years, and he would be very lucky if he escaped some form of chattel slavery or peonage. And in proof of this adage I might quote volumes of reasons and wisdom from the speeches of Charles Sumner.

Your argument that Horace Greeley does not become a Democrat by

receiving Democratic votes, proving it by the analogy of your own election to the Senate, is hardly candid. The point is not what Mr. Greeley will become, but what will be the complexion of the great legislative branch of the Government, with all its vast and controlling power? You know very well, Mr. Sumner, that if Mr. Greeley is elected President, Congress is handed over to the control of the men who have persistently denied the rights of the black man. What course you will personally pursue toward the colored man is of small consequence, after you have transferred the power of the government to his enemy.

The colored men of this country are not as a class enlightened, but they have wonderful instincts, and when they read your letter they will know that at a crisis in their fate, you deserted them. Charles Sumner, coöperating with Jefferson Davis, is not the same Charles Sumner they have hitherto idolized, any more than Horace Greeley, cheered to the echo in Tammany Hall, is the same Horace Greeley whom the Republicans have hitherto trusted. The black men of the country will never be ungrateful for what you have done for them in the past, nor in the bitterness of their hearts will they ever forget that, heated and blinded by personal hatred of one man, you turned your back on the rights of the millions to whom in past years you have stood as a shield. . . .

Mr. Sumner replied, defending his course in the interests of harmony and reconciliation. But Horace Greeley, Apostle of Freedom, Tribune of the People, found Mr. Blaine's letter "pretentious" and worse; marvelled that this "superserviceable henchman" should "rush in unbidden" to the presence of Senator Sumner; thought it kind in Mr. Sumner "to take any notice of his small antagonist," and avowed that "if Mr. Speaker Blaine is not fairly extinguished by Senator Sumner's rejoinder we despair of ever seeing this pertinacious young man put down."

The presidential conventions began in May. Mr. Greeley declined to attend the Republican convention at Philadelphia because he found no trustworthy assurances of Reform, and he signed a call for an earlier convention at Cincinnati of Reunion and Reform Associations, by which convention he was himself nominated for the presidency. The Republican convention was warned that there was nothing for it to do at Philadelphia but throw Grant overboard, yet the Republican convention in June nominated Grant without opposition, almost without effort; after which the country was told that the biggest thing before it was The Honest Men against The Thieves, and "Republican venality and rapacity" became a battle-cry with men who had fought bravely in the fore-front of the Republican

ranks. The Democratic convention met at Baltimore on the ninth of July and accepted and strove to assimilate both Reform platform and candidate. I believe there was also a "Straight" Democratic convention at Louisville, Ky., which nominated John Quincy Adams for the presidency; and a Labor Reform party, with its convention and candidate at Columbus, Ohio.

Then union and harmony shrieked from every raucous throat. "The New York Tribune," powerful with Horace Greeley's goodness and genius, proclaimed that party lines were everywhere rapidly disappearing; that the Republican party was rent asunder. Sumner and Greeley and Chase on one side, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison on the other, seemed to justify the statement. The colored people, bewildered by the fight of the giants who had been their leaders, besought Whittier's counsel. The gentle Quaker, pained to the heart by strife between friends equally dear, bade his questioners to follow logic and conscience, but not prejudice or passion. He saw no reason, he told them, why they should not vote for Grant, but they need not on that account condemn Sumner who had valiantly upheld their cause. They might vote for Greeley, but might not on that account strike down Phillips and Garrison, their friends.

As early as July Mr. Blaine marked out an honorable course towards Mr. Greeley. In a speech at the Lincoln County, Maine, Republican Convention he said: "The Republicans will make no attack on the personal character of Mr. Greeley, for they know nothing against him. He enjoyed Republican confidence and admiration in an extraordinary degree until he showed a willingness to become identified with a party which, according to his own repeated declarations, has made an unpatriotic and mischievous record since 1860, and is unworthy to be trusted on a single question of interest and importance to the people of the United States. Let it be the only indictment against Mr. Greeley that he has consented to stand as the candidate and representative of that party."

But from the beginning the Greeley party not only recognized in Mr. Blaine a formidable foe, but seemed to regard him with the bitterness due to a recusant, and directed against him its fiercest fire, which was too often a foul fire. The "Tribune" carried the

war into Maine and depicted Mr. Blaine as no powerful opponent, but one hard pressed to save himself from defeat. Its columns harbored the prediction that he would not have his usual elegant leisure to do general missionary work as heretofore. Maine was "in a state of general uprising against him." There was to be a "continuation of the history whose first pages were written in the Conkling-Fry conflict." The prophets of evil admitted, in the very act of crushing him, that he was a "brilliant politician." "No man can better wield the elements. He is bold, aggressive, dangerous."

As time went on, Mr. Blaine's prospects grew, in the estimation of the Reform candidate, more and more desperate. His affairs assumed a very threatening aspect. It would not be strange if he should be defeated for Congress by a decided majority. Mr. Greeley bore his own standard into the enemy's camp, and was received at Augusta with great enthusiasm—and some of his advocates were entertained at Mr. Blaine's house! Sanguine Reformers avowed that Mr. Blaine's friends were moving heaven and earth to save him. They were paying a hundred dollars a vote, but he would have a large majority against him outside of his own county. Then the majority began to topple against him in his own county, and even while voting for him in his district they hated him for his despotic rule. It was impossible he should have more than 1,300 majority, all bought or frightened into his support. It was comfortably and "generally conceded that this is Blaine's last race, whatever may happen." Certainly, as the "Tribune" solaced itself withal, the situation was "looking bad for Blaine."

At the same time, and without any apparent perception of inconsistency, the same authority declared that Mr. Blaine "owned" his district. As the day of election drew near he "owned the State, and was more powerful than Hamlin and Morrill rolled into one." He had not only a general corruption fund, but was himself a millionaire, "though he had come into the State a carpet-bagger and an adventurer a few years ago, and had borrowed the money to make his first trip to Congress." The Reform party admitted that it had had in Maine "magnificent opportunity for a generalship *which was not forthcoming*," while Blaine's forces were "admirably organized with battalions

of speakers and tons of documents," as well as "unlimited money." "By an organized plan and an especial fund they brought home every voter. Incoming trains brought heavy freights from all quarters, and they will get out the last man."

With the sweeping charge of corruption and terrorization it is strange that even the writers should not have observed that their specifications were of not only innocent but highly praiseworthy and patriotic expenditures.

As early as July 6 Mr. Blaine's opinion was asked by the impartial news-gatherer. He answered quietly that he thought Maine would give its customary majority for Governor Perham!

Blaine men, on the eve of election, projected a majority of 14,000, but the Greeley men pronounced their data worthless. Yet, although the latter had early protested that Mr. Blaine's defeat would not only be a great relief to the subjugated voters of his district, but a greater relief to the country, the Blaine tide was coming in so deep and strong that towards the end of the contest they "would not be surprised if our enemies get not only all the doubtful votes, but many which are not now supposed to be doubtful."

At the Lincoln County Convention in July 27, Mr. Blaine had made a statement and a prophecy: "The opponents of President Grant adopt the most unwise of policies when they seek to make personal warfare upon him, to cast opprobrium upon him, to throw calumny and suspicion upon his good name. The strength of the President before the people is due not alone to his brilliant military achievements, but to that vigor and directness of character, that rugged personal integrity, which in every relation of life have distinguished him. . . .

"The result of the election will show that thousands of people in every loyal State, who perhaps differ from General Grant in certain views of public questions, will resent the imputations upon his character as a personal affront to themselves. The people of the United States feel profound gratitude to the President for his illustrious services to the Union during the war, and they will not hear him maligned and insulted . . . without hot resentment of the wrong."

As soon as the election returns were in Mr. Blaine telegraphed the result:

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, *Long Branch, New Jersey*:

We have carried the State for Governor Perham by more than fifteen thousand majority, a net gain of five thousand on last year's vote. We have carried every county in Maine, something we have achieved but once before. We have carried all the Congress districts, the closest by well-nigh two thousand majority. We have elected every Senator and chosen more than four-fifths of the House of Representatives. Our victory is complete and overwhelming at all points, and insures you more than twenty-five thousand majority in November.

Mr. Blaine himself had a majority in every one of the twenty-seven towns of his county, six of which were usually Democratic. His majority in his district was three thousand five hundred.

And the campaign poet gayly sang:

" Greeleyism is from this time dead :
Maine has knocked it on the head."

While the presidential contest was yet in its acute stages, the "Credit Mobilier" question was taken up by the Reform candidate and pushed to the front.

The Speaker and other leading members of Congress were charged with having accepted stocks of the Union Pacific Road as bribes from Hon. Oakes Ames, also a member of Congress.

After the great victory of the Maine election, a month before the national election, Mr. Greeley's paper declared roundly and definitely, "The Speaker is proved to have received thirty-two thousand five hundred shares of assessable stock of the Union Pacific Railroad, and two thousand unassessable shares of the same stock.

"Speaker Blaine is proved to have received allotments valued at \$1,625,000, and unassessed allotments valued at \$295,000, and two thousand shares more allotted but unassessed. The two latter lots were secured by Blaine for himself, while the thirty-two thousand five hundred shares were supposed to be for distribution among his supporters in helping to procure the passage of the bill." The question was repeatedly discussed in the editorial columns, "how he became a millionaire on a Congressman's pay." The "New York Tribune," founded and

edited by Horace Greeley, lowered to the level of declaring that "Blaine had no other business than his Congressional duties," and that he had apparently "lived up to his salary as a Congressman."

When this charge appeared definitely, Mr. Blaine was employing the elegant leisure which had been prohibited him by prophecy in doing the general missionary work which the Reformers had promised themselves would be impossible, owing to their own hard pressure against him. Before a great public assembly which he was addressing in Cleveland, Ohio, he made answer to the charge:

"In 1862, when the act passed, I had not taken my seat in Congress, I had not been elected to Congress, indeed I had not been even nominated for Congress. When the act to which the 'Tribune' refers became a law, I was member of the Maine Legislature and Speaker of the Lower House. I had no more to do with Congressional legislation than the fish-wardens and tide-waiters on the Kennebec river, and yet the 'Tribune' asserts and repeats that for my services and influence in Congress at the time I was a member of the Maine Legislature, I received nearly \$2,000,000 in stock of a great Erie road corporation.

"And now, gentlemen, if I were to stop here after demonstrating the utter absurdity of this charge, the 'Tribune' would come out coolly and say that Speaker Blaine had not denied it.

"Let me, then, deny it in the presence of this vast assemblage, and deny it in the most emphatic manner. Neither in 1862, nor in any subsequent year, did I ever receive or own, directly or indirectly, a single dollar of stock in the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railroad Company or any other division of the Pacific Railroad Company. Nor did I ever receive a dollar, directly or indirectly, from the sale of any stock of that company. In short, gentlemen, I stamp the whole story as not only false on its face, but absurd and ridiculous. But I do not expect to make a denial that will satisfy the 'Tribune.' A few weeks since, when the story was started, I published a card on the eve of the Maine election, saying I had never owned, directly or indirectly, through myself or through another, a single dollar of stock in the 'Credit Mobilier.' The 'New

York Tribune' pronounced this denial evasive and unsatisfactory, and said I did not deny that I had received dividends or profits therefrom. Any candid man, I think, could see that my card was intended to be exhaustive and to exclude all suppositions of ownership. Let me say now, however, that not only did I never own a share in the 'Credit Mobilier,' but I never received, directly or indirectly, a single penny therefrom, in any manner or shape whatever.

"But this mania for bearing false witness against your neighbor has seized Mr. Greeley personally, as well as the 'New York Tribune,' for I observe that in a recent speech in Pennsylvania he states that more than \$100,000 had been expended by the Republicans of Maine in the purchase of votes at the recent election. Now, in the very nature of things it would be impossible for Mr. Greeley to know that this was true, but I know it is absolutely untrue. I am Chairman of the State Committee, and on my order every dollar of the funds of that committee was disbursed, and from first to last we had in all, control of but little more than \$12,000, and I further assert that every dollar of this amount was expended either in payment of speakers, distribution of documents and papers, or the bringing home of absent voters. These accounts of the State committees are kept with rigid exactness, and the entire committee of sixteen men will testify to the truth of what I state."

Mr. Blaine was right in presuming that Mr. Greeley would not consider his denial satisfactory. With evil ingenuity, he argued that Mr. Blaine "might very well contrive to say of moneys received from Oakes Ames, that he never received them from the 'Credit Mobilier,'" and he "only provokes contempt by the effort to produce the impression that the administration only spent \$12,000 in the Maine canvass. There is hardly a politician in the State who will not regard this as a preposterous and grotesque caricature of the known admitted truth."

And he continued to iterate and reiterate the story of "Blaine's Credit Mobilier Funds," of "the men who bought up Blaine," and of "Mr. Blaine as a poor man in 1862, and in 1872 reckoned by his friends and neighbors in Augusta as a million-

aire, on his salary as a Congressman," and he even foreshadowed his conviction and expulsion from Congress.

On the 1st of October Mr. Blaine wrote to General Thomas Ewing from Cleveland, Ohio :

CLEVELAND, OHIO, October 1, 1872.

I send you herewith copies of the "New York Tribune" of September 28th and 30th, containing the remarkable statement that I received nearly \$2,000,000 of stock of the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, as a bribe to myself and other members of Congress for our aid in procuring the passage of the original act of incorporation in 1862. The charge is based, as you will see, on a certain paper made out in May, 1863, containing a list of contracts alleged to have been made by Col. J. C. Stone and yourself, as agents of the Leavenworth, Pawnee, & Western Railroad Company — afterwards changed into Union Pacific, Eastern Division. You and Colonel Stone are thus made sponsors of the charge preferred against me by the "New York Tribune."

The whole accusation is so entirely groundless, and withal so extraordinary, that it excites my curiosity rather than my indignation. As I never in my life even so much as saw a certificate of stock in the railroad company referred to, and never had a dollar's interest therein, I cannot imagine the origin of the story. Hence I write to you for some solution of the mystery. Colonel Stone I do not know personally, and do not think I ever saw. As I was not a member of Congress at the time the act referred to was passed, and had not even been nominated for Congress, the "Tribune" charge is, of course, absurd, but I should be glad to hear from you if there be any possible explanation of it.

The political line that separates us will not, I am sure, prevent your recognizing the claim I have upon your friendly candor, nor will it forbid my making public use of your reply should I deem it needful. . . .

LANCASTER, OHIO, October 7, 1872.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, *Speaker House Representatives* :

MY DEAR Sir: Your letter of the 1st inst., from Cleveland, was received by me yesterday on returning home after an absence of ten days. I had previously seen the "New York Tribunes" of 28th and 30th September, in which is published, with editorial comments, what purports to be a list (made by Gen. J. C. Stone, of Leavenworth, Kansas, dated May, 1863) of contracts alleged to have been made by him and myself jointly as officers of the Leavenworth, Pawnee, & Western Railroad Company (afterwards the Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, and now the Kansas Pacific) to procure the passage of the original Pacific Railroad law of 1862.

On this list your name is said to appear, first as the recipient of \$1,920,000 of the stock of that company, and a second time as the recipient of \$10,000 of the stock. And on the faith of these entries you are accused of having

taken a bribe to aid in procuring the passage of the law of 1862, and also of having acted as agent of the company in using a large part of its stock to corrupt other members of Congress.

So far as the charge imputes to you personal corruption in office, it is conclusively disproved by public records accessible to all, which show that you did not enter Congress for nearly a year and a half after the law referred to was passed. And as to the other branch of the charge, my general knowledge of the business of the company, and especially my intimacy with you, make it certain that you could not have had any contract with the company without my knowing the fact; and I unhesitatingly declare that you were not in any manner, or at any time, directly or indirectly, employed by the company, or in any way interested in its affairs as stockholder, agent, or otherwise, in any capacity whatever.

Your brother, J. E. Blaine, at that time Clerk of the District Court at Leavenworth, and one of the early settlers of Kansas, was the owner of \$10,000 of the stock of the Leavenworth, Pawnee, & Western Railroad Company, which, indeed, was held very generally among influential men of all parties along the line of the road in Kansas. But that was in 1861 or 1862 — and a considerable period before you were even nominated for your first term in Congress. Beyond that, there never was at any time the remotest interest in the company held by any of your family. The entry of \$1,920,000 of stock opposite the name of “Blaine” was therefore wholly a fiction or a blunder, and the grave imputations on your character and on that of the officers of the company are utterly groundless and without a shadow of justification.

I know nothing whatever of the list alleged to have been furnished by General Stone. It purports to have been prepared nearly a year after the act had been passed, long after I had entered the military service, and more than six months before you first took your seat in Congress. I am informed that General Stone is now in Europe. He will doubtless take occasion, when he learns of these charges, to speak for himself about them. So far as my knowledge of the affairs of the company goes, I deliberately assert that it never, by any of its officers, agents, or attorneys, made any contract, the proceeds of which there was good reason to believe were to be in any manner participated in by any member of Congress or other public officer.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS EWING, JR.

The “Tribune” strove to disguise its defeat under “A case of brothers.” But it was not a case of brothers. It was no case at all. Neither Speaker Blaine nor his brother J. E. Blaine had done what the “Tribune” alleged that Speaker Blaine was proved to have done; but the “Tribune” did admit that General Ewing’s explanation seemed entirely satisfactory and trust-

worthy. It took "pleasure, therefore, in withdrawing in the promptest and fullest manner the imputations upon Mr. Blaine," regarding his immense wealth from that source, but not those "equally damaging imputations put upon him by Oakes Ames and Colonel McComb."

The heaviest gun having thus been spiked, the *Credit Mobilier* cannonade against Mr. Blaine ceased, except when a few days before the election, in sullen response to Mr. Blaine's "repeating for the thirtieth or fortieth time old jokes about Dundreary," the equally old story of Mr. Blaine's "having no other occupation and living up to his salary" was repeated.

One can imagine how effectively Mr. Blaine would apply before great popular gatherings the Dundreary farce, "If you *had* a brother would he like cheese?"

The national election came and brought to Mr. Greeley overwhelming defeat, to President Grant triumphant reelection. For the twenty-five thousand majority which Mr. Blaine promised, Maine gave the President thirty thousand. New York, his own State, went heavily against Mr. Greeley. On November 5 the *Tribune* admitted that there was "scarcely a parallel to the completeness of the rout and the triumph." Every Northern State and several Southern States were in the Republican column.

Before the month of the election closed Mr. Greeley died. His friends and his opponents, many of whom were his warmest admirers, the men who had maligned him and the men whom he had maligned, stood shocked, sorrowful, silent, above his tragic grave. His successful rival, the President of the United States, grieved and hurt beyond words by the attacks of the campaign, paid the tribute of national respect at his funeral. The beloved poet Whittier, anguished by the dissensions which had shadowed the last days of the great editor, and now doubly anguished by his premature death, could rejoice only, but more significantly perhaps than he meant, that he had himself "been preserved from saying one word through partisan zeal or difference of opinion which could add bitterness to his life."

By his message, completed probably before Mr. Greeley's death, though read in Congress afterwards but before his

burial, the President showed how deeply the iron had entered his soul. Against the habit of his life he spoke of himself as the subject of "abuse and slander scarcely ever equalled in political history."

The "Tribune," loyal to its dead founder, suggested that "it would have been a most graceful act in the victor in that contest to have forgotten for a moment his petty griefs and laid on the grave of his dead rival a wreath of pleasant memories."

But to the soldier words were serious things. He could not comprehend the newspaper use of them as graceful gestures, or campaign methods, or even funereal wreaths. Neither could the newspaper understand that an honest man who uses words seriously cannot find himself branded as a thief without experiencing a grief that is in no sense petty. It was his victory which demonstrated that the President's grief was not petty,—not vexation over disappointment, but a moral and righteous resentment which no success could quench,—only forgiveness upon repentance.

The beauty and beneficence of his life is Mr. Greeley's noble legacy to his country; but the evil that men do, no less than the good, lives after them, however gladly we would close our eyes to the bitter harvest. Let it be remembered only that we may rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things.

The accused men had agreed to demand an investigation, and upon the reassembling of Congress, the Speaker called a Democrat to the chair, and, on the floor of the House, moved for the appointment of a Committee of Investigation by the Democratic Chairman *pro tem.*, upon the "Credit Mobilier" charges. The investigation developed that Mr. Blaine held none of the stock. He took care, however, to receive no false advantage from the exemption. While testifying that Mr. Ames had offered him the stock, and that he had declined it, he was explicit and emphatic in affirming also that he attributed no wrong to Mr. Ames in offering it, no credit to himself in refusing it, and, by implication, no fault to those who had accepted it.

"I beg to say," he testified, "in justice to Mr. Ames, but more especially in justice to myself, that it never once occurred to me

that he was trying to bribe me or in any way influence my vote or action as a representative. I understood him to say that he was the owner of more of the stock than he wished to carry, and was offering some of it to friends at cost and interest to him, a slight advance over par value. The amount offered me was very small and made little impression on my mind, indeed was well-nigh forgotten until recalled by the incidents which led to this investigation." Mr. Ames testified to the same effect, that Mr. Blaine never held any stock, or got any advantage from "Credit Mobilier," "except abuse on its account."

On the 8th of January, 1873, the "Tribune" made its final recession, and though cause and consequence, accident and design, are rather jumbled, the recession is sufficiently explicit:

"We have no hesitation in saying that the record of the Speaker in connection with this affair seems to be absolutely clear, and it is a great satisfaction to us to be able to say it — the greater since, from the accidental fact of his name heading McComb's list, he has had to bear the brunt of the general attack upon the whole business."

One of those men whose rôle in politics is, "Follow my leader," thought he saw a way to success where the "Tribune" had achieved a failure, and introduced a resolution for another investigation on a different line of road, in Iowa, and appeared before the Investigating Committee as prosecuting witness.

Mr. Blaine also appeared promptly before the Investigating Committee, and remarking that he saw Mr. Stevenson, who had introduced the resolution, present he would like Mr. Stevenson to state the facts on which he based his resolution.

"The resolution alleges so and so. I want something to speak to, and therefore request that Mr. Stevenson be sworn."

Mr. Stevenson was sworn, and affirmed that Mr. Oakes Ames informed him that certain members of the House, including Mr. Allison, Mr. Blaine, and others, were interested in this railroad.

MR. BLAINE. — Did you ever say to any one that you thought you had caught the Speaker?

MR. STEVENSON. — I don't remember.

SPEAKER BLAINE. — Did you have such a conversation with Senator Stevenson, of Kentucky?

Mr. STEVENSON. — I don't remember. I had a conversation with him on the subject.

Speaker BLAINE. — And you said, "I have caught the Speaker?"

Mr. STEVENSON. — Not in that rough way. I may have mentioned that I had something that would implicate the Speaker in land grants.

Speaker BLAINE. — Do you think your controlling motive was the public good, or to catch the Speaker?

Mr. STEVENSON. — My object was to catch the Speaker, if he was involved in this road, and I said further, that if the Speaker of the House was engaged in such transactions, it was equal to dealing in "Credit Mobilier" stock.

Naturally, with the accused investigating and cross-examining the accuser, the investigation developed into a farce, and the crowded committee-room became the scene of almost tumultuous amusement. Mr. Blaine at length gave the true and unimportant story of his connection with the road, though protesting that he was not under the smallest obligation to do so.

"The Iowa Falls and Sioux City Road never received an acre of land by a direct act of Congress. The State of Iowa gave to the company the remnant of the old land grant to the State in 1856. The road was built by a contracting company entirely for cash. In this contracting company my particular and highly valued friends, Messrs. A. & P. Coburn, the wealthiest men in Maine, and as good men as ever lived, took \$200,000 of stock, and paid their assessments in hard cash. . . . The road was finished to the last rail and spike, by the payment of cash down. . . . In January last, just a year ago, in settling up some business with the Messrs. Coburn, I took from them a quantity of the stock of this road, for which I paid about sixty in cash. That was the first of my ownership in the road. I hold the stock in my own name, and the transaction is one which Congress, in my judgment, is no more called on to investigate than it would be to inquire into the weekly expenses of my household. But at the same time I wish the committee to understand that I make this explanation without the slightest reluctance."

Mr. Stevenson, apparently loath to be convinced — if one may

use Mr. Lincoln's phrase — that his rat-hole was not worth watching, asked the Speaker as to the nature of his transactions with the Messrs. Coburn.

"Do you mean in regard to this matter, or timber land in Maine, or coal land in Pennsylvania? If you would like an interest in this railroad, Mr. Stevenson, I will sell it to you at a slight advance."

As Mr. Blaine had previously declared that ever since he had bought the shares he had been living in hope that they would draw a dividend, but up to this time in vain, the proffer was doubly provocative of laughter. Mr. Stevenson preferred to wait till he was out of Congress, and Mr. Blaine agreed then and there to "take it all off your hands when you are re-elected."

Mr. Oakes Ames testified that he told Mr. Stevenson he had got hold of the wrong road — that he thought he had sold some bonds of the Sioux road to Mr. Blaine — thought he had sold him \$5,000, but could not remember.

"Ask me, Mr. Stevenson," prompted Mr. Blaine, "I can tell you. I bought \$6,000 of bonds from Mr. Ames and paid him eighty cents on the dollar. At another time, in Boston, \$15,000 at eighty cents on the dollar. I turned them in to the Messrs. Coburn, partly at one price, partly another — eighty-five per cent., ninety per cent. My business with the Messrs. Coburn is very large."

"Is there anything else you want to know?" inquired Mr. Ames, after having mentioned his various railroads.

"I have no personal interest," replied the badgered prosecutor. "The committee required me to come here." — "But," rejoined Mr. Ames, "the committee did not require you to go into all these things outside of the resolution. I never knew that it was a crime to build a railroad until this investigation commenced, and I am not satisfied of it now."

The investigation brought great distress to worthy members, great anxiety and anguish to their wives and families. Mr. Blaine was indefatigable in defending and advising those who were the objects of attack — an attack made with so much vigor and with such assumption of guilt, that even the elect who were not business adepts were deceived for a moment

into believing themselves to have committed sin without knowing it, and men faltered before the thought who had not faltered before the cannon's mouth when their country was endangered, while men who were familiar with business never quickened step or shortened breath. "Sam Hooper," of Boston, it used to be said, walked daily back and forth before the Speaker's chair, with his pockets stuffed full of *Credit Mobilier* stock, a single dividend bringing \$100,000, not only unharmed, but unassailed and undisturbed; and Bingham, of Ohio, when asked if he had any, shouted, "Yes, and only wished he had ten times more," — and him, too, the bullets carefully passed by on the other side; but gentle and scholarly men, in the natural timidity of their unwontedness, suffered many a pang, and the door-bell sometimes rang Mr. Blaine from his bed at midnight to counsel and console. I have seldom seen a more pathetic sight than that of Oakes Ames, — a man of honored ancestry and stainless name, the modest hero of the great Pacific Railroad, the man whose energy had wrenched it from failure when to a less patriotic insight the nation itself seemed a failure, and had made its final link a guaranty of national peace and union, — sitting silent, stunned into immobility before Mr. Blaine's library fire with his head bowed on his breast, while the younger man, alert and intent, applied himself indefatigably in and out of the house, arranging for his defence and for that of the other men who were implicated with him and who were equally guiltless of bribery. Let it be repeated and remembered that the man who bent his hoary head to calumny and contumely was the man whose faith in the continuance of the Union, whose unfaltering courage and whose imperial resources were proved by his assumption of the struggling, failing road in the depth of the war, and by his simple, dogged, glorious persistency till the last golden spike was driven, and the world beheld the marriage of the Eastern and Western shores of the Great Republic amid shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

How futile it all seemed to the people after the panic was over appears in the fact that the member of Congress who, by reason of his conspicuousness and his sensitiveness, perhaps, suffered most, received afterwards a prompt reelection by the people of his own district to the House of Representatives, a triumphant

election by the people of his State to the Senate, and by the people of the whole Nation to the presidency of the United States.

How superficial was the morality, how valueless was the judgment that condemned these men, a single incident shows. Upon the conclusion of the investigation, and the censure of Mr. Ames and Mr. Brooks before the bar of the House, the leading religious newspaper of Mr. Ames' own State found "original sin in the thing itself, let alone all the wickedness which it drew after it. . . .

"We see not how any healthy soul could fail at once to detect the intention of bribery in Mr. Ames and the consent to be bribed on the part of those who became the recipients of its stock. . . . On the whole, then, it would seem that the report is well as far as it goes, but . . . obviously stops short of exhausting the matter; that Messrs. Brooks and Ames deserve the ignominy which is advised for them; and that the whole subject needs deeper ploughing than it has yet received."

A few weeks afterwards Mr. Ames returned to his home in North Easton, and the friends and neighbors among whom he had spent his honored and useful life ministered unto him a triumphant entrance; and then the columns of the same religious journal found "nothing that anybody ought to object to, or that was in any sense improper in the *Credit Mobilier* itself, or in any of his [Mr. Ames'] actions in regard to it. We think Hon. Marshall P. Wilder hit the nail on the head in his excellent speech the other day in Salem, where he introduced Mr. Ames into a long list of the most eminent and useful sons of Massachusetts—with Hancock, Franklin, Morse, Field, and Peabody, warmly ascribing all honor to his name, to whose indomitable energy and perseverance we are indebted more than to any other man for opening up across this continent a great highway for nations in all coming time."

On the 8th of May Oakes Ames died, and his sons bore him to his burial, and all the community lamented over him.

Mr. James Brooks had already preceded him to the unheard and unseen world, and the saddest chapter of the "*Credit Mobilier*" was closed—closed with the death of three men,

accuser and accused, while the man chiefly aimed at was not even hit.

If there is a moral to the story it has yet to be told. We only know it is the way of God in the evolution of man.

The nearest approach to a moral is hinted in The "Tribune" two years afterwards:

"There were laid before us yesterday certain startling documents gravely affecting high officials. The publication of them seems to us a clear duty; but we are unwilling to permit our columns to be used in promulgating papers that must bring such discredit upon the American name, while there is the remotest possibility of our being able to establish their lack of authenticity. We have, therefore, set on foot a thorough investigation" . . . which established the lack of authenticity, and the papers remained unpublished.

When issues are vital, great men forge to the front by natural fitness, smaller men are exalted to their noblest moods, and the nation is fused to one bent and purpose. The crisis passes, and men relapse into self-seeking. Fault-finding seems a higher work than well-doing. Men who are near the head see no reason why they are not at the head, except the artfulness and arrogance of their leaders; and, unable to rise farther, they seek to achieve the desired primacy by pulling the primates down. Hence the scandal and scum of political life in its sluggish phases, the small questions agitated as if they were great, the sucking doves essaying to roar like raging lions, the placid pool of ordinary life lashed into a foaming sea of corruption. But when real issues are again in question, human nature rises again to meet them, casts off its inhumanities, and exalts itself anew in a glorious, if transient, transformation. Therefore we live.

While excitement was still at fever heat, Mr. Blaine found occasion to take the floor to secure a pension for a widow. General Sherman told the story years before Mr. Blaine's death:

"I was seated in my office at the old War Department, now destroyed and replaced by a better one, when my orderly produced the card of 'Mrs. Wood,' widow of the late Assistant Surgeon-General, U.S.A. Of course I instructed him to show the lady in. She was deeply veiled, and without unveiling

handed me a letter in the familiar handwriting of the venerable Gen. David Hunter, asking me to befriend 'the bearer.' Casting my eyes over it I exclaimed, 'What! are you the widow of my old Surgeon-General Wood and the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor?' — 'Yes,' she answered, raised her veil, and revealed her features, then of an old lady, but beyond question the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. 'Dear Mrs. Wood, what does this mean? What can I do for you?' She replied, 'I do not know, but General Hunter, our steadfast friend, has sent me to you,' and she went on to explain: 'When my husband died in 1869 I supposed I had estate enough to satisfy my moderate wants. I went to Louisiana, took possession of the old sugar plantation, collected a few of the old slaves with promises of wages or shares, tried to make a living, but everything was out of joint. I then tried a lease with no better success. Now my daughter writes me from Austria that she is very sick, and begs me to come to her. General Sherman, I *must* go to my daughter, and I have not a cent. My old friends are all dead, and I know not what to do.' I naturally inquired how much money was necessary. She said a thousand dollars. I had not the money. General Hunter had not the money. 'How about your pension?' — 'When my husband died, after forty-four years of faithful service in the Florida war, in the Mexican war, and the great civil war, I thought I could take care of myself, and never asked for a pension, but now my child calls to me from abroad.' — 'Mrs. Wood, I am sure we can easily make up a case under the General Pension Law, which will give you \$30 a month, but it can only date from the time of your formal application.' — 'What good will that do me?' she exclaimed, 'my daughter is calling for me *now*! My passage across the ocean will cost \$120, and the incidental expenses afterward will run up to a full thousand.' After a few moments' thought, I said, 'Mrs. Wood, we must get a *special* bill, putting your name on the same list with that of Mrs. General Worth, Mrs. General Sumner, and others, and have this special pension to date back to your husband's death, viz., March 28, 1869. This will require an Act of Congress. What member of that body do you know from Louisiana?' — 'Alas, none.' — 'What member from Kentucky?' — 'Not one.' — 'Do you know

anybody in Congress?' — 'Not a single member.' — 'Don't you know Mr. Blaine? He is Speaker of the House, a fellow of infinite wit and of unbounded generosity?' No, she had never met Mr. Blaine. 'Now, my dear Mrs. Wood, can you meet me this afternoon at the Speaker's room, say at four P.M., punctually?' — 'I will do anything,' she answered, 'that you advise.' — 'Then meet me at the Speaker's room, south wing of the Capitol, at four o'clock this evening.' Of course she did.

"I was there ahead of time, sent my card to Mr. Speaker Blaine, who was in his chair presiding over a noisy House, but who, as always, responded quickly to my call. In a few words I explained the whole case, and we went together to the Speaker's room across the hall, behind the 'chair,' where sat the lady, closely veiled. No courtier since the days of Charlemagne ever approached a lady with more delicacy and grace than did Mr. Speaker Blaine the afflicted woman. After a few words of inquiry and explanation, Blaine continued: "Your father was the first man I ever shouted for as President, and for you, his daughter, I will do all a man can in this complicated Government. I will make your case my own. Don't leave this city till you hear from me." Finding I had touched the proper chord of his generous nature, I advised Mrs. Wood to return to General Hunter's and await the result. Blaine escorted her to the stairway with many friendly expressions, and returned to the Speaker's chair.

"I did not remain, but learned from a friend afterwards the sequel. Blaine sat in his chair about an hour, giving attention to the business of the House, occasionally scribbling on a bit of paper, and when a lull occurred he called some member to take his place, and walked straight to Mr. Holman, the 'Universal Objector,' saying: 'Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through; please don't "object."'" — 'What is it?' — 'A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor.' — 'Is it all right?' — 'Of course it is all right, and every American should blush that this thing could be.' — 'Well,' said Holman, 'go ahead; I will be out of the way, in the cloak-room.' Watching his opportunity, James G. Blaine, as a member of Congress for Maine, got the eye and ear of the acting Speaker, made one of

his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced his little bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for \$50 a month, to date back to the time of Surgeon Wood's death (about four years), which would give her about \$2,400 arrears and \$600 a year for life. It was rushed through the House by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through to the Senate and to the President, where it became a law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter in her illness. I understand that both are now dead, and that the overflowing Treasury of the United States is no longer taxed by this pension, but I must rescue from oblivion the memory of this pure act of unrecorded benevolence."

General Sherman's mode of justifying himself for printing the story without Mr. Blaine's permission, and Mr. Blaine's mode of presenting the case to Congress, are equally characteristic. "Pensions," said the straightforward splendid old soldier, "pensions are not always matters of legal contract, but of charity, which blesses him who gives as well as receives; and I, of all men, fully recognize the difficulty of making pensions subject to the tender feelings of an executive officer; but when I discover an instance illustrating the genuine feeling no one should object to my recording it, and printing it if need be."

Mr. Blaine's speech, to which General Sherman referred, was brief: "A few moments since I had an interview in my parlor which deeply touched me. It was with the widow of the late Robert C. Wood, late Assistant Surgeon General in the Army of the United States. This lady is the daughter of the late Major-General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. She presented a petition, which I will not have even read or placed on the files of the House, because it discloses a fact which ought not to exist—that the daughter of Zachary Taylor needs aid in any form. I ventured to assure her when she put her petition in my hands, and asked me to take charge of it, that I did not believe there would be a dissenting voice in the Congress of the United States upon a proposition to grant her a pension suitable to her rank, and to the memory of her great and honored father. I ask unanimous consent to introduce for consideration at this time a bill

for her relief." Needless to say, unanimous consent was given, the bill was received, read a first and second time, engrossed, read a third time, and passed unanimously and immediately.

Another bill, which made a stir quite out of proportion to its importance or its iniquity was ignominiously dubbed the "Salary Grab Bill." The objectionable point was that Congressmen not only raised their own salaries, but made the increase go back and cover the whole term of the Congress then near closing. Mr. Blaine, as soon as the measure was proposed, discerned its weakness, and opposed the bill. When he saw that it was about to be passed, he simply withdrew himself from its operation by placing the Speaker alongside the Vice-President and the Cabinet, upon whose salaries the bill was not to take effect until after the Fourth of March, and asked unanimous consent to put in "the word 'hereafter,' to follow the words 'shall receive.' This will affect whoever shall be Speaker of the House of Representatives hereafter, and does not affect the Speaker of this House, but leaves him upon the same plane with the Vice-President and Cabinet officers, upon the salary as before adjusted."

It can hardly be said that unanimous consent was given, for the Speaker pushed his matter through so swiftly that members hardly knew what he was doing till too late for effective dissent. One man was quick enough to object and another sprang to his feet, but by high-handed usurpation of authority, Mr. Blaine took his pen and wrote the "hereafter" into the text of the bill before him and declared the amendment adopted!

Mr. Hale, of Maine, speaking afterwards of the great unpopularity of the bill, illustrated it with humorous solemnity: "I swear, if I travelled by the railroad as far as it would take me, and then had to take the stage-coach, and then go horse-back, and then walk, and then follow a squirrel-track in the woods, and at the end of that came on a man chopping a log — whatever he did not know he would know all about the salary-grab and be the maddest man of all!"

When, near the close of a long session, the Speaker wished the pages to have a full month's pay for little more than a half month's work, thinking their unwearied fidelity through day

and night service had richly earned it, he put and carried the motion, as one member expressed it, "heels over head," and "The Chair hears no objection," by giving no time to hear it.

When a vote was to be counted, he would stand erect, holding the gavel by its head and pointing the handle at each standing member before him, turning from the extreme right to the extreme left as he counted, and the motion of the gavel was like chain-lightning. If challenged to explain his dynamics consistently with his mathematics, he would reply, laughing, "The Speaker knows how to count."

He never made a point of small things. No such honesty as dividing his official from his personal correspondence ever complicated his use of the frank. Making a rapid mental calculation, he placed the franking privilege as a matter of three hundred dollars a year to each member and held that it was not worth talking about one way or the other. If suspicion or odium clung to it, and the people wanted it abolished, abolish it, — it was not worth defence or delay; but until it was abolished, he used it freely, franking his own letters and letters of friends who happened to be under his roof, or under whose roof he happened to be, as has been from the foundation of the frank, and just as freely as he used his purchased postage stamps after the frank was abolished.

In the spring of 1873 Mr. Blaine made a journey to California. Waiting in Washington for the Maine snows to be reduced to two feet deep on a level, according to his own account, he was not able to leave Augusta till the ninth of May, which gave too little time for the most desirable tour. He wished Emmons to join the customary "town-meeting," and consulted with his tutor, Mr. Waterhouse, who replied :

I do not think he is overworked. He is studying assiduously, to be sure. He must do that to enter Harvard well, and nothing short of entering well would satisfy his desire. During his stay in Newton, Emmons has, in attention to study, and in conduct generally, done his duty, and done it in a manner that deserves high praise. I find no better boys anywhere than he is. I do not indeed regard him as belonging to that class of boys eulogized in the Sunday-school books, who attain sanctification in early youth. He is not a religious phenomenon. But his *morale*, like his

physique, is emphatically healthy. He is sound in the nobler parts. I would trust him a good deal farther than I would most of the youthful saints. Emmons has in him the elements of first-rate scholarship and a fund of practical sense quite remarkable in one so young. To worst him by an examination paper, or to fool him into selling a pony for a gross of green spectacles, would be rather a difficult matter. I expect great things of him. And, though the state of his health may not demand it, I am strongly in favor of his taking the California trip.

Mr. Blaine was earnestly solicited to extend his visit to Oregon with the promise to " . . . put you on the top shelf of comfort, consideration, and attention while you are in Oregon and on the Sound.

. . . "You should also see the wonderful timber of the Puget Sound Basin, compared with which the forests of Maine are but nurseries of telegraph poles."

But he had already passed the time limits and was obliged to leave Oregon for another day, which never came. But the warmth of his reception in California and the pleasures of the journey and the visit remained with him a grateful memory.

To Walker:

WASHINGTON, January 8, 1872.

. . . To my great surprise, we found ourselves, our children, and our bundles, at the Worcester depot in ample season. For help, Emmons was a host in himself. His father, good as he is, is not better. He wanted dreadfully to go to Washington, but at the sleeping-car we separated—he to return to Andover. . . . For the afternoon Judge Kelly brought himself into the midst of our squalor, a huge brown paper parcel in his hand, inquiring, in his magnificent voice, if we were Pennsylvanians enough to love doughnuts. . . . At five we reached Washington, were quite fortunate in regard to company, only a few gentlemen finding us out.

From Walker:

PARIS, January 30, 1872.

. . . Went to a little American restaurant. Everything was very small, but very clean, and they brought up such nice buckwheat cakes, that I thought I would taste them. Ended by eating nine, and a large plate of pumpkin pie; at which I was very much rejoiced, as proving that I have not entirely forgotten how to eat, notwithstanding my long course on French cookery.

. . . This morning have finished in German the book which I was learning by heart, and begin to feel now that I really know something

about German. Shall study very hard on it for the next two months. In French I am quite well up. Don't find myself at all embarrassed in conversation, and can write almost without fault, though not, of course, like a Frenchman, which I never shall do. . . . Father's forty-second birthday was Wednesday. I trust that I may live to see the double, the eighty-fourth. Whenever I think of you, it always seems as though I had a very young father, for I see many men of forty, and they always seem like very young men to me. Then again, not having yet got to my majority, I feel very young still myself. When I am twenty-one and through college, if (D.V.) that ever happens, I suppose I shall feel so old, that father will seem like a patriarch.

Well, I long very much to get home next year to go into college, for until I am through I seem to be nothing more than a working, studying zero, perhaps useful, like zero, in making up a sum, but nothing by and of myself.

. . . Ever since I have been in Paris Mrs. Washburn has made her house like a home; that is, as much like a home as any stranger's house could be, and for it I feel very much indebted to one of the kindest-hearted women I have ever seen.

PARIS, February, 1872.

. . . I was exceedingly worried, in reading the papers, to find that father was absent from Congress two or three days on account of the illness of Q. I have still a great deal of anxiety. My only solace is that if the worst had happened, you would probably have telegraphed to me.

To Walker :

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1872.

. . . Here the door-bell rings. Douglass, who would, to quote Charles Lamb, cast a damper over a funeral, answers it. Some one to see the Speaker. Douglass discreetly answers that indeed he does not know whether Mr. Blaine is home or not—if the gentleman will walk into the parlor, he will see. Enter gentleman, and up-stairs Douglass. Returning, he announces that Mr. Blaine has gone up to General Sherman's. A fib with a circumstance, and Douglass, coming through the library where Mr. Sherman and I are writing says he shall never get to heaven in this world, and vanishes looking exceedingly pleased (for him) at the prospect. Whereupon Mr. Sherman says to me in an aside, that he does not see what his idea of heaven in this world can be. The day is quite pleasant. Father, C., M., and I have been to our own church. Had an exceedingly earnest and interesting sermon on missions in Turkey,—as interesting as a book of travels. . . . Friday we had our presidential dinner. Father wanted to defer it till Emmons came, but I could not let it overhang so long. The President talked incessantly about himself. I have a certain sympathy with him, for I think him an honest man, and no doubt he feels dreadfully assailed. . . . After the dinner was over and the guests had departed, father, Miss D., and myself went to the Arlington to attend the

reception of the Japanese Minister. I went out to supper with the Minister himself, a lively little Jap, rather taller than the average of his countrymen, speaking English perfectly well. They, the Japs, seem to be perfectly delighted at seeing so many ladies. Mrs. Schurz said when she left M. Mori was standing motionless, his arm tight round a young lady's waist. Imagine it! In the morning I was at the Capitol. I heard Mr. Beck reply to Mr. Brownlow, a personal explanation, interesting to me because of the perfectly impartial ruling of your father, though to do it, he had to decide against Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Hale, and Mr. Garfield.

. . . Q. is fast getting well. He hears now almost as well as ever. It is very interesting to see the past come back to him. Sometimes things *rush* in on him, and he is so eager, he cannot make himself understood. Yesterday morning, I heard him say to Annie who was dressing him, "Oh, Annie, you mustn't say naughty words, you'll go to jail, sir, if you say bad words, W. F. says 'it's a fraud.'" — "A fraud," says Annie, "what's a fraud?" — "Why, you know, 'a *frod* a-would a-wooing go.'" When we were coming on, A. T. was in the car, and was lamenting that W. F. was so addicted to slang — everything with him was "it's a fraud." Q. heard him and was very much impressed at the time. The phrase was so suggestive of Emmons. When Annie said "dreadful," he felt like upbraiding her, and as soon as he commenced, the whole reprehensible conduct of W. F. came back, and then I discovered the queer association of ideas. I shall leave your father to write you about Hanover. I am not really competent to advise. Whatever he and you decide on will be right. Only I want you to make the acquisition of French, and I want you at home. The President tells me that his son, who is at Harvard, intends going to Germany to spend his third year. It seems they allow the third year to be passed in Germany, the student to retain his class rank on his return, provided he can pass the requisite examination, and meanwhile the boy picks up German. . . . We get down to breakfast soon after nine. Father sits down in his seat and at once proceeds to bury himself in newspapers. Douglass, the slow, gradually works round among the mutton chops, the grits, the butter, the apples, the ham, and the drinkables, and by the time everything is as cold as a stone, eating begins. Father does not even offer the steak. As we take three morning papers and the mail is always large, you can imagine how social we are. I dare not abandon the children, so while C. and the *pater* satisfy their hungry minds, I look out for the hungry little folks, — and when I and they are through the readers wake up and are ready to be waited on. Just as we were getting through this morning, somebody or other remembered our dinner party of to-day, and then it was discovered that no orders had been given for the dinner, that the bill of fare had not even been made out. Such an explosion as at once followed! However, everything is all straightened out now.

MARCH 3, 1872.

. . . To-morrow, at twelve, I go to the White House to assist in the formal reception of the Japanese. Mrs. Fish has been in twice about it

to-day already, Mr. Fish once. The most punctilious arrangements are made for the ceremony. As it is the first ambassador this country has ever received, it behooves us to be particular. Your father puts some one in the chair and then hastens down himself to assist in the ceremonies. All the ladies are in full dress morning costumes, no bonnets. In the evening I go to the opera to hear Parepa in "Figaro." Sunday evening I go to Masonic Temple to assist in another reception of the Japs. Mrs. Fish, wife of Secretary of State; Mrs. Colfax, wife of President of Senate; Mrs. Blaine, wife of Speaker of the House; and Mrs. Banks, wife of Chairman of Committee of Foreign Affairs, are the ladies to receive. Wednesday I have a reception and in the evening go to the opera again to hear Parepa. Thursday we are engaged at the Bristows, and Saturday afternoon father to the matinée. . . . Thursday afternoon — I am just up from down town, where I have been buying a little frippery for to-night. I went to the White House yesterday, as I anticipated. The ceremonies were all gone through with, according to programme. The President and Cabinet and a few officers received the chief of the Japanese dignitaries, and then they were brought into the blue room and presented to Mrs. Grant and her ladies. Mrs. Grant had Mrs. Colfax on her right, myself on the left. I was quite unprepared for the womanliness and cordiality and thoroughly unaffected kindness of Mrs. Grant's reception of them. I could not have done half so well. Fortunately I knew Mr. Mori, so that I could break the dead spell a little. Another thing also helped me personally very much. The chief interpreter turned out to be a young Mr. Rice, son of Elisha, and nephew of Judge Rice, who went from Augusta to Japan at the age of ten. Of course he got introduced to me, and we had a great deal to talk about, to the evident admiration of our Asiatic friends, who looked on with longing eyes. In the evening, took a carriage and went to Parepa's opera. The singing and acting were superb. . . . Father opened the door to us at our first summons. The poor man had lost Parepa and had nothing to compensate. Over one hundred twenty-five guests sat down to the dinner, in a room built over a stable. Mr. Robeson seated between two Japanese dignitaries, neither of whom, of course, could speak one English word. The dinner, father said, seemed to be served by the acre, and after standing it as long as he could, he concluded to slip out. As soon as they saw your father start, Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Beck also rose, and I should not be surprised to hear that quite a stampede then commenced, but, afraid of the consequences, *our* father beat a hasty retreat home. . . . I assisted at the reception last night. Mrs. Colfax, I, Mrs. Fish, and Mrs. Banks. When supper was announced, Iwakura went first, having on his right arm Mrs. Colfax, the Vice-President on his left. Then came Minister Mori, Mrs. Fish and your father on either arm. Then the second ambassador, I on his right arm, Secretary Fish on his left. Who came after I know not, every faculty of mine being absorbed in analyzing my feelings — so curious. Not one word could my poor Asiatic understand of my language, and Mr. Fish, having the whole diplomatique corps to keep straight, was continually looking back and calling out to

some greater or lesser dignitary to fall into line. When we had marched back from the supper-room into the hall, all our formal duties were over. We got home about twelve. This morning we have been up to the House to see them received by your father. Tremendous crowd there, and as your father insisted upon Q. going, and M. was to go anyhow, I feel as though I have been out pleasuring with my nursery.

From V.:

MARCH 4, 1872.

Mr. Yonge, who has lately returned from Paris, brought a letter from Walker, of whom he speaks in the highest terms. Yesterday Secretary and Mrs. Fish came around to arrange about the Japanese. Mrs. Fish came on from New York on purpose, and the storm of Saturday kept her in, and, as the ceremonies begin to-day, it seemed to be a work of necessity. Secretary Fish had the programme all arranged and a diagram where all were to stand, and instructions for the Japanese and all, even to the dress of our people.

Later. Everything went off well, only one of the Japanese's hats came off when he bowed. They wear their hats as a matter of etiquette. The President received them in the big east room, and then he gave his arm to the head ambassador, and the Cabinet and the rest came in order and were presented to Mrs. Grant. She appeared beautifully, told them how glad she was to see them, congratulated them on their arrival after so severe a journey, and hoped the young ladies would come and see her at the White House. H. spoke of it to the President afterwards. He said yes, she did better than he, for his knees trembled under him. "What!" said H., "a brave man like you!" Yes, he said, his knees shook as they never shook before, and he had his words all written out beforehand, too, like all the rest.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1872.

. . . Tell Mr. Washburn not to be disturbed by the apparent bickering and quarrelling in political circles. General Grant will be nominated at Philadelphia by acclamation. Electoral vote, 357; Grant, 191; opposition, 122; doubtful, 44.

The tendency is for a better result than this. Indiana will pretty surely go with us, so will Nevada and Oregon, while our chance for New York is worth counting.

To Walker:

MARCH 12, 1872.

Please date your letters more accurately. Your *pater* blows a blast which might reach across the Atlantic, when he sees one of your missives commencing with a Friday morning, or a Tuesday, or a Monday, or so on.

We heard from you Sunday morning, and I yesterday sent the letter to Augusta. Emmons was coming away from Andover, so I did not detain it for him. It will be happiness enough for him to be with us. I had the game dinner he writes for all ordered, but about an hour ago came a telegram from New York saying that he had lost the connection and could not be home till ten. M. is at school. I do not know how she will bear the disappointment. She was expecting to be dressed in white with blue on skirt, to meet him. "I do want," said she this morning, when she was deciding on her toilet, "to hear Emmons say, 'How nobby you look!'" Her education might have for its motto "*festina lente*." She gets to school somewhere about ten, and is often at home before her father gets started for the Capitol. . . . Saturday father, C., your sister M. went to *matinée*. . . . The *pater* came home as slangy as W. F., saying and resaying "It's a fraud." Every part was shorn and clipped, and the voice of the prompter was audible enough to mar all the effect. At six your father dined with the territorial delegates. . . .

In the evening we all went to the billiard-room for amusement, C. and father played, and such wild strikes never were seen before. . . .

Wednesday morning. Emmons got here at half-past ten last evening. He missed the train yesterday morning, simply because he had not been particular about the time-table. I need not say that we have all been alive this morning. Your big brother first went all over the house in his night-gown. Next he put on his coat over it, and again perambulated, and lastly he dressed himself *en règle* and came down to breakfast. All we wanted was to have you here. Mary Wilson got every dish for Emmons she could think of, and to one and all he did full justice. . . . After Mons had had his supper, he and your father went up for a game of billiards. Of course, Mons distanced his partner a long way. . . . Your father seems very much opposed to your leaving Paris. He is anxious for you to be sure of French. At the same time, he likes to have you do anything you want to. If you would like it he would prefer your staying another year in Europe, but I do not think I could give my consent. At any rate, I should come over with Emmons and travel for the summer. Q. is getting well very fast. He looks like a snow-drop. Is wonderfully interesting.

Postscript of a letter from Hon. Elihu Washburn to Mr. Blaine, Paris, April, 1872:

Private.

How is it going on at home? Can't we "smash 'em" handsomely, all the soreheads to the contrary notwithstanding? Write me just as fully as you have time as to the real situation.

Walker is getting along splendidly. He is all that the fondest parent could wish, and we have come to feel in him almost the same interest we have in our own children. If he were my boy I should have him remain

here an additional year. He would then be perfect master of the German and French and would keep up with his other studies besides. He can learn the languages a great deal faster now than he would after coming back here after graduating.

From Walker :

. . . . As this letter will reach you about the time that Mons is at home for his vacation, tell him to study his Latin and Greek as he never studied them before. I thought that they were not worth much, but my little knowledge has lightened up the French language in a most amazing manner. If one knows Greek and Latin, or only the latter and English thoroughly, the French language is but a mere child's play. The difference is amazing when you attempt to learn French through reasoning and taking the derivations, and by mere force of memory, as we learn English. . . . The person who knows Latin well, and cannot learn the French language in two months, provided he speaks it all the time, and reasons it out, is a dunce. . . . I see that Gratiot Washburn has been nominated by the President as Second Secretary to the Legation in Paris, and I do not doubt but that he has been before now confirmed. I am very glad, for he is a very nice young fellow. . . . I hope you will send me some word soon about Germany. I am very anxious to acquire the language, and I feel that it would be much better for me to go there. I cannot stay in Paris during the summer, probably not longer than the 15th sure, and I am anxious to stay in Germany for four months, working with assiduity. One lesson every day in French will keep me well up.

To Walker :

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1872.

I am just congratulating myself on our excellent habit, lately inaugurated, — can a habit be lately inaugurated? — of getting up for a half-past eight breakfast — so now at 9.15 we are all at liberty to go our several ways: father to the parlor crowded full of gentlemen; Sherry to his writing-table; C. to the baby, the petted darling of upstairs, downstairs, and my lady's chamber; M. and Q. with spade and shovel to the yard, and the mamma to her dearest and best of boys. . . . Everything has gone on very quietly since my last date. Indeed, Walker, we are a most happy family. So much of life and so much love do not often go together. The affectionate people are almost always quiet. . . . Everything political, English and American, seems to be in a sort of a snarl. Things, I believe, will all come out right. Your father was so impressed with the fatal influence which any concession on the part of Mr. Fish would have on our political situation, that he went in to talk over matters with him Sunday evening. Was there till a very late hour. Commercial interests bring heavily to bear on the question.

To Walker :

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1872.

To-morrow will be your seventeenth birthday. . . . I shall not attempt any advice to the good boy, who I do not believe needs it, for how can one have a better guide than conscience? But I do from the bottom of my heart thank you, Walker, for all the anxiety you have spared me. I have always trusted you,—so has your father,—and never have you abused the trust. Continue ye in this love. . . . The little sister is out in all the glory of the cherry rosettes and short dresses. Has called on Miss Ripley, Mrs. Fish, and is now gone to Mrs. Hale's—all in honor of the brother she has never seen. . . .

To Walker from Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, May 8, 1872.

You are seventeen years old to-day. Almost a grown man! I hope you will continue to be a good boy, and make a good man. Remember that there is no success in this life that is not founded on virtue and purity, and a religious consecration of all we have to God. Do not forget your capacities, your abilities, and your responsibilities. . . .

By same mail herewith you will receive from Jay Cooke an additional letter of credit for £50; should you desire or need a few pounds more, Mr. Washburn will furnish you the amount. I shall write him in regard to it, and he will speak to you, rather than you to him. . . . I want you to come early enough in June to be here, or rather at home, by the 24th or 26th, or at all events, the first of July. I want you to go by way of the Rhine, round through Belgium, taking, say, Strasburg, Baden, Frankfort, and Homburg *en route*. You can do this in a few days, and will be governed somewhat by securing a fellow-traveller. At Brussels you will take a run over to Waterloo. . . . You will see how strangely politics are tending here. Greeley's nomination is very strange. . . . I wish you to come on the "Scotia" or "Russia"—take whichever one Captain Lott commands; if you can secure a good state-room on her. The enclosed card will introduce you to Captain Lott.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker :

MAY 22, 1872.

I presume you need more money than I have sent, and you will find herewith an additional letter for £40. This should pay your passage home and all other expenses, including such presents as you may desire to bring. I would not go very largely into presents, as I do not wish you to smuggle anything, or in any way evade the duties. . . . With this additional letter of credit you will not need to ask Mr. Washburn for any aid or loan. . . . Be a good boy, *always in all ways*.

To V. :

AUGUSTA, June 16, 1872.

Mr. Blaine and the boys—the elder ones—have just driven off to church,—three fans, a cotton umbrella, and a horse and buggy, amongst

them. The papa took the umbrella, Emmons drove, and Walker fanned, and I only hope they may step far enough heavenward to pay for the earthly trouble — for Mons, in harnessing, broke out into a heat which nothing could allay — his father, in the supreme moment of departure, turned round to tell us how large his head felt, while Walker, with the prospect of three or four favorite girls to flirt with, was eminently content. Q. and M. were in the yard to see them off; Q. all currant and raspberry from his throat to the hem of his frock, but clean as to the face and sweeter than honey in the honeycomb; his last word to the martyrologists being, Hulloo — a greeting, which they seemed to think a pitiful satire.

When we got home we found that no entreaties had prevailed on Alice to wear one of her new dresses. S. had had them all made, and made beautifully, and there they hung by the closetful. When we arrived the set time had fully come, and she has now the fine satisfaction of dressing well every day. Yesterday she began to go to dancing-school, a branch of her education I have been very anxious for her to attend to. The boys are clever as can be. Walker devoted to M. and L. — and Emmons to swimming, the “New York Ledger,” base-ball, and all sorts of boy business.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. O. P. Morton :

INDIANAPOLIS, July 22, 1872.

We would be very glad to have you come into Indiana and make several speeches if it is in your power to do so. Your great reputation will draw large crowds, and what you say will have much influence with our people. The contest here will be hard fought and most bitter, and we shall require all the assistance possible. I shall await your answer with anxiety.

Free trade is a beautiful *theory*, but in practice, neither you nor I will live long enough to see it prevail. But the result of the present agitation will be to lower seriously the rate of duties levied by the existing tariff, and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished. I am more than willing to speed the day.

To Mr. Blaine, from Judge Hoar :

CONCORD, November 8, 1872.

Thank you for your note, which is very kind. My only dissatisfaction with the result of the election is that I am chosen to the House of Representatives — though calling it a “bear garden” is not inconsistent with the highest admiration for the keeper of the animals. You have done so much to contribute to the splendid victory, that I think you are fairly entitled to feel as if you owned it.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, 1873.

How much have you seen of Mr. Blaine's tilt with Mr. Stevenson? He came to Mr. Blaine afterwards rather complaining of his treatment. Mr. Blaine told him he did not want to attack him, but he could not help it, Mr. Stevenson brought it on himself. Mr. Stevenson said of course he "could not stand up against a man of Mr. Blaine's talent and courage which was perfectly audacious." He objected that Mr. Blaine had made him appear to swear falsely. "Why, Job," said Mr. Blaine, "that's the very point. Have you just got that through your head?" The committee-room was full, and they say Mr. Blaine went at him shovel and tongs, and carried all before him; even the "Tribune" says the Speaker came off with flying colors, and the "Herald" quite abuses Stevenson. George W. Curtis, at the Fish dinner, complimented Mr. Blaine very highly, especially upon shining so brightly in the midst of so much darkness.

From General Sherman:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1873.

DEAR BLAINE: Mrs. Wood's full name is Ann Mackall Taylor Wood. Her habitual signature is Ann M. Wood.

She heard of the event in the House last night from the Hunters, who were with you at Robeson's, and they say her sense of gratitude was beautiful, especially in the compliment to her father's memory.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, February, 1873.

Mr. Blaine went to church yesterday for the first time, and astonished Mr. Whittlesey, a regular attendant, by informing him he had not seen him out before this winter.

In the afternoon, at a *matinée* at Colonel Audenried's, saw Mrs. James Brooks, who is in great trouble about her husband who is deeply implicated in *Credit Mobilier*. I comforted her all I could; saw also General Sherman, the Bristeds, and many other acquaintances and friends. In the evening Mr. Blaine had a splendid dinner. Mr. Evarts, the great lawyer, Geneva arbitrator, etc.; Horace Clark, Vanderbilt's son-in-law, a lawyer; Judge Watts and his brother, with whose father Mr. Blaine's father studied law, and Horace Maynard, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Evarts is a thin, sharp-featured, keen-faced man, quiet but calm, clear, acute, witty, and when the flash of his wit is too bright and swift for the popular comprehension, enjoying it *all his lane* or telegraphing across the table with his eyes to some one who does comprehend the additional fun contributed by the non-comprehending.

To Mr. Blaine, from E. A. Rollins:

PHILADELPHIA.

I do not credit half the news I see in the newspapers, more particularly since the Credit Mobilier investigation began. Glad you are all right, not in fact only, but in reputation. You made a grand witness with reference to the Iowa road, and made grand good points on Stevenson. Everybody was laughing about it this way. I wish all our friends were all right in every way in this matter, in fact, in substance, and form.

From Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, March 26, 1873.

I forgot to tell you of a very remarkable coincidence that happened just as you left on Saturday last. You recollect your questioning me to see if I remember Mr. Rollins' street and number aright. [Two hundred and thirty-five Forty-second street.] As I turned from the depot, as your train was rolling out, Tom Sherman handed me some letters to mark for answer, and among them one from Eastern Express Company, showing balance with them to my credit, \$235.42, and that was the very first letter I opened. Now, had a coincidence of figures like unto this happened in any trial at law, it would have been almost conclusive of guilt or innocence, as the case might be. These fortuitous coincidences should make us very careful about rash conclusions based on "sich."

Moral. — Give all the doubts to Schuyler.

From President Grant to Mr. Blaine:

LONG BRANCH, N.J., July 18, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. SPEAKER: Your favor of the 13th is at hand, having been received a day or two since. It is not possible for me to answer definitely as to the time I can make the visit to the State of Maine and to you, proposed before we left Washington. But I can say that it will not be before the 5th of August, and that I will endeavor to make it as near that time as possible, informing you by telegraph the exact day when I shall leave here the moment it is fixed upon. My stay in Maine will be from six to eight days. If, however, you and Mrs. Blaine have any visit or trip you wish to make that would be in the slightest degree interfered with by this selection of time, I beg you to let me know. Any time after the 5th during the month of August would suit me as well as that particular time. I name it because I have guests invited to my house up to about that date.

Mrs. Grant and Nellie, both of whom will accompany me, join in kindest regards to Mrs. Blaine and yourself.

From the President to Mr. Blaine:

LONG BRANCH, August 1, 1873.

As the time approaches when I had hoped to visit you in Maine, with my family, I find it will be impossible to go as early as I had set, and that it

will be impossible for Mrs. Grant to go at all. Mr. Dent has been failing for the last few days rapidly, the effects of old age and a dropsical tendency, and I do not believe would survive Mrs. Grant's absence for a week. He cannot last long at best.

The first of next week I must go to Washington to spend a couple of days. On my return I will inform you by telegraph about when I can go, if not prevented by circumstances.

I beg of you not to postpone or abandon any plans you or Mrs. Blaine may have formed for the summer, on account of my proposed visit. If not prevented from going by the sickness or death of Mr. Dent, one time will suit me as well as another, up to the middle of September.

From the President to Mr. Blaine :

LONG BRANCH, August 7, 1873.

On my return from Washington I find your letter of the 5th inst., from which I infer you had not received the last one I wrote to you. In that I stated that unless something unforeseen should prevent, I would leave here on Monday next for Augusta, Me., taking the night train from New York City. My party will consist of my two youngest sons, Nellie, General Babcock, and myself. My intention is to return by way of the White Mountains, Lake Champlain, and Lake George, provided I can get back by the 22d inst. There is nothing now to prevent my going at that time.

From Harper & Brothers :

NEW YORK, August 14, 1873.

In reply to yours of the 11th, we beg leave to say; . . . 3d. That we also like Mr. Blaine, and are sorry if we said anything (which we never did) that by the utmost feminine ingenuity could be interpreted to the contrary. He is as independent as any man we ever knew, and is abundantly able to take care of himself always and in all ways. As your Western friends say, we can safely "go a blind on him." *O, si sic omnes!*

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Samuel J. Randall :

PHILADELPHIA, September 29, 1873.

Do you expect to be south soon, say as far as New York or Philadelphia? I would like to see you and confer as to some legislation during next session, principally on a subject which has caused much public expression during the recess.

You are to be made to discriminate among the Republican members from Pennsylvania as to a successor to Mr. ———. . . . I mention these facts with no possible intention to draw from you any expression thereon; simply, however, to keep you advised.

My district is quiet as to "Back pay," and I apprehend no opposition to my renomination by Democratic convention nor as to the reelection.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. A. Wheeler :

MALONE, October 21, 1873.

I have yours of 30th ult. It is true that there has been an effort in the New York delegation to induce me to withdraw my declination of a candidacy for the Speakership. As to the *motive*, so far as I can fathom it, it originates mainly in State pride, with perhaps an opinion that the delegation would, in the event of my election, gain something in the construction of the committees. A number of Western men are also pressing me to become a candidate, assigning various reasons : such as the domination of New England in both ends of the Capitol ; that you will give the best places on committees to those implicated in the Credit Mobilier affair, etc., etc. To all these solicitations I have but one response : " I will not suffer myself to be pitted against Mr. Blaine in any contingency."

You had my word for this a year ago, and the statute of limitations has not yet run upon it. No matter what rumor may at any time say, you may rest confidently upon my assurance.

I am afraid the West will annoy you greatly in the making up of the committees. Credit Mobilier puts you in a delicate position with reference to some old friends, and your action in construction of committees will have a very important bearing upon your political future. We are evidently only in the outer circles of the political maelstrom which is to swallow up all the wicked politicians, and no one, for some time to come, can expect the public favor who has not a claim to political sanctity.

As to committees, my preference is for that which probably you could not give me without embarrassment—Chairman of Foreign Affairs. I don't want, in any contingency, to have any further connection with railroads.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Fernando Wood :

NEW YORK, October 29, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR : I enclose a slip from the "New York Times" of to-day. If you require any pecuniary aid as a loan, I am at your service, having just now a surplus. Supposing that in your position a favor from a political opponent would be more desirable than from one who might have favors to ask in return, I offer myself as a personal friend.

(Enclosed.)

JAY COOKE & CO.'S ASSETS.

The "Evening Star" has the following explanation of how Speaker Blaine's name appears in the list of Jay Cooke & Co.'s debtors : "Among the assets of Jay Cooke & Co. an item of some \$30,000 from Hon. Jas. G. Blaine is reported. We find, on inquiry, that the amount due from Mr. Blaine to the firm is for money borrowed on a long mortgage in 1869, when he purchased his residence on Fifteenth street, in this city. The

mortgage is not mature until 1875. The amount is amply secured by the intrinsic value of the residence."

From Mr. Blaine to Mr. Wood:

AUGUSTA, October 31, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you very sincerely for your kind favor and its kind offer. I thank you none the less heartily because I am not under the necessity of availing myself of your generous tender of aid. The stringency in the money market pinches me somewhat, but not beyond my power of control.

To Mr. Blaine, from Jay Cooke & Co., bankers:

WASHINGTON, November 5, 1873.

The newspapers are in some way misstating your indebtedness to our firm. Your principal debt is for money loaned you, when you purchased your house on Fifteenth street on which we hold a mortgage for \$33,333.33, last payment due April 1, 1875. Besides this, you have a note discounted for \$5,000, amply secured by Chicago bonds as collateral. You are also held by us on another note for \$1,000, which your good nature induced you to indorse, and which we shall expect you to pay, unless the principal pays. This is all. If we could realize as readily on all our assets as on these, we should at once have a heavy surplus on hand.

From Hon. S. S. Cox:

NEW YORK, November 5, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. SPEAKER: For I must again cultivate the old prefix. Your congratulation was the first to reach me. I am sure it made me very happy. We have lived an eventful life together under trying circumstances; and to miss your face in the House, and as its head, would be to miss the House itself.

I should be pleased to serve on the Ways and Means. It is generally expected, as all my studies, since I left college, have led me in the direction of the economics. . . . My majority is equal to my opponents' vote. I led my ticket largely. With the assurance that you will be Speaker, beyond a peradventure, and with the wishes for a happy winter — a happier than last —

I am, as ever,
your friend.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, ME., November 12, 1873.

I have very fully reflected on your case, and have come to the following conclusions:

First. The Faculty, I think, were not logical in their treatment and conclusions. They should either have remitted punishment, or expelled you

—for a hazer should always be expelled remorselessly. A middle course was, I repeat, illogical. The court-martial that tried Fitz John Porter merely sentenced him to be dropped from the rolls. This was sharply criticised at the time, as wholly an inconsistent verdict—for, as old Mr. Ewing well said, “Porter should *have been cleared or shot.*” Something analogous applies to the case of you boys. The Yale Faculty, however, proceeded apparently on the basis of the old trial justice with the man accused of stealing a horse — “*Not guilty ; but don't you ever do it again.*”

Second. My whole conclusion in regard to the course of you boys is, that you behaved very foolishly. You tried the impossible game of “running with the hare and holding with the hounds.” You had to proceed by an indirection and a deception, and hence placed yourselves in an indefensible attitude, and got into trouble. If you could not make open resistance to the hazers and join issue with them, you should have gone to your rooms. I would have justified all of you in getting into the most desperate fight — one that would have roused the whole college, and the city too, if need be — in resisting an outrage upon a friend ; but when you had to resort to an artifice and an evasion, and apparently join the drunken crowd of assailants, you forfeited all the moral strength of your position — *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

I am glad to hear that you are studying well, and if the Faculty should keep you out six months, you probably will not be the loser in your studies. I have great faith in good *tutoring.*

From Mr. Blaine :

AUGUSTA, November 12, 1873.

Suspension is always a silly punishment: The idle boy likes it, the industrious, ambitious boy may be greatly injured by it. It always seemed to me just as absurd as to punish a soldier for misconduct, by depriving him of the opportunity to drill. All offenders in a college, short of those requiring expulsion, can be punished in an exemplary manner by many little deprivations of privilege, which the student would keenly feel. I think the boys are doing well at Hartford. I agree with you fully in regard to the inexpediency of having a controversy with the Faculty. Let the boys grin and bear it.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Garfield :

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1873.

You are so crowded with calls and vexations, that I will write a few words in addition to the suggestions I made yesterday.

My colleague, Mr. Monroe, is, as I told you, specially desirous of being made chairman of some committee, such as Pensions, Education and Labor, or some committee of similar grade, and if it is at all possible I hope you will so arrange it. In the tempest which raged in Ohio over the increase of salary, Mr. Monroe was fortunate in having the full approval of the people in his record on that subject, and I have no doubt it would be very

generally acceptable to the people if he were given a committee. Mr. Monroe is warmly my friend, and it would gratify me very much if you can do what is here suggested.

Several other suggestions have been made and written to me which I will not weary you with, but I enclose a note or two for your consideration. I will also mention that W. H. Stone, a Democrat of St. Louis, is anxious to be a member of the Committee on Commerce. I have been unwilling to bore you in reference to these things, but couldn't avoid it. Let me say, in conclusion, that I hope there will be cultivated between those of us who have borne the storms of the last ten years such a close intimacy, and working together for the sake of comradeship and the general good, that we may aid each other in many ways.

I will not close without assuring you that those of us who have been the special objects of assault during the last year appreciate more highly than you know of the courage and manliness with which you stand by them. I am sure you will never have occasion to regret it.

XIII.

FROM THE SPEAKERSHIP TO THE SENATE.

IN accepting his seventh unanimous nomination in 1874 as representative to Congress, Mr. Blaine was able to congratulate his constituents that the currency question, at one time threatening to divide parties, and, which would be far more serious, to divide sections, was "in process of a happy adjustment, partly by wise and temperate enactment, passed by a large majority in both branches of Congress and approved by the President, but in a far greater degree by the operation of causes more powerful than any legislation can be." The old questions of protection and free trade were still before the people, especially in Maine, in their extreme form. Canada was trying to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with our government in which, as Mr. Blaine pointed out, the reciprocity was, like that of its predecessor, all on one side. The treaty which was terminated in 1866 inflicted upon Maine "during the eleven years of its existence, a loss of fifty millions of dollars. It presented the anomaly of giving to the Canadians the control in our own markets of certain leading articles, on terms far more favorable than our own people had ever enjoyed. The utmost stretch of the Divine command is to love our neighbor as ourselves, and I can certainly see nothing in personal duty or public policy which should lead us to prefer our Canadian neighbors to our own people.

"The treaty of reciprocity now proposed is understood to include the admission of Canadian vessels to free American registry, and the full enjoyment of our coasting and lake trade. Thus, the ship-building and commercial interests of the United States, just recovering from the terrible blows dealt by British-built cruisers during the war, are again to be struck down by giving advantages, hitherto undreamed of, to the ships of the

very power that inflicted the previous injury. . . . To illustrate: If the United States will agree to admit Canadian vessels to American registry and the coasting-trade, Canada will admit straw hats, mule harness, and rat-traps free of duty. . . . Let us simply place Canada on the same basis with other foreign countries,—taxing her products, or admitting them free, according to our own judgment of the interest of our own revenue, and the pursuits and needs of our own people,—always bearing in mind that in governmental as in family matters, ‘charity begins at home,’ and that ‘he who provideth not for those of his own house is worse than an infidel.’”

Even more important than the protection of manufactures Mr. Blaine considered the protection of United States citizenship, and urged in his public addresses that it was required by every principle on which the Republican party had been formed and sustained, and for which the war had been waged. “The strength of a column is the strength of its weakest part, and the strength of government protection to citizenship is not that which goes out to the wealthy and the influential, to the strong and the mighty, but it is that which protects and upholds the lowly, the poor, and the weak.”

Another address called attention to a fact of wide and great importance, but almost, if not altogether, unnoticed. Mr. Blaine had been invited to speak, incidentally, to the Northern Wisconsin Agricultural and Mechanical Association at their annual fair in Oshkosh. He had accepted, but learned shortly before the designated day that, without consulting him, the association had made him the chief speaker. He therefore prefaced his address with the apology: “If this large audience shall feel disappointed with the result, they must not lay the charge at my door, but hold the officers of the association responsible in such exemplary damages as a good Wisconsin sense of justice may impose.

“I believe, by modern usage, an address before an agricultural society is expected to leave agriculture severely alone; on the very sound and sensible presumption that the audience have more knowledge on that subject than the speaker is likely to possess. In my own case, certainly, I am ready

to admit the full force of such presumption; for, although I was born and reared in an agricultural community in western Pennsylvania, and have lived all the years of my maturer life in the best agricultural districts of Maine, I do not claim such practical knowledge of the great art and science as would enable me to give one word of needed instruction to the assemblage which I have now the honor to address." He then brought up the subject of debt, — national, State, county, and town, — beginning with a slight sketch of the origin and growth of debts, showing that the vast mass of the world's debt was incurred "not to promote the ends of peace, not to develop agriculture or the mechanic arts, not to improve harbors and the navigation of rivers, not to found institutions of learning, or of charity, or of mercy, not to elevate the standard of culture among the masses, not for any or all of these laudable objects, but for the waste, the cruelty, the untold agonies of war. The vast mass of this prodigious sum-total not only went for war, but for wars of ambition and conquest, in which the fate of reigning dynasties was the stake, and not the well-being of the people or even the aggrandizement of the nation itself in the higher and better sense. In our own country we have had four wars, and with the exception of that with Mexico, they may certainly and fairly be called defensive on our part, for they were assuredly wars essential to our national existence and independence. But still this fact makes us no exception to the rest of the world; and war, however unavoidable in our case, was nevertheless the direct cause of our national burden. Our total national indebtedness to-day is twenty-one hundred and forty millions of dollars (\$2,140,000,000); and of this great sum sixty-four millions (\$64,000,000) given towards the construction of a railroad to the Pacific is all that was incurred for works of peace. The remainder was expended in the long and bloody and desolating struggle in which secession was resisted and destroyed, and in which we won the privilege of continuing to exist as the United States of America.

"But in regard to the national debt, whatever vain regrets we may indulge over the loss of so much treasure and the fearful sacrifice of that which is beyond earthly price, we have this to console, — that the war which gave rise to it was unavoidable,

apparently forecast as part of the great experience of bitterness and of blood through which it was our destiny as a nation to pass, and that out of its sorrowful depths we have emerged a regenerated people, doing justice to a race long oppressed, educating ourselves to higher standards of liberty and of law, and having our feet henceforth shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

“Leaving the consideration of our national debt as an obligation not within our discretion, except as to the best and most honorable means of reducing and discharging it, I invite your attention to those less observed, but even more burdensome, forms of obligation contracted by States, counties, cities, and smaller municipalities, and contracted oftentimes, I may add, with an extravagance and prodigality that seem to invite calamity.”

He then gave a startling array of figures, all the more impressive for being entirely apart from politics, showing not only the alarming increase of debt, but the recklessness with which it was created, and the extravagance by which it was attended. “I venture the assertion, based on careful scrutiny of the facts, that, taking the aggregate of State debts as they stand to-day, there has not been realized on the average fifty cents permanent value for each dollar raised and expended.” He ended by suggesting for the defence of the people against themselves more stringent restriction of the power of State legislation to incur debts, and a more careful definition of the precise ends for which municipal credit should be used, together with some adequate safeguard against the overlapping of municipal and county debts, so that the smaller organization should not find itself involved in the embarrassments of the larger; quoting as a safe governing principle the advice of Mr. Jefferson: “Never borrow a dollar without laying a tax at the same instant for paying the interest annually, and the principal within a given term; and consider that tax as pledged to the creditors on the public faith.”

It was not flattering to the sagacity of self-governing people, who love to rebuke the extravagances of their national Congress, but are not given to accusing themselves of far greater extravagance. It was, however, a timely and necessary warning,

and arrested general attention at home, while in England its information regarding our situation and resources was used by public speakers with marked effect.

One of the interesting incidents of the winter of 1874-75, important in the light of subsequent events, was the presence in Washington of Kalakaua, king of the Hawaiian islands. On the 18th of December he was received by the House of Representatives. Escorted by Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Representative Orth of Indiana, he entered the hall and took his position in the centre aisle fronting the Speaker, who welcomed him on behalf of the American Congress, emphasizing the visit as "the first instance in which a reigning sovereign has set foot upon the soil of the United States, and it is a significant circumstance that the visit comes to us from the West, and not from the East." With a few words of personal courtesy and compliment, the Speaker assured his majesty that "our whole people cherish for your subjects the most friendly regard. They trust and believe that the relations of the two countries will always be as peaceful as the great sea that rolls between us—uniting and not dividing."

Chief-Justice Allen, of Hawaii, — and Maine, — read the king's reply of graceful acknowledgment that "for any success in government, and for our progress in a higher civilization, we are very much indebted to the government and people of this great country. Your laws and your civilization have been in a great degree our model." The Speaker then left the chair for a more personal greeting to the king, before he withdrew with his suite.

The elections of 1874 gave the House of Representatives to the Democratic party for the first time since the Rebellion. Naturally many Republicans were greatly alarmed at seeing the balance of power about to pass into the hands of their opponents, so lately armed foes of the country. Many members of the House of Representatives had been in the rebel ranks, — softened by time into "confederate" ranks. The Republican party, without cleaving into distinct factions, gravitated in two distinct directions, — towards further repressive legislation on the one hand, on the other towards the enforcement of present

law through the machinery already provided. The administration led in the first direction the radical element. Mr. Blaine was universally recognized as head of the more conservative forces. The presidential election of 1876 was near enough to be an estimated, if not always a perceptible motive. Desire for a third election to the presidency was attributed to President Grant. Denial was hardly possible to him, and his most intimate friends advocated "a third term." By common consent Mr. Blaine was counted as the rival candidate, whether he would or not, and he certainly gave no sign that he would not. He was in the prime of life, thoroughly versed not only in historical but in practical politics — a phrase not less weighty for being warped into a petty and corrupt interpretation. The ideal policy of this great nation was already shaping itself, in his ardent thought, towards new advances in national power, and individual prosperity and happiness. He had no misgiving as to the correctness of his judgment on those points, or his ability to guide the country along the course which he deemed its true and high destiny. He was always eager to use the one in furtherance of the other. It was not timely or necessary for him to avow, but he did not disavow, the candidacy. He had a full sense of the greatness of the position, a greatness not to be minimized by unworthy seeking, or by insincere pretence of not seeking. He had a strong sense of its influence, a solemn sense of its responsibility. He accepted the opportunity, and would have accepted the presidency with all his heart and soul, with all his mind and strength. But he did not and could not do what many both in his own party and in the opposition wished him to do, — withdraw from the House of Representatives that he might avoid embarrassing complications. When the anti-third term resolution was put to vote in the House early in the winter of 1875-76, he was quite willing to absent himself and meet the not ill-humored raillery of having made public proclamation of his candidacy, rather than cast a vote which seemed to reflect so directly on the President. But he was not willing to relinquish his work and retire from his post rather than run the risk of such complications. He would not exchange a present certain opportunity for a future which was only possibility.

Several of the Southern States were in a very unsettled condition. Arkansas was agitated almost to the point of the bayonet by internal political conflict. The Louisiana election troubles were at culmination. Mr. Kellogg and Mr. McEnery were both claiming the governorship of the State. Behind the one were the returning board, the administration, and the army; the other based his title on the popular vote. The administration party maintained that the honest vote was prevented by intimidation, and must be secured by federal interposition. The anti-administrationists maintained, on the contrary, that Louisiana votes, returned as polled under the State government supervision, aided by United States supervisors and United States troops, gave the State Legislature to conservatives; that a returning board of seven men, none of them citizens of Louisiana, was called as a board of arbitrators to determine who were the men chosen by the people of that State to represent them in their own Legislature; that this returning board had rejected the governor chosen by the people, and had installed in the Legislature Republicans who had never even made a contest for seats, and that these had been kept in by federal bayonets. The State House was guarded and conservative legislators were ejected by federal troops. Such a state of things ten years after the war was over could but be eminently unsatisfactory. The North no more liked to see, than the South to feel, United States soldiers entering a capitol, and turning out members of the Legislature. The aggrieved State maintained that she respected the National government, but detested the State government as fraudulent. The President's opponents insisted that it was the result of his officious and unconstitutional intermeddling. The radical wing of his supporters affirmed that it was due to the rebellious spirit yet rampant in the South. The conservative wing sought to compose the differences and bring about a better feeling and condition, without antagonizing the President, or widening the party disaffection. Of these Mr. Blaine was chief.

A compromise was effected. A committee was appointed by the Speaker of the House, whose decision Louisiana promised to accept. Its final recommendation was that Kellogg should be recognized as the *de facto* governor, that the

errors of the Republican enrolling board should be corrected, and the popular branch of the Legislature given to the Democrats.

Some of the spring elections were made to turn virtually on the third-term question, as involving the President's vindication. New Hampshire came out strongly against third term, and won. In Connecticut the Republican platform contained a full approval of the administration, and lost. Mr. Blaine was reproached on the one side for giving, in his Connecticut speeches, an apology for the President rather than cordial support; and on the other side for giving, if not justification, at least an apology for the President. Against complaint of sectionalism he declared broadly and definitely that the sectional question would not cease until the Union was everywhere respected, the majesty of the law everywhere recognized; until the rights of the humblest were everywhere conceded, and freedom of speech was nowhere denied; until Wendell Phillips and General Logan could speak as freely in Georgia as Gordon and Lamar in New Hampshire; until every man entitled to suffrage was freely accorded the privilege of voting. He also took occasion to say that before the report of the House Committee had been received, the President had wisely and necessarily reached its conclusion, which was the only practicable adjustment. Any other would have involved wrong on one hand, anarchy on the other.

But he declared as definitely that he had no faith in any special form of additional coercive legislation. He believed that legislation had gone as far as was prudent or promising. He thought the time had come for reliance on other forces. He could not advise or consent to any interference with an existing State government except under the express terms of the Constitution and under an exigency so pressing as to involve the public safety. "*What is wanted is not more law, but a better public opinion.*"

Both sides agreed that he was right in appealing to the general feeling that the Democrats could not be trusted, and the most radical began to observe and remark with approval that Mr. Blaine had not condemned outside, but had labored within the party to correct mistakes and to prevent their repetition.

The Civil Rights bill, characterized by its opponents as a bill to abolish the color line and the Federal Elections bill, by corresponding authority characterized as "the force bill," and "a bill to facilitate executive interference with elections," were before Congress and were discussed with great and warm interest. The Republican party was passing from power in the House, and the more radical Republicans deemed the enactment of these bills sufficiently important to justify drastic measures. They insisted that the Speaker should refuse to recognize the Democrats making dilatory motions, and should recognize only the Republicans who were in charge of the bills. Mr. Blaine maintained that the dilatory motions were perfectly in accordance with the rules of the House, and no choice was left him but to recognize their movers.

The object aimed at in both bills, Mr. Blaine desired and sought, but he did not think it attainable in the prescribed direction. He believed that the two bills were an attempt to accomplish by legislation what legislation can never accomplish. Clearly seeing the great wrongs of the freedman at the hands of Southern prejudice and pride, he saw as clearly that no great advantage is to be gained by legislating against human pride and prejudice. Always outspoken for a free and pure ballot as essential to the life of a republic, he had a historic patience, could make allowance, and strove to introduce other and varied interests of business and patriotism that should divert the thought of the South from sectional matters and enlist its own financial prosperity and material progress in the cause of human rights, thus dividing the "solid South" on non-political issues, making the colored vote valuable and to be sought by each party, rather than worthless because abhorred by both. To him it seemed that we were in danger of losing a practical advance, certified by the logic of statistics and the testimony of unprejudiced observers, for a sentimental advantage that undoubtedly showed better on paper and rang out better in oratorical rhetoric and even syllogism, but left both white and black at the South waging their unequal and profitless war, — because the friction of humanity must always be allowed for in the working of pure logic.

In the spring of 1874 rumors were abroad that Independent

editors were designing to form a party by joining the hard-money Democrats, with Speaker Blaine for a candidate, "because he was more popular with the Democrats than any other Republican;" and again in the winter of 1874-75 a section of the Republican party that was impatient of slow processes undertook to form a new party, and endeavored to secure the alliance of Mr. Blaine. His unsurpassed power as a popular leader was everywhere recognized and acknowledged, and it was equally manifest that in principle he was steadfast, unmovable — antagonizing Republicans with promptness and effect, whenever necessary in the interests of good government. If his coöperation could be secured, it was believed that the people would follow; that the new party would immediately form and move without halt in the right direction.

The disaffected Republicans assembled in force in Washington and made direct overtures to Mr. Blaine in his own house. He received them with his usual light-hearted cordiality and hospitality, conducted what could hardly be called the negotiations with abundance of argument enlivened with much illustration and anecdote; but his opinion could not be changed or his course in the least degree influenced. He never for one moment countenanced a secession from the Republican party. What the "Independents" could not understand was the principle upon which Mr. Blaine assented and dissented. That on one and another point he should resist his party to the utmost, yet refuse to abandon it altogether, was to them strangely inexplicable. He was first and last in demanding a free vote and a fair count, and yet he had constantly, stubbornly, and effectually, though quietly, opposed the "force bill" with its extreme and dangerous power of suspending the writ of habeas corpus, and using the army in the suppression of violence, without reference to the State authorities. He had cordially advocated Grant's reëlection, yet was well known to be firmly opposed to the third term. The direct road may not be wholly in sight from every point upon it, but it is none the less the direct road. What seemed to uncomprehending observers, or what insincere observers chose to characterize as tergiversation, or caprice, or timidity, was the instantaneous and instinctive application of unchanged and unchanging principle.

Mr. Blaine, moreover, did not believe that parties are ever formed on Monboddo's theory of the construction of language, by a company of learned men assembled for the purpose. Parties form themselves and whirl up their own leaders in the storm. The Republican party had not outlived its usefulness. He held it to be sound at the heart — occasionally and incidentally wrong, substantially right. Its organization, traditions, principles, were too valuable to be thrown aside. He foresaw his own deposition from the speakership, not only with tranquillity, but with abundant hope of greater opportunity; of putting his hand more directly to the helm and heading the noble ship more surely on her true course. He felt no need of a new party, and saw no hope in leaving the old party.

The 4th of March came, and he relinquished the chair amid the warmest expressions of personal regret and regard, not only from his own partisans, but from his comrades in the opposition. "As a work of art," says an unemotional eye-witness, "his speech was perfect, but no one who reads it can appreciate its effect as it was delivered to the vast throng. The deep feeling which was apparent in every word and sentence aroused corresponding sympathy, and when he closed, threw down the gavel and left the chair, no such scene has been witnessed in the House by the oldest habitué of the Capitol."

It was the beginning of our centennial years, and he took an interested part in the Concord and Lexington celebrations, whose patriotism could no more be chilled by the April's untimely fierce cold than could the patriotism of our fathers be withered by the untimely heat of its predecessor one hundred years before.

In October, with a small party of friends, he paid a vacation visit of a week or more to our British neighbors in the Provinces, touching all along the way, through St. John to Halifax, inspecting the Citadel, — now but a pleasant international jest, — and the beautiful "Bellerophon," as peaceful as a white-winged bird, but which might turn the jest into a sombre fact; interchanging courtesies with the Provincial authorities, and building with swift, sure hand upon history and poetry, upon race resources and position, a future of fair promise.

In December he went back to Congress to be one of the

minority on the floor of the House, with the Democrats naturally exulting in their new and novel majority.

And in one day the tide had turned, and the majority, surprised and sobered, found themselves swept on and swept under to a familiar but unwelcome subordination.

The occasion was a quiet little Democratic attempt to unsettle the Louisiana settlement. The members elected to the House from Louisiana presented themselves for admission. The greater number of them held certificates from both Kellogg and McEnery; one held a certificate from Kellogg alone and had no competitor. These were at once admitted. One, Frank Morey, had a certificate from Governor Kellogg, but had a competitor whose certificate was signed by McEnery. Hon. Fernando Wood moved that these contesting applications should be sent to the Committee on Elections for decision — thereby silently assuming that the governorship was still in question. But this apparently harmless arrangement was upset by Mr. Blaine the moment it was launched, with the declaration that McEnery had no more claim to be considered governor of Louisiana than had Mr. Wood to be governor of New York; and, ably supported by Wheeler, of New York, who had been chairman of the House Committee on Louisiana Affairs, against the gentle Lamar and the witty Cox and all other comers, he proceeded to wrest victory from the jaws of defeat, till Speaker Kerr sent down to his friends on the floor the word of advice for withdrawal, and the experienced Mr. Holman led the perplexed ranks of his party, who had thought it incumbent upon them to follow Mr. Wood, safely back into camp. The Republicans were as little used to being in the minority as the Democrats were to being in a majority, and were as much astonished as their opponents to see the Democratic party “broken in two” on their first party vote, Mr. Wood’s budding leadership blighted, and such men as Mr. Lamar and Mr. Cox turned adrift, on the first day of the session. They took heart at once, and in the elation of their unexpected triumph openly declared that “the whole conduct of affairs might as well be put into Blaine’s hands for the winter;” that not only could he be trusted to lead, but that a man who can “achieve the unprecedented parliamentary triumph of defeating

and demoralizing the majority on the first day of the session, will be sure to shape the action of any caucus or conference, and can fear neither his foes of the other party nor rivals in his own."

The school question, as connected with sectarianism, had been more than usually prominent before the country, and in one State at least it had been considered the pivotal point on which a governor — Mr. Hayes, of Ohio — was elected over his Democratic opponent, Mr. Allen. Mr. Blaine thought the matter too fundamental to be left to the varying fortunes of partisanship, and in October, 1875, he had written to a citizen of Ohio a letter whose substance was afterwards formulated in a constitutional amendment which should forever prohibit any State interference for or against an establishment of religion or the free exercise thereof, or any portion of the public-school money, whether raised by taxation or derived from any public funds, from being placed under the control of any religious sect or divided among sects or denominations.

Another measure which the Democrats hoped to carry unopposed if not unobserved in the glow of good feeling characterizing the first centennial year, Mr. Blaine promptly laid hold of to the advancement of public virtue and of the Republican party.

A rebellion, never exceeded in magnitude, had been followed by a victory never exceeded in magnanimity. The government in the hands of Republicans had from time to time remitted the penalties of rebellion, until only about seven hundred and fifty men remained outside of pardon and citizenship. The last Congress had reported a general amnesty bill through the House Committee of Rules, of which the Speaker is chairman. Mr. Blaine had not wholly approved the bill, and had in committee objected to certain of its features. He had, however, been willing that it should be brought before the House, but had asked certain members to oppose it in the House and had not himself taken the floor against it.

Early in the new session the Democrats, not unwilling to receive some small share of the glory and grace of the final amnesty in our centennial year, presented a bill for general amnesty through Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, afterwards Speaker.

Mr. Blaine at once gave notice that he should offer an amendment. On the 10th of January Mr. Randall called up his bill relieving all persons in the United States from the disabilities imposed by the fourteenth article of amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Blaine at once projected his amendment, in the nature of a substitute, that "*all persons in the United States under the disabilities imposed by the fourteenth amendment, with the exception of Jefferson Davis, late president of the so-called confederate States, shall be relieved of such disabilities, upon their appearing before any judge of a United States court, and taking and subscribing an oath that they will support and defend the Constitution of the United States, and bear true faith and allegiance to the same.*"

The exception of one man, and the condition that those who wished their disabilities removed should certify their change of heart by swearing allegiance to the government that must remove them, seems but a slight modification of the amnesty resolution, a very mild display of Republican revenge; but it proved to be the little candle that lighted up the whole scene.

Mr. Randall declined to admit the amendment to vote or debate. The Republicans refused to permit it to be summarily smothered, and therefore defeated the bill, which required a two-thirds vote. Mr. Blaine then moved to reconsider, and thus gained control of the bill, which he at once opened to debate and amendment, thereby gaining opportunity to offer his amendment as a substitute for the original bill. He then addressed the House, emphasizing the spirit and defining the position of the Republican party regarding the people of the Southern States:

"Every time the question of amnesty has been brought before the House by a gentleman on that side for the last two Congresses, it has been done with a certain flourish of magnanimity which seems to convey an imputation on this side of the House. It seemed to charge the Republican party, which has been in control of the government for the last fifteen years, with being bigoted, narrow, and illiberal, grinding down certain gentlemen in the Southern States under a great tyranny, from which the hard-heartedness of this side of the House constantly refuses to relieve them.

“If I may anticipate as much wisdom as ought to characterize the gentlemen on the other side of the House, this may be the last time that amnesty will be discussed in the American Congress. I therefore desire, and under the rules of the House, with no thanks to that side for the privilege, to place on record just what the Republican party has done in this matter. I wish to place it there as an imperishable record of liberality, and magnanimity, and mercy far beyond any that has ever been shown before in the world’s history by conqueror to conquered.”

A concise review demonstrated that restoration to citizenship of those lately in rebellion had gone steadily on, till only about seven hundred and fifty men remained outside the pardon of the United States government; and that of these men three hundred and twenty-five were officers of the United States, educated at its own expense at West Point; two hundred and ninety-five were officers of the navy; the remainder were Senators and Representatives of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial service, heads of departments, and foreign ministers of the United States. To their restoration to citizenship he offered no objection.

“All I ask is that each of these gentlemen shall show his good faith by coming forward and taking the oath which you on that side of the House and we on this side of the House take and gladly take. It is a very small exaction to make as a preliminary to full restoration to all the rights of citizenship.

“In my amendment I have excepted Jefferson Davis from amnesty. I do not place his exclusion on the ground that Mr. Davis was, as he has been commonly called, the head and front of the Rebellion, because on that ground I do not think the exception would be tenable. Mr. Davis was in that respect as guilty, no more so, no less so, than thousands of others who have already received the benefit and grace of amnesty. Probably he was far less efficient as an enemy of the United States; probably he was far more useful as a disturber of the councils of the confederacy, than many who have already received amnesty. It is not because of any particular and special damage that he above others did to the Union, or because he was personally or especially of consequence, that I except him. But I except him on this ground: that he was the author knowingly,

deliberately, guiltily, and wilfully, of the gigantic murders and crimes at Andersonville."

He then produced in detail the awful proof of his awful arraignment, from the testimony of Democrats and Republicans, of Southern men and Northern men, of soldiers and the clergy; testimony concerning bloodhounds set upon skeletons that escaped from the unspeakable horrors of Andersonville, — testimony sworn to before Congress by a great cloud of witnesses, recorded in its annals, and concurred in by Democrats and by Republicans. All this he charged upon the deliberate knowledge and intent of Jefferson Davis, since Winder and Wirz were his creatures, acting under his appointment and orders, and even sustained by him.

"The poor victim Wirz deserved his death for brutal treatment and murder of many victims; but it was a weak policy on the part of our government to allow Jefferson Davis to go at large and hang Wirz. Wirz was nothing in the world but a mere subordinate, and there was no special reason for singling him out for death. I do not say he did not deserve it. He deserved no mercy; but his execution seemed like skipping over the president, superintendent, and board of directors in the case of a great railroad accident and hanging the brakeman of the rear car.

"There is no proposition here to punish Jefferson Davis. Nobody is seeking to do it. That time has gone by. The statute of limitations, the common feelings of humanity, supervene for his benefit. But what you ask us to do is to declare by a vote of two-thirds of both branches of Congress that we consider Mr. Davis worthy to fill the highest offices in the United States if he can find a constituency to endorse him. He is already a voter; he can buy and he can sell; he can go and he can come. He is as free as any man in the United States. This bill proposes that Mr. Davis, by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and a two-thirds vote of the House, shall be declared eligible and worthy to fill any office up to the presidency of the United States. For one, upon full deliberation, I refuse my assent to that proposition."

Mr. Blaine was not content with making no charge against the Southern people.

"I do not arraign the Southern people for these inhumanities. God forbid that I should charge sympathy with such wrongs upon the mass of any people. There were many evidences of great uneasiness in the South about the condition of Andersonville. One of the great crimes of Jefferson Davis was that, besides conniving at the cruelty, he concealed it from the Southern people. He labored not only to conceal it, but to make false statements about it. This is not a proposition to punish Jefferson Davis. Nobody is attempting that. But here and now I express my firm conviction, that there is not a government, a civilized government, on the face of the globe — I am very sure there is not a European government — that would not have arrested Mr. Davis at the close of the war, and when they had him in their power would not have tried him for maltreatment of the prisoners of war and shot him within thirty days. France, Russia, England, Germany, Austria, any one of them would have done it."

"It is often said that 'we shall lift Mr. Davis again into great consequence by refusing him amnesty.' That is not for me to consider. I only see before me, when his name is presented, a man who, by a wave of his hand, by a nod of his head, could have put an end to the atrocious cruelties at Andersonville. Some of us had kinsmen there, most of us had friends there, all of us had countrymen there. In the name of those kinsmen, friends, and countrymen I here protest, and shall with my vote protest, against calling back and crowning with the honors of full American citizenship the man who organized that murder."

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the sensation produced by this speech, near and far, immediate and lasting. In the House the opposition raged with a violence which to the observer seemed portentous, but which now seems creditable and indeed inevitable. From the horror and the crime of Andersonville, the South recoiled as strongly as the North. Their hearts refused to receive the witness of their heads. They simply denied atrocities which they could neither justify nor disprove.

The more astute saw, too, that the controversy was putting them terribly in the wrong before the people; was doing them politically more harm than even the quiet passage of an amnesty bill could have done them good. Under the goading of

this formidable opponent, the weaker brethren were exposing their weakest points, making them still weaker and more defenceless. Ineffectual attempts were made to stay the torrent. It was doubly hard to lose a victory, so nearly ensured, by the sudden necessity of making a political stand on an issue immoral and indefensible.

"Has not the time of the gentleman from Maine expired?" but the Speaker was obliged to answer that it had not.

"Can he claim the floor?" was asked when, after brief surcease, he was up again.

"Certainly, I have the floor for an hour, and you cannot prevent it."

"I did not ask the gentleman from Maine."

But the Speaker, whom the questioner did ask, ruled honorably, if reluctantly, that the gentleman from Maine was in order.

"Will the gentleman allow me a moment?" he asked when off the floor, and "no! no!" came from a dozen storm-centres on the Democratic side of the house.

Vainly he protested, "Do not be alarmed. I only want a moment." His "moments" had a terror of their own.

Mr. Cox made a vain attempt at response, but it was perfunctory and ineffective. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, with the courage of despair attempted to neutralize the effect by charging that equal atrocities were perpetrated upon Southern prisoners at the North; but Northern Democrats from the locality of the rebel prisoners were summoned to testify on the spot, and between two opposing fires, their Northern constituencies and their Southern allies, gave unwilling but direct testimony against an allegation so false as to be suicidally foolish; while Southern Democrats were refuted by unexpected quotations from their own speeches in other halls. Angry men cried out on the floor that Mr. Blaine was spoiling the opportunities of the centennial year for universal harmony. He was like some "magician of the black art, with devilish incantation, calling up grim and gory spectres from the political inferno to mar the fair form of the festal cheer of the Republic." He was speaking out "hate and venom." He was "a ghoul," "a howling hyena," and other unpleasant objects of history and imagination. But no rage or rhetoric could

disguise the simple fact that what he sought and all he sought was a prohibition of national honors for the author of crimes against humanity, and for the others the Divine condition of pardon, — the asking for it. The father went out to meet his prodigal son a great way off, but not while the prodigal sat sulking among his swine ; not till he had said, and suited the action to the word, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned.”

Two days afterwards — January 12 — General Garfield followed Mr. Blaine, and in his best manner, with his own individuality and independence, defended every position that Mr. Blaine had taken.

Of Mr. Hill's statement that the atrocities of Andersonville do not begin to compare with the atrocities of Elmira, of Fort Douglas, or of Fort Delaware, and that of all the atrocities, both at Andersonville and Elmira, the Confederate government stands acquitted from all responsibility and blame, — General Garfield said :

“I stand in the presence of that statement with an amazement that I am utterly incapable of expressing. I look upon the serene and manly face of the gentleman who uttered it, and I wonder what influence of the supernal or nether gods could have touched him with madness for the moment and led him to make that dreadful statement. I pause ; and I ask the three Democrats on this floor who happen to represent the districts where are located the three places named, if there be one of them who does not know that this charge is fearfully and awfully untrue? [A pause.] Their silence answers me. They are strangers to me, but I know they will repel the charge with all the energy of their manhood.”

Mr. Blaine, resuming the floor, designated the two questions of our treatment of rebel prisoners and whose was the blame for breaking exchange as points on which General Garfield had left him nothing to say. “No gentleman in this House has answered, no gentleman can answer, one fact presented by him.” But he pressed harder and fortified by further indisputable evidence, by the words of the Southern men themselves, the terrible truths which had been met only with futile denial and more futile resentment, and especially emphasized his citations as

being always from Confederate, never from Union prisoners — till the cry was repeated :

Has not the time of the gentleman from Maine expired ?

The SPEAKER (*pro tempore*). — The time of the gentleman from Maine has not expired.

Mr. HANCOCK. — He commenced ten minutes before one o'clock.

Mr. JONES (of Kentucky). — The gentleman from Maine is constantly violating the rules of this House.

Mr. BLAINE. — In what respect ?

The SPEAKER (*pro tempore*). — *The gentleman from Kentucky* is out of order. The Speaker of the House set the dial exactly at the time the gentleman from Maine commenced his speech, showing exactly when his hour will expire, and the present occupant of the chair when that time is reached will notify the House.

On the 14th the Democrats attempted by a *coup d'état* to pass their amnesty bill ; but Mr. Blaine anticipated them, rallied the now thoroughly aroused Republicans to their posts of vantage, and forced the Democrats to the necessity of opposing in open day an amnesty bill which gave pardon for the asking to every man but one, and which the Republicans would combine with Democrats in passing, in order to bring up a bill which they knew could not be passed at all ; and having marshalled all forces in full array, he dismissed them as one having authority :

“ I hold in my hand a letter which I endeavored to have this morning the poor privilege of reading, and which I could not get ; but again under the rules of the House, always beneficent, and which I have no doubt will always be beneficent as administered by the honorable occupant of the chair, I have that privilege. This morning I received a letter which I commend to gentlemen from the South. With that fascinating eloquence which my friend from Massachusetts (Mr. Banks) possesses, he called your attention to the great value in this centennial year of having no man in the length and breadth of the land under the slightest political disabilities, and why except poor Jefferson Davis ? I have here a letter written to me without any request, and, so far as I know, without any expectation that it would

be made public ; but I am sure that even if it be a private letter the gentleman writing it will pardon me for reading it. It is as follows :

RALEIGH, N.C., January 12, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR : I observe there is excitement in the House on the amnesty proposition.

In 1870 I was impeached and removed from office as governor of this State solely because of a movement which I put on foot according to the Constitution and the law to suppress the bloody Ku-Klux. This was done by the Democrats of the State, the allies, and the echoes of Northern Democrats. I was also disqualified by the judgment of removal from holding office in this State. The Democratic Legislature of this State and its late constitutional convention were appealed to in vain by my friends to remove this disability. The late convention, in which the Democrats had one majority by fraud, refused by a strict party vote to remove my disabilities thus imposed ; and I am now the only man in North Carolina who cannot hold office.

I think these facts should be borne in mind, when the Democrats in Congress clamor for relief to the late insurgent leaders. Pardon the liberty I have taken in referring to this matter, and believe me, truly, your friend,

W. W. HOLDEN.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE.

“Gentlemen, what have you to say to that?”

“Now, I wish to make this proposition, that I may bring my bill before the House by unanimous consent, and I will yield to any gentleman to move an amendment to it. I will give to that side of the House all I have asked for this side. If it be the case that gentlemen will refuse that proposition, then it is because they do not want any bill passed. I am for a practicable amnesty. I am for an amnesty that will go through.”

Mr. ROBBINS, of North Carolina. — I object.

Mr. BLAINE. — Now, Mr. Speaker, I will end this matter, which I have within my power : I withdraw the motion to reconsider.

And Jefferson Davis went to his grave a man without a country.

Many of Mr. Blaine's political and personal friends doubted the wisdom of his course, — feared the stirring up of ill-feeling, deprecated possible consequences, did not understand how he who opposed the force bill could also oppose the amnesty bill.

They thought the country was "weary of strife, wanted conciliation, and not renewal of acerbity. Everybody was sick of the whole Southern business. The country had a chance to make money and wanted to be let alone."

He was sternly warned by the Republican press that such movements would "lose him the presidency." In noting candidates "Speaker Blaine was already counted out." "Hot corn was not dropped more suddenly than our candidate James G. Blaine." "It was smartness, but not statesmanship." It was hoped that "his speech on the second day would retrieve the errors of his first." He had not "only destroyed the centennial harmony in the land, but the centennial appropriation in Congress."

But Mr. Blaine never mistook the temper and touch of the people. Across the leaders, athwart apparent tendencies, he appealed to the general sense of justice, to the conscience, the reason, the heart; and the response was sure. In this case it was electric. The nation *was* tired of strife and wanted peace, but not with Jefferson Davis as a chief corner-stone. Outside of politics, regardless of parties, over all the North, in crowded city and remote hamlet, here, there, everywhere, was a father, a mother, wife, sister, daughter, in whose heart dwelt an undying memory, the memory of some one dearer than life, who had sunk in the mud of Andersonville, his only bed, and had died in the mud where he sank; memories of dear ones who had gone out men and had returned — but let us forget. Jefferson Davis was not honored, and it is lawful now to forget.

To these survivors Mr. Blaine's words spoke like a voice from heaven. Their unspeakable sorrows were *not* forgotten; their unspeakable wrongs were not to be whelmed in a rush even of centennial good feeling, and the centennial was all the more worth celebrating because they were not. Letters came pouring in upon Mr. Blaine. Steam was not swift enough. From every quarter the lightning flashed gratitude to the man who had touched a sacred woe with sympathetic hand. Every mail and every minute brought messages of love and thanks.

The echoes of disapproval had not died away before Republican conventions began to pass resolutions denouncing Mr.

Hill and endorsing Speaker Blaine "for his noble defence in opposition to the amnesty bill." It began soon to be discovered by the newspapers that Mr. Blaine's great blunder in making the speech had been more than offset by Mr. Hill's monstrous errors in answering it. Then came a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, on the 27th of January, citing to an astonished world his "inexcusable tortures and privations at Fortress Munroe," the "want and suffering of men in Northern prisons," and the extraordinary argument that "to remove political disabilities, which there was not legal power to impose, was not an act of so much grace," and that he had been censured "because I would not visit on the helpless prisoners in our hands such barbarities" as had been inflicted on Southern prisoners by the North.

Then men remembered that Mr. Blaine had avowed his desire that the people should know the animus of these unrepentant rebel leaders who were as busy as they had been before the war in consolidating the old slave States into one compact, political organization, which, with a very few votes from the North, should govern the country; and even those who had decried his appeal, declared that one-half of Davis's letter was taken up in showing that Blaine was right! "It is Blaine's luck," was the half vexed, half admiring comment. "He will be marching through the country now as the champion of disabled Union soldiers, just as he did a month ago as champion of public schools." He even received the tribute of imitation, and other men smote the same chords, but drew thence only a languid note and passed in music out of sight.

Leaving the discussion to wear itself away, Mr. Blaine turned to other things. An irredeemable paper currency still seemed to many a way of escape from poverty, and the "Rag Baby" was fondled and scourged through the country. The essential nature and value of the circulating medium Mr. Blaine believed to be a matter about which parties should agree never to disagree. On the 10th of February he spoke in the House, arguing with great force from the experience of the world, the necessity of a specie standard, a necessity which the greater necessity of war had temporarily overborne, and which continued prostration of business had permitted to be overlooked.

Government notes as legal tender had been the last and successful resort of war; but he demonstrated the disorder and disaster that must follow a reliance on an irredeemable paper currency as relief from business stagnation, or as anything but the addition of permanent confusion to whatever burden we might be laboring under.

All occasion for such argument has happily long since passed; yet so clear in statement, so pertinent in illustration, so picturesque and forceful in arrangement, so vivid in style, so patriotic and proud was his presentation, that it can be read to-day with keen interest and pleasure. Amid the many inflation schemes fatal to both honor and prosperity, it was welcomed as a guiding voice on a darkened and perilous way.

Public approval of Mr. Blaine's position on the currency was outspoken. Men of affairs said that while his speech on amnesty appealed to patriotic sentiment, his soundness on money showed hard-headed business ability. Even the omniscients of the lecture-room and the editorial chair, who had thought his "amnesty performances mere smartness," admitted this to be as near statesmanship as they ever allow Congressmen to approach. Before the month was out, the newspapers were declaring that "Blaine is the only one of the candidates making real headway." He was "popular with the people." Men might be never so tired of strife, never so eager to make money, but "Blaine is gathering in the States." When the "post-tradership scandals" were before Congress, "the Republicans had the best of the discussion, not because their arguments were stronger, but because Blaine, by his skilful leadership, persistency, and strength of lungs bore down all opposition. What with Ben Hill and the Rag Baby, the undertow of Blaine sentiment is unmistakable."

When the reformers put forward a bill prohibiting election contributions from government clerks, Mr. Blaine went a step further, and moved an amendment prohibiting election contributions also from members of Congress while they were candidates for Congress; but took occasion to warn the reformers that one or two men behind the polling-booth can do more mischief than a thousand bribed men can do outside. It seemed in the right line and harmless, and Mr. Caulfield, who had it in charge.

permitted him to introduce it; but evidently fearing some mysterious consequence, took back his permission in a panic, and Mr. Blaine was forced to get possession of the bill and introduce his amendment as an original proposition.

By April, palliation and modifications and secondary causes were thrown aside, and leading Republican journals admitted that Mr. Blaine had with "consummate sagacity sounded the key-note of his policy in his amnesty speech last winter. Many of his best friends then thought he had made a frightful blunder, but he understood the temper of the Republican masses better than they." And on the lines which he laid down that winter the victory of 1876 was won.

The situation became to the party which had been sixteen years out of power, acute and critical. As the life and death questions of slavery and reconstruction receded, leaving victory with the nation, private ambitions grew more restless and party opposition more hopeful. The Republican State defeats of Grant's second term augured the possibility of a national defeat in 1876. But it became constantly more evident that one man in particular must be disabled before success could be assured. From party defeat as from party triumph the Democrats and the reformers observed with dismay that this man came out stronger than he went in, and that behind him followed a great admiring and enthusiastic army of the loyal, sturdy, controlling masses of the Republican party, — an army whose ranks were constantly swelling in numbers, in strength, in momentum. Whether it were the dry matters of finance or the more emotional questions of amnesty, or public concerns of less defined if not less important traits than either, mere political opposition was of no avail. There must be a resort to some other expedient.

The politics of those who opposed the Republicans seemed to consist mainly of investigation. To justify a new party, it seemed necessary to demonstrate that the chief men of the old Republican party were scoundrels. In number and extent the investigations set on foot during that Democratic reform winter were unprecedented. Whether it was the aftermath of the Credit Mobilier, or whether human nature, after rising to the height of great questions, must, upon their settlement and withdrawal, react in false and feeble and futile issues, the air was

heavy with charges and counter-charges of corruption. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison lifted up his voice and protested that the nation's work was being ever better done, and was laughed at for his pains by the professional reformers. From the Credit Mobilier storm Mr. Blaine had emerged untouched; but his name had been mentioned in connection with railroads, and railroads had not yet been taken from the "Index Expurgatorius." The popular prejudice regarding railroads might yet be turned to account against him.

Indefinite and anonymous but scandalous rumors began to steal about. On February 28, 1876, Mr. Blaine received a letter from a friend which gave them definite shape, and the authority of Mr. John Scott C. Harrison, of Indianapolis, a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a road which derived its franchises from the national government. This story was that shortly after Mr. Harrison became a director, he found seventy-five worthless bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad among the assets of the company. Upon inquiry, he learned that the company, in return for a favor done it by Mr. James G. Blaine, a member of Congress, had loaned him \$64,000, had accepted his worthless bonds as security, and that Mr. Blaine had never repaid the loan. The draft had been ordered on motion of Thomas Scott, president of the road, and was made payable to the order of Morton, Bliss, & Co., New York. This information Mr. Harrison received from Mr. Rollins, an officer of the company. Such, with many variations and details, was the substance of the rumors. The favor for which Mr. Blaine received the \$64,000 was not stated, but the implication was of corrupt legislation.

This letter Mr. Blaine answered with a denial of the whole statement so far as it concerned himself; but no private denial could make headway against a tale intended for public circulation. On April 11 an Indianapolis newspaper opened its columns formally to the charge, unwittingly revealing the animus of the attack in the first sentence: "A prominent banker of this city is in possession of a secret, the exposure of which will forever blast the prospects of a certain candidate for the presidency."

As Mr. Blaine did not immediately reply, the utterers of

the tale began to demand that Mr. Blaine ask an immediate investigation, and to threaten that "if he does not, J. S. C. Harrison will go before the Judiciary Committee of the House as government director of the road and demand an immediate investigation;" and when a week had passed some not perhaps so unfriendly as timid observers began to fear that "Blaine had made a mistake in not asking an investigation."

Mr. Blaine had his own way of meeting these rumors. His private letter of denial had been enough to meet honest doubt. To the public charge he made public answer in the full House of Representatives, not demanding investigation, but bringing proof that defied investigation.

It was on the 24th of April, a rainy and dismal day, but the House was crowded. Mr. Blaine read his speech from manuscript.

MR. BLAINE. — Mr. Speaker, with the leave of the House, so kindly granted, I shall proceed to submit certain facts and correct certain errors personal to myself. The dates of the correspondence embraced in my statement will show that it was impossible for me to make it earlier. I will be as brief as the circumstances shall permit. For some months past a charge against me has been circulating in private, and was recently made public, designing to show that I had, in some indirect manner, received the large sum of \$64,000 from the Union Pacific Railroad Company in 1871, — for what services or for what purposes has never been stated. The alleged proof of this serious accusation was based, according to the original story, upon the authority of E. H. Rollins, treasurer of the Union Pacific Company, who, it was averred, had full knowledge that I got the money; and also upon the authority of Morton, Bliss, & Co., bankers of New York, through whom the draft for \$64,000 was said to have been negotiated for my benefit, as they confidentially knew. Hearing of this charge some weeks in advance of its publication, I procured the following statement from the two principal witnesses who were quoted as having such definite knowledge against me:

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,
BOSTON, March 31, 1876.

DEAR SIR: In response to your inquiry, I beg leave to state that I have been treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad Company since April 8, 1871,

and have necessarily known of all disbursements made since that date. During that entire period, up to the present time, I am sure that no money has been paid in any way or to any person by the company in which you were interested in any manner whatever.

I make this statement in justice to the company, to you, and to myself.

Very respectfully yours,

E. H. ROLLINS.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1876.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your inquiry we beg to say that no draft, note, or check, or other evidence of value, has ever passed through our books in which you were known or supposed to have any interest of any kind, direct or indirect.

We remain, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

MORTON, BLISS, & Co.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,

Washington, D.C.

Some persons on reading the letter of Morton, Bliss, & Co. said that its denial seemed to be confined to any payment that had passed through their "books," whereas they might have paid a draft in which I was interested and yet no entry of it made on their "books." On this criticism being made known to the firm, they at once addressed me the following letter:

NEW YORK, April 13, 1876.

DEAR SIR: It has been suggested to us that our letter of the 6th instant was not sufficiently inclusive or exclusive. In that letter we stated "that no draft, note, or check, or other evidence of value, has ever passed through our books in which you were known or supposed to have any interest, direct or indirect." It may be proper for us to add that nothing has been paid by us, in any form or at any time, to any person or any corporation, in which you were known, believed, or supposed to have any interest whatever.

We remain, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

MORTON, BLISS, & Co.

Hon. J. G. BLAINE,

Washington, D.C.

The two witnesses quoted for the original charge having thus effectually disposed of it, the charge itself reappeared in another form, to this effect, namely, that a certain draft was

negotiated at the house of Morton, Bliss, & Co., in 1871, through Thomas A. Scott, then president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, for the sum of \$64,000, and that \$75,000 of the bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company were pledged as collateral; that the Union Pacific Company paid the draft and took up the collateral; that the cash proceeds of it went to me, and that I had furnished, or sold, or in some way conveyed or transferred to Thomas A. Scott these Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds which had been used as collateral; that the bonds in reality had belonged to me or some friend or constituent of mine for whom I was acting. I endeavor to state the charge in its boldest form and in all its phases.

I desire here and now to declare that all and every part of this story that connects my name with it is absolutely untrue, without one particle of foundation in fact, and without a tittle of evidence to substantiate it. I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road or the bonds of any other railroad, or any business in any way connected with railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely. I never had any business transaction whatever with the Union Pacific Railroad Company or any of its officers or agents or representatives, and never in any manner received from that company, directly or indirectly, a single dollar in money, or stocks, or bonds, or any other form of value. And as to the particular transaction referred to, I never so much as heard of it until nearly two years after its alleged occurrence, when it was talked of at the time of the Credit Mobilier investigation in 1873. But, while my denial ought to be conclusive, I should greatly regret to be compelled to leave the matter there. I am fortunately able to sustain my own declaration by the most conclusive evidence that the case admits of or that human testimony can supply. If any person or persons know the truth or falsity of these charges, it must be the officers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. I accordingly addressed a note to the president of that company, a gentleman who has been a director of the company from its organization, I believe, and who has a more thorough acquaintance with its business transactions probably than any other man. The correspondence which I here submit will explain

itself, and leaves nothing to be said. I will read the letters in their proper order. They need no comment:

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 13, 1876.

DEAR SIR: You have doubtless observed the scandal now in circulation in regard to my having been interested in certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, alleged to have been purchased by your company in 1871.

It is due to me, I think, that some statement in regard to the subject should be made by yourself as the official head of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

Very respectfully,

J. G. BLAINE.

SIDNEY DILLON, Esq.,

President Union Pacific Railroad Company.

OFFICE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,

NEW YORK, April 15, 1876.

DEAR SIR: I have your favor of the 13th instant, and in reply desire to say that I have this day written Col. Thomas A. Scott, who was president of the Union Pacific Railroad Company at the time of the transaction referred to, a letter of which I send a copy herewith. On receipt of his reply I will enclose it to you.

Very respectfully,

SIDNEY DILLON, *President.*

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,

Washington, D.C.

OFFICE OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,

NEW YORK, April 15, 1876.

DEAR SIR: The press of the country are making allegations that certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, purchased by the Union Pacific Railroad Company in 1871, were obtained from Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, or that the avails in some form went to his benefit, and that the knowledge of these facts rests with the officers of the company and with yourself.

These statements are injurious both to Mr. Blaine and to the Union Pacific Railroad Company. There were never any facts to warrant them, and I think that a statement to the public is due both from you and myself. I desire, as president of the company, to repel any such inference in the most emphatic manner, and would be glad to hear from you on the subject.

Very respectfully,

SIDNEY DILLON, *President.*

Col. THOMAS A. SCOTT,

Philadelphia, Penn.

OFFICE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,
NEW YORK, April 22, 1876.

DEAR SIR: AS I advised you some days ago, I wrote Col. Thomas A. Scott, and beg leave to enclose you his reply.

I desire further to say that I was a director of the company and a member of the executive committee in 1871, and to add my testimony to that of Colonel Scott's in verification of all that he has stated in the enclosed letter.

Truly yours,

SIDNEY DILLON, *President.*

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,
Washington, D.C.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your letter, under date New York, April 15, 1876. . . .

In reply, I beg leave to say that, much as I dislike the idea of entering into any of the controversies that are before the public in these days of scandal, from which but few men in public life seem to be exempt, I feel it my duty to state:

That the Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds purchased by the Union Pacific Railroad Company in 1871 were not purchased or received from Mr. Blaine, directly or indirectly, and that of the money paid by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, or of the avails of said bonds, not one dollar went to Mr. Blaine, or to any person for him, or for his benefit in any form.

All statements to the effect that Mr. Blaine ever had any transactions with me, directly or indirectly, involving money or valuables of any kind, are absolutely without foundation in fact.

I take pleasure in making this statement to you, and you may use it in any manner you deem best for the interest of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS A. SCOTT.

SIDNEY DILLON, Esq.,
President Union Pacific Railroad Company, New York.

This closes the testimony I have wished to offer.

Several newspapers — some of them, doubtless, from friendly motives — have urged that I should ask for a committee to investigate these charges. I might have done that and awaited the delay and slow progress that inevitably attend all congressional investigations. Three and a half years ago I moved a committee to investigate the Credit Mobilier charges, and

though every particle of proof, in complete exculpation of myself, was before the committee in thirty-six hours after its first meeting, I was compelled to wait for more than two months, indeed seventy full days, before I got a public report exonerating and vindicating me from the charges. If I had asked for a committee to investigate the pending matter, I should have been compelled to wait its necessarily slow action, with the charge all the while hanging over me, undenied and unanswered; and, pending the proceedings of an investigation which I had myself asked, propriety would have forbidden my collecting and publishing the decisive proofs which I have now submitted. For these reasons I have deemed that the shortest and most expeditious mode of vindication was the one which I was bound to choose by every consideration of myself personally and of my official relations. I have not omitted the testimony of a single material witness to the transaction on which the accusation against me is based, and unless I misapprehend the scope and force of the testimony it leaves no charge against me. In any and all events, I am ready to submit the whole matter to the candid judgment of the House and the country; and if the House thinks the matter should be further inquired into, I beg to express my entire readiness to give all the assistance in my power to make the investigation as thorough, as rigid, and as impartial as possible.

To give a seeming corroboration or foundation to the story which I have disproved, the absurd rumor has lately appeared in certain newspapers that I was the owner of from \$150,000 to \$250,000 of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, which I received without consideration, and that it was from these bonds that Thomas A. Scott received his \$75,000. The statement is gratuitously and utterly false. No responsible author appears anywhere for this unfounded story, but in dismissing it I desire to make the following explicit statement: More than twenty-three years ago, in the closing days of Mr. Fillmore's administration, the government granted to the State of Arkansas some public lands within its own limits to be applied to the construction of railroads in that State. The Legislature of Arkansas incorporated the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company the same year, and gave to the company a

portion of the lands it had received from the general government to aid in the construction of the road — about five thousand acres to the mile, I think. But the company were unable to raise any money for the enterprise, though they made the most strenuous efforts, and when the war broke out in 1861 — eight years after the State had given the lands to the company — not a mile of the road was built. Of course nothing was done during the war. After the war all the grants of land previously made to the Southern States, were renewed in gross in the session of 1865–66. The Little Rock and Fort Smith Company again received a grant from the State, and again tried to raise money to build their road; but 1865, 1866, and 1867 passed without their getting a dollar. Finally, toward the close of 1868, a company of Boston gentlemen, representing considerable capital, undertook its construction. In raising the requisite means they placed the bonds of the road on the New England market in the summer of 1869, offering them on terms which seemed very favorable to the purchaser, and offering them at a time when investments of this kind were fatally popular. In common with hundreds of other people in New England and other parts of the country, I bought some of these bonds, — not a very large amount, — paying for them at precisely the same rate that others paid. I never heard, and do not believe, that the Little Rock Company — which I know is controlled by highly honorable men — ever parted with a bond to any person except at the regular price fixed for their sale. The enterprise, though apparently very promising, proved unsuccessful, as so many similar projects did about the same time. I lost a considerable sum of money (over \$20,000) by my investment, and I presume New England made a net loss of \$2,000,000 in completing that road for Arkansas, as she has lost over one hundred million by similar ventures West and South within the last twelve years. In addition to my investment in the bonds I united with others in raising some money for the company when it met its first financial troubles. Proceedings are now pending in the United States Circuit Court in Arkansas, to which I am a party of record, for the reimbursement of the money so advanced. All the bonds which I ever purchased I continued to hold; and when the company was reorganized in 1874, I

exchanged them for stock and bonds in the new concern, which I still own. My whole connection with the road has been open as the day. If there had been anything to conceal about it I should never have touched it. Wherever concealment is desirable avoidance is advisable, and I do not know any better test to apply to the honor and fairness of a business transaction.

As to the question of propriety involved in a member of Congress holding an investment of this kind, it must be remembered that the lands were granted to the State of Arkansas, and not to the railroad company, and that the company derived its life, franchise, and value wholly from the State. And to the State the company is amenable and answerable, and not in any sense to Congress. Since I purchased the bonds but one act of Congress has passed in any way touching the subject, and that was merely to rectify a previous mistake in legislation. I take it, when any security, from government bonds to town script, is offered at public sale to any one who can pay for it, every American citizen is free to buy. If you exclude a Representative from the investment on the ground that in some secondary or remote way the legislation of Congress has affected or may affect the value of the article, then you exclude every man on this floor, not only from holding a government bond or a share in a national bank, but also from owning a flock of sheep, or a field of hemp, or a tobacco plantation, or a cotton-mill, or an iron-furnace; all for these interests are vitally affected by the tariff legislation on which we vote at every session, and of which an important measure is even now pending in the Committee of the Whole. In the seven intervening years since the Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were placed on the market, I know few investments that have not been more affected by the legislation of Congress. But this case does not require to be shielded by any such comparisons or citations, for I repeat that the Little Rock road derived all it had from the State of Arkansas, and not from Congress. It was in the discretion of Congress to give or withhold from the State, but it was solely in the discretion of the State to give or withhold from the Little Rock Railroad Company.

When the Little Rock road fell into the financial troubles of which I have spoken, there were certain interests connected

with it that were under peculiarly pressing embarrassment and that needed relief. There had been at different times very considerable talk about inducing the Atlantic and Pacific road — which on its southern branch was to be a connecting line east and west with the Little Rock and Fort Smith, and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas road, which would be a connecting line both north and south at the point of junction — to aid the Little Rock and Fort Smith enterprise by taking some of its securities, — a practice very common among connecting roads. To both these roads the completion of the Little Rock road was of very great importance. Accordingly, in the spring of 1871, when only one coupon had been passed by the Little Rock Company on one series of its bonds and none passed on the other, and when there was sanguine hope of getting the enterprise on its feet again, the Atlantic and Pacific Company took one hundred thousand of its bonds and one hundred thousand of its stock for the gross sum of \$79,000; and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, if I remember correctly, took half the amount at the same rate. This was done not for the corporation itself, but for an interest largely engaged in the construction of the road. With the circumstances attending the negotiation with the Atlantic and Pacific road I was entirely familiar, and with several of its officers I have long been well acquainted. I also knew all about the negotiation with the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas road, though I never to my knowledge saw any of its officers, and never had an interview with any of them on any subject. But in the case of both roads, I desire to say that the bonds sold to them did not belong to me, nor did I have one dollar's pecuniary interest in the whole transaction with either company.

The infamous insinuation, made in certain quarters, that I engaged to use my influence in Congress for the Atlantic and Pacific road and also for the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas in consideration of their purchasing these securities, hardly merits notice. The officers and directors of both companies, so far as I have known the one and heard of the other, are high-minded, honorable gentlemen, and they would have justly spurned me from their presence had I been willing to submit an offer so dishonorable and mutually degrading. I had no pecuniary

stake in the negotiation, and I should have loved infamy for infamy's sake had I bartered my personal and official honor in the transaction. And I am sure that every man connected with either company would repel the dishonoring suggestion as warmly as I do myself. The whole affair had no more connection with congressional legislation than any one of the ten thousand similar transactions that are constantly occurring in the business world.

Of a like character with the insinuation just answered is that which, in an irresponsible and anonymous way, attempts to connect the ownership of Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds with the legislation of last winter respecting the State government of Arkansas. There are some accusations which it is difficult to repel with sufficient force because of their mixture of absurdity, depravity, and falsehood. I never heard this stupid slander until within a few days, and I venture to say there is not a responsible man in the country of the slightest sense who can discern the remotest connection between the two things that are alleged to have an intimate and infamous relation.

Let me now, Mr. Speaker, briefly summarize what I have presented :

First, that the story of my receiving \$64,000 or any other sum of money or other thing of value from the Union Pacific Railroad Company, directly or indirectly, or in any form, for myself or for another, is absolutely disproved by the most conclusive testimony.

Second, that no bond of mine was ever sold to the Atlantic and Pacific, or the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad Company, and that not a single dollar of money from either of those companies ever went to my profit or benefit.

Third, that instead of receiving bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road as a gratuity, I never had one except at the regular market price, and that instead of making a large fortune out of that company I have incurred a severe pecuniary loss from my investment in its securities which I still retain.

I can hardly expect that any statement from me will stop the work of those who have so industriously circulated these calumnies. For months past the effort has been energetic and continuous to spread these stories in private circles. Emissaries of

slander have visited the editorial rooms of leading Republican papers from Boston to Omaha, and whispered of revelations to come that were too terrible even to be spoken in loud tones. And at last the revelations have been made !

I am now, Mr. Speaker, in the fourteenth year of a not inactive service in this hall. I have taken and have given blows. I have, no doubt, said many things in the heat of debate which I would now gladly recall. I have, no doubt, given votes which in fuller light I would gladly change. But I have never done anything in my public career for which I could be put to the faintest blush in any presence, or for which I cannot answer to my constituents, my conscience, and the great Searcher of hearts.

To all right-thinking men, the answer was sufficient ; the case was concluded. The most captious reformer was constrained to admit that "Mr. Blaine stands fully acquitted before the people," venturing to add only the suggestion that it would have "greatly strengthened Mr. Blaine's explanation and denial if he could have submitted facts showing precisely to whom or for what purpose the sum of \$64,000 for some worthless Arkansas railroad bonds was paid."

But as doubt was not the beginning of the attack, refutation was not necessarily the end. The point was not to dismiss charges which could not be proved, but to keep alive charges which had been disproved, until after the meeting of the National Republican Convention in June, which was to nominate a candidate for the presidency. This might be accomplished by the mere institution of a congressional investigation, which there was no difficulty in procuring from a Democratic House. On May 2 a resolution was adopted instructing the judiciary committee to inquire if any such transaction took place, and if so, whether the transaction was from corrupt design, and who were the guilty persons. Mr. Tarbox, of Massachusetts, who fathered the resolution, had previously distinguished himself by surreptitiously obtaining and using in the House the text of Mr. Blaine's speech on the currency before it was delivered, to the great displeasure of all honorable men, especially among his Democratic allies.

The investigation was opened on May 15th. It may be mentioned as indicative of the level of Mr. Blaine's opponents that on the same morning the old charge of Credit Mobilier days regarding the Kansas Pacific bonds, which had been abandoned as "a case of brothers," reappeared in long columns of the newspapers, rearranged as a fresh and fatal discovery. A development of the fatuity of malice it proved to be, for Mr. Stuart trampled it to a second death five days after.

Mr. Blaine was present at the investigation, surrounded by watchful and alert friends, as well as by eager political opponents; but he permitted nothing to escape him. Every weak point was brought out by skilful question or pregnant remark. All the material facts which he had stated to the House were repeated as sworn testimony before the committee. Mr. Morton, of the firm of Morton, Bliss, & Co., and Mr. Sidney Dillon, the president, took oath to the purport of their letters, and swore that they had never heard Mr. Blaine's name in connection with the \$64,000.

Mr. Rollins, who had been made responsible for the story, supported his letter by his oath, but admitted that he might at some time long ago have said that the bonds were Mr. Blaine's, though he had no remembrance of saying so, and not the slightest reason for thinking so.

Mr. John Scott C. Harrison under oath knew nothing but what Mr. Rollins had told him. Mr. Carnegie, a member of the Union Pacific and of the executive committee, who transacted a great deal of President Scott's business for him, testified that he had never heard Mr. Blaine's name in connection with the \$64,000.

Crowning all this conclusive, sufficient, but negative testimony came positive testimony in the sworn statement of Mr. Thomas A. Scott, *that the \$64,000 Little Rock and Fort Smith bonds were his, that he had received them from Mr. Josiah Caldwell, who was constructing the road, and that he had sold them to the company at a higher than the market price, as compensation for extraordinary services rendered the road as its president!*

At this point Mr. Blaine claimed that he was entitled to have judgment on the \$64,000 bonds. Mr. Lawrence, the only

member of the sub-committee who had not been in the rebel ranks, declared that the investigation had utterly failed to put guilt on Mr. Blaine, and that no suspicion attached to him.

All in vain. The New York convention, which had met at Syracuse on the 25th of March, had developed a suspicion that it held two Blaine votes for every Conkling vote. New Hampshire had spoken unmistakably for Blaine. The delegations continued to "come in for Blaine." The investigation *must* go on.

The evidence was in. All that remained was babble, which can, doubtless, be found in the chronicles of that day by all who desire it. To most of this Mr. Blaine listened with varying degrees of disgust and contempt, which he was not always careful to conceal. The testimony before the committee was so frivolous on the one side, so conclusive on the other, that no reason appeared for not bringing in the report, and Mr. Blaine was publicly congratulated on his successful defence, exactly as if a just report had been rendered.

There remained only two weeks to the national convention. The Illinois convention was overwhelmingly for Blaine; there was a spontaneous outburst for him in Missouri, and on June 1st Iowa declared for Blaine.

There began to be whisperings in the underworld that Mr. Blaine might be implicated in corrupt legislation with the Northern Pacific Railroad. Mr. Blaine answered simply: "From first to last in all the legislation touching Pacific railroads, I never had an interest of a penny in one of them nor in any of their branches, directly or indirectly."

Idle words for beasts of prey.

A final deadly blow was heralded. An incriminating letter existed. Witnesses were coming from Boston who would show not only that Mr. Blaine was implicated in Northern Pacific bribery, but that he had been the owner of the \$64,000 bonds. These witnesses proved to be Mr. Elisha Atkins, Mr. Warren Fisher, and Mr. James Mulligan. Mr. Atkins was a director of the Union Pacific road. With Mr. Fisher Mr. Blaine had been connected in Little Rock and Fort Smith and some other investments. Their relations had been friendly until the termination of the business connection, which had long ceased

to be satisfactory to Mr. Blaine. Mr. Mulligan had once been the clerk of Mr. Blaine's brother-in-law, Mr. Jacob Stanwood, in Boston, and afterwards of Mr. Fisher. With Mulligan Mr. Blaine was so slightly and remotely associated, that when on May 29 a telegram from Boston told him that Mulligan was on the way to Washington with hostile intentions, and a member of his family asked him what the telegram meant, he only answered carelessly, "I am sure I do not know!"

It was soon reported that Mr. Mulligan had private letters from Mr. Blaine to Mr. Fisher during the time when they had common interests. Mr. Blaine was incredulous, as there had been the understanding, frequent at the closing of business transactions, that correspondence should be destroyed. It was of no special importance, and Mr. Blaine had left the arrangement to complete itself. He promptly sent a servant to their hotel asking Mr. Fisher and Mr. Mulligan to come to his house. Mr. Fisher came alone, and upon questioning him Mr. Blaine learned that an indefinite number of his letters had not been destroyed, and were in Mulligan's possession by Mr. Fisher's own act.

The three witnesses appeared before the committee. The testimony of Mr. Atkins and Mr. Fisher was entirely negative. Neither knew of any such transactions as were alleged. Mr. Mulligan was equally uninformed, except that he had understood Mr. Atkins to say that seventy-five bonds went from Mr. Blaine to Mr. Scott and were "worked off upon the Union Pacific;" but he knew nothing about it himself. Mr. Atkins testified without delay that he never said it to Mr. Mulligan, but that Mr. Mulligan said it to him! Mr. Atkins testified also that Mr. Mulligan had a grudge against Mr. Blaine — thought Mr. Blaine did not treat him right many years ago in the settlement of the estate of his brother-in-law, Stanwood; said, "Mr. Blaine went back on him."

While the committee was hearing this testimony, as it must be called, Mr. Blaine sat in the committee-room, lost in thought, communicating with no one, every feature drooping, presenting to the observer an appearance of deep melancholy. It was an attitude perfectly familiar to his intimates, and meant only abstraction. Often when thinking, his soul seemed

drawn away, leaving his face inert, vacant. He was utterly unable to pose for effect, or to consider how he was appearing. In a committee crowded with alert foes and newsgatherers, this change from his usual intent attention was almost embarrassing to his friends.

In truth Mr. Blaine was not so much interested in the testimony or in the committee, as in his own letters so treacherously manipulated.

As soon as he had decided what to do, he quietly secured an adjournment. His course was, as always, the straightforward one. As Mulligan would not come to him, he went to Mulligan, and asked from him the surrender of the letters. Mr. Mulligan refused. Mr. Blaine attempted reasoning, but to that Mr. Mulligan was impervious. He took the position that the private letters of a public man are public, and doggedly insisted that he should retain the letters and publish them at his pleasure either before or after the investigation. Mr. Blaine suggested that Mulligan return them to Mr. Fisher, who was present, and who alone besides himself had right to them. But Mr. Fisher declined to receive them, and directed Mulligan to give them to Mr. Blaine. Mulligan declared that "he would not give them up to God Almighty or His Father."

Whereupon, without further parley, Mr. Blaine took the letters, calling upon Mr. Fisher and Mr. Atkins to witness his act.

Returning home he at once sent for two friends from the House and requested their inspection of the letters.

The next morning Mr. Mulligan appeared before the committee and gave them an account of the interview, reducing it to his own level in the narration. The Democratic element in the committee tried to get at the contents of the letters. Mr. Blaine demanded to be heard before they went into his private letters. Mr. Frye, of the minority, protested that there was no rule of law by which the witness could be interrogated at this point regarding the contents of the letters. Mr. Hunton (of Virginia) was frank enough to admit that "this committee is not governed by the ordinary rules of law," and Mr. Mulligan was induced to swear that the bonds which Mr. Caldwell sold to Mr. Scott were the bonds that he had received from Mr. Blaine, and that Mr. Blaine had acknowledged it in his own letter.

When at length Mr. Blaine was permitted to testify, he gave a full account of the circumstances attending his seizure of the letters, pronounced Mulligan's detention of them illegal, took his stand on his rights as a citizen, and declined to yield the letters to the committee. He informed them that he had consulted friends, should submit the letters to counsel, and be guided by their advice; but at present he refused to yield the letters.

The next morning he submitted the written opinion of the Hon. J. S. Black, of Pennsylvania, a Democrat, and Senator Matt. H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a Republican, and it was read in committee.

WASHINGTON, June 2, 1876.

The Hon. James G. Blaine has laid before us fifteen letters written by him to Warren Fisher, Jr., between the years 1864 and 1872 inclusive, and three other papers in the same package — making eighteen papers in all — which he informs us he received from James Mulligan on the 31st of May, 1876, at the Riggs House, in the city of Washington. We have carefully examined these letters and papers at Mr. Blaine's request, with intent to ascertain whether they relate to the subject-matter which the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives are authorized to inquire into by resolution of the House, passed May 2, 1876.

We do not hesitate to say that the letters and papers aforesaid have no relevancy whatever to the matter under inquiry. We have no doubt the committee itself would decide the question of their relevance the same way. As a result of this it follows that Mr. Blaine having the letters and papers in his possession is not bound to surrender them. Referring to Mr. Blaine's private affairs, and being wholly beyond the range of the investigation which the committee is authorized to make, it would be most unjust and tyrannical as well as illegal to demand their production. We advise Mr. Blaine to assert his right as an American citizen, and resist any such demand to the last extremity.

(Signed)

J. S. BLACK,

MATT. H. CARPENTER,

Counsellors at Law.

The committee were at their wits' end. Not only were the letters, from which they had expected so much, in Mr. Blaine's actual and legal possession, with no means in sight by which he could be dispossessed, but there was this irrefutable evidence that the letters were not relevant. The sub-committee referred the situation to the Judiciary Committee, on Saturday, June 3d. After much vain attempt to grapple with it themselves,

Mr. Scott Lord proposed to bring it before the House for decision; but his proposition was vigorously rejected, one member remarking that though they did not know what to do, they knew what not to do, and that was, "not to have Blaine cavorting round on the floor of the House." After protracted and perplexed discussion, the matter was postponed to Tuesday, June 6th. But the committee gave no sign that they would render a report. The three witnesses — Atkins, Mulligan, and Fisher — were discharged, and by night it became known that the committee would not bring the question before the House.

Then Mr. Blaine determined that he would. The committee had postponed all consideration of the matter till Tuesday, June 6th. Mr. Blaine resolved to consider it on Monday, June 5th. After the morning hour, the Geneva Award bill was in order, but Mr. Blaine claimed the floor on a question of privilege.

As soon as the word "Blaine is up" went through the Capitol the galleries, the aisles, the floor of the House, the corridors filled. All the door-ways were bulging out with men who by no possibility could hear anything more than the tones of a voice and the swell of applause; but the spirit of the occasion held them fast.

Mr. BLAINE. — If the morning hour has expired, I will rise to a question of privilege.

The SPEAKER (*pro tempore*). — The morning hour has expired.

Mr. BLAINE. — Mr. Speaker, on the 2d day of May this resolution was passed by the House:

Whereas it is publicly alleged, and is not denied by the officers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, that that corporation did, in the year 1871 or 1872, become the owner of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company, for which bonds the said Union Pacific Railroad Company paid a consideration largely in excess of their actual or market value, and that the board of directors of said Union Pacific Railroad Company, though urged, have neglected to investigate said transaction: Therefore,

Be it resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire if any such transaction took place, and, if so, what were the circumstances and inducements thereto, from what person or persons said bonds were obtained and upon what consideration, and whether the transaction

was from corrupt design or in furtherance of any corrupt object; and that the committee have power to send for persons and papers.

That resolution on its face, and in its fair intent, was obviously designed to find out whether any improper thing had been done by the Union Pacific Railroad Company; and of course, incidentally thereto, to find out with whom the transaction was made. The gentleman who offered that resolution offered it when I was not in the House, and my colleague (Mr. Frye), after it was objected to, went to the gentleman and stated that he would have no objection to it, as he knew I would not have, if I were present in the House. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Tarbox), to whom I refer, took especial pains to say to my colleague that the resolution was not in any sense aimed at me. The gentleman will pardon me if I say that I had a slight incredulity upon that assurance given by him to my colleague.

No sooner was the sub-committee designated than it became entirely obvious that the resolution was solely and only aimed at me. I think there had not been three questions asked until it was obvious that the investigation was to be a personal one upon me, and that the Union Pacific Railroad or any other incident of the transaction was secondary, insignificant, and unimportant. I do not complain of that; I do not say that I had any reason to complain of it. If the investigation was to be made in that personal sense, I was ready to meet it.

The gentleman on whose statement the accusation rested, Mr. Harrison, was first called. He stated what he knew from rumor. Then there were called Mr. Rollins, Mr. Morton, and Mr. Millard, from Omaha, a government director of the Union Pacific road, and finally Thomas A. Scott. The testimony was completely and conclusively in disproof of the charge that there was any possibility that I could have had anything to do with the transaction.

I expected (and I so stated to the gentleman from Virginia, the honorable chairman of the sub-committee) that I should have an early report; but the case was prolonged, and prolonged, and prolonged; and when last week the witnesses had seemed to be exhausted, I was somewhat surprised to be told

that the committee would now turn to investigate a transaction of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company on a newspaper report that there had been some effort on my part with a friend in Boston to procure for him a share in that road, which effort had proved abortive, the money having been returned. I asked the honorable gentleman from Virginia on what authority he had made that investigation — not that I cared about it; I begged him to be assured I did not; and the three witnesses that he called could not have been more favorable to me within any possibility. But I wanted to know on what authority I was to be arraigned before the country upon an investigation of that kind; and a resolution offered in this House on the 31st of January by the gentleman from California (Mr. Luttrell) was read as the authority for investigating that little transaction in Boston. I ask the House to bear with me while I read a somewhat lengthy resolution:

Whereas, the several railroad companies hereinafter named, to wit: the Northern Pacific, the Kansas Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Central Branch of the Union Pacific, the Western Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Sioux City and Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Texas and Pacific, and all the Pacific roads or branches to which bonds or other subsidies have been granted by the government, have received from the United States, under the act of Congress of July 1, 1862, the act of March 3, 1874, and the several acts amendatory thereof, money subsidies amounting to over \$64,000,000, land subsidies amounting to over 220,000,000 acres of the public domain, bond subsidies amounting to \$——, and interest amounting to \$——, to aid in the construction of their several roads; and whereas it is but just and proper that the government and people should understand the status of such roads and the disposition made by such companies in the construction of their roads of the subsidies granted by the government: Therefore,

Be it resolved, That the Judiciary Committee be and are hereby instructed and authorized to inquire into and report to this House, first, whether the several railroad companies hereinbefore named, or any of them, have, in the construction of their railroads and telegraph lines, fully complied with the requirements of law granting money, bonds, and land subsidies to aid such companies in the construction of their railroads and telegraph lines; second, whether the several railroad companies or any of them have formed within themselves corporate or construction companies for the purpose of subletting to such corporate or construction companies contracts for building and equipping said roads or any portion thereof, and, if so, whether the money, land, and bond subsidies granted by the

government have been properly applied by said companies or any of them in the construction of their road or roads; third, whether the several railroad companies or any of them have forfeited their land subsidies by failing to construct and equip their road or roads or any portion of them as required by law; and, fourth, that, for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the several Pacific railroads or any of them, the Judiciary Committee shall have full power to send for persons and papers, and, after thorough investigation shall have been made, shall report to this House such measure or bill as will secure to the government full indemnity for all losses occasioned by fraudulent transactions or negligence on the part of said railroad companies or any of them, or on the part of any corporate or construction company, in the expenditures of moneys, bonds, or interest, or in the disposition of land donated by the government for the construction of the roads or any of them or any portion thereof, and for the non-payment of interest lawfully due the government, or any other claim or claims the United States may have against such railroad company or companies.

That resolution embraces a very wide scope. It undoubtedly embraces a great many things which it is highly proper for the government to look into; but I think the gentleman from California who offered that resolution will be greatly surprised to find that the first movement made under it to investigate what the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has done was to bring the whole force of that resolution to find out the circumstances of a little transaction in Boston which never became a transaction at all. I asked the gentleman from Virginia how he deduced his power. Well, he said, it would take three months to go through the whole matter, but in about three months it would reach this point, and that he might as well begin on me right there. He began; and three witnesses testified precisely what the circumstances were. I had no sooner got through with that, than I was advised that in another part of the Capitol, without the slightest notice in the world being given to me, with no monition, no warning to me, I was being arraigned before a committee known as the Real Estate Pool Committee, which was originally organized to examine into the affairs of the estate of Jay Cooke & Co., and whose powers were enlarged on the third day of April by the following resolution:

Whereas, on the 24th day of January, A.D. 1876, the House adopted the following resolution:

“Resolved, That a special committee of five members of this House, to be selected by the Speaker, be appointed to inquire into the nature and history of said real-estate pool and the character of said settlement, with the amount of property involved, in which Jay Cooke & Co. were interested, and the amount paid or to be paid in settlement, with power to send for persons and papers and report to this House.” Therefore,

Be it resolved, That said committee be further authorized and directed to likewise investigate any and all matters touching the official misconduct of any officer of the government of the United States or of any member of the present Congress of the United States which may come to the knowledge of said committee: Provided, That this resolution shall not affect any such matter now being investigated by any other committee under authority of either House of Congress; and for this purpose said committee shall have the same powers to send for persons and papers as conferred by said original resolution.

They began an investigation, which, I am credibly informed, and I think the chairman of that committee will not deny, was specifically aimed at me. I had no notice of it, not the remotest; no opportunity to be confronted with witnesses. I had no idea that any such thing was going on, not the slightest. So that on three distinct charges I was being investigated at the same time, and having no opportunity to meet any one of them; and I understand, though I was not present, that the gentleman from Virginia has this morning introduced a fourth, to find out something about the Kansas Pacific Railroad, a transaction fifteen years old, if it ever existed, and has summoned numerous witnesses.

Now, I say — and I state it boldly — that, under these general powers to investigate Pacific railroads and their transactions, the whole enginery of this committee is aimed personally at me; and I want that to be understood by the country. I have no objection to it; but I want you by name to organize a committee to investigate James G. Blaine. I want to meet the question squarely. That is the whole aim and intent; and the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Hunton) and the gentleman from Kentucky (Mr. Knott) will pardon me for saying that when this investigation was organized I felt that such was the whole purpose and object. I will not further make personal references, for I do not wish to stir up any blood on this question; but ever since a certain debate here in January it has

been known that there are gentlemen in this hall whose feelings were peculiarly exasperated toward me. And I beg the gentleman from Kentucky, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, to remember that when this matter affecting me went to his committee, while there were seven Democratic members of that committee, he took as the majority of the sub-committee the two who were from the South and had been in the rebel army.

Then when the investigation began, the gentleman from Virginia who conducted it insisted under that resolution, which was obviously on its face limited to the seventy-five thousand dollar transaction—the transaction with the Union Pacific Railroad—he insisted on going into all the affairs of the Fort Smith Railroad as incidental thereto, and pursued that to such an extent that finally I had myself, through my colleague, Mr. Frye, to take an appeal to the whole committee, and the committee decided that the gentleman had no right to go there. But when he came back and resumed the examination, he began again exactly in the same way, and was stopped there and then by my colleague who sits in front, not as my attorney, but as my friend.

When the famous witness, Mulligan, came here loaded with information in regard to the Fort Smith road, the gentleman from Virginia drew out what he knew had no reference whatever to the question of investigation. He then and there insisted on all of my private memoranda being allowed to be exhibited by that man in reference to business that had no more connection, no more relation, no more to do with that investigation, than with the North Pole.

And the gentleman tried his best, also, — though I believe that has been abandoned, — to capture and use and control my private correspondence. This man had selected, out of correspondence running over a great many years, letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to me. He came here loaded with them. He came here for a sensation. He came here primed. He came here on that particular errand. I was advised of it, and I obtained those letters under circumstances which have been notoriously scattered throughout the United States, and are known to everybody. I have them. I claim I have the entire right to those letters, not only by natural right,

but upon all the precedents and principles of law, as the man who held those letters in possession held them wrongfully. The committee that attempted to take those letters from that man for use against me proceeded wrongfully. They proceeded in all boldness to a most defiant violation of the ordinary private and personal rights which belong to every American citizen, and I was willing to stand and meet the Judiciary Committee on this floor. I wanted them to introduce it. I wanted the gentleman from Kentucky and the gentleman from Virginia to introduce that question upon this floor, but they did not do it.

Mr. KNOTT (in his seat).— I know you did.

Mr. BLAINE. — Very well.

Mr. KNOTT. — I know you wanted to be made a martyr of. [Laughter.]

Mr. BLAINE. — And you did not want to, and there is the difference. [Laughter and applause.] I go a little further; you did not dare to.

Mr. KNOTT. — We will talk about that hereafter.

Mr. BLAINE. — I wanted to meet that question. I wanted to invoke all the power you had in this House on that question. I repeat, the Judiciary Committee, I understand, have abandoned that issue against me. I stood up and declined, not only on the conclusion of my own mind, but by eminent legal advice. I was standing behind the rights which belong to every American citizen, and if they wanted to treat the question in my person anywhere in the legislative halls or judicial halls I was ready. Then there went forth everywhere the idea and impression that because I would not permit that man, or any man whom I could prevent, from holding as a menace over my head my private correspondence, there must be something in it most deadly and destructive to my reputation. I would like any gentleman on this floor — and all gentlemen on this floor are presumed to be men of affairs, whose business has been varied, whose intercourse has been large — I would like any gentleman to stand up here and tell me that he is willing and ready to have his private correspondence scanned over and made public for the last eight or ten years. I would like any gentleman to say that. Does it imply guilt? Does it imply wrong-doing? Does it imply any sense of weakness that

a man will protect his private correspondence? No, sir; it is the first instinct to do it, and it is the last outrage upon any man to violate it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I say that I have defied the power of the House to compel me to produce those letters. I speak with all respect to this House. I know its powers, and I trust I respect them. But I say this House has no more power to order what shall be done or not done with my private correspondence than it has with what I shall do in the nurture and education of my children; not a particle. The right is as sacred in the one case as it is in the other. But, sir, having vindicated that right, standing by it, ready to make any sacrifice in the defence of it, here and now, if any gentleman wants to take issue with me on behalf of this House, I am ready for any extremity of contest or conflict in behalf of so sacred a right. And while I am so, I am not afraid to show the letters. Thank God Almighty, I am not afraid to show them. There they are (holding up a package of letters). There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four million of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk.

He was hardly permitted to finish the sentence. The tense listening broke into applause prolonged, insuppressible — applause that widened in great waves through the land as the wires flashed the words, “Blaine is reading the letters.”

It was afterwards remembered as characteristic of Mr. Blaine that in taking his countrymen into his confidence he had not reckoned them according to the last census, but had allowed for the subsequent increase of the population!

A slight explanation prefaced the reading of each letter. Referring only to matters long past, of no present or public interest, their unsensational character gave a distinct relief to the strained attention of the audience. But it was noted that the letters revealed one thing which Mr. Blaine had withheld. He had told the truth, but not the whole truth. He had said enough to justify himself, but it was not possible for him to

glorify himself. The letters certified more than his honesty or his honor, — his magnanimity. They showed that when the Fort Smith enterprise proved unsuccessful he not only met his own loss, but assumed the losses of “those innocent persons who invested on my request.” Two of his friends, Hon. Abner Coburn and Mr. Charles B. Haseltine, a staunch Democrat, refused to accept reimbursement, on the ground that it was a financial venture and that each man’s risk was his own. But Mr. Blaine would not himself apply that principle.

At the conclusion of the reading he went on :

“I do not wish to detain the House, but I have one or two more observations to make. The specific charge that went to the committee of which the honorable gentleman from Virginia is chairman, so far as it affects me, was whether I was a party in interest to the sixty-four thousand dollar transaction ; and I submit that up to this time there has not been one particle of proof before the committee sustaining that charge. Gentlemen have said what they had heard somebody else say, and generally when that somebody else was brought on the stand it appeared that he did not say it at all. Col. Thomas A. Scott swore very positively and distinctly under the most rigid cross-examination all about it. Let me call attention to that letter of mine which Mulligan says refers to that. I ask your attention, gentlemen, as closely as if you were a jury, while I show the absurdity of that statement. It is in evidence that, with the exception of a small fraction, the bonds which were sold to parties in Maine were first-mortgage bonds. It is in evidence over and over again that the bonds which went to the Union Pacific road were land-grant bonds. Therefore it is a moral impossibility the bonds taken up to Maine should have gone to the Union Pacific Railroad. They were of different series, different kinds, different colors, everything different, — as different as if not issued within a thousand miles of each other. So on its face it is shown it could not be so.

“There has not been, I say, one positive piece of testimony in any direction. They sent to Arkansas to get some hearsay about bonds. They sent to Boston to get some hearsay. Mulligan was contradicted by Fisher, and Atkins and Scott swore directly against him. Morton, of Morton, Bliss, & Co., never

heard my name in the matter. Carnegie, who negotiated the note, never heard my name in that connection. Rollins said it was one of the intangible rumors he spoke of as floating in the air. Gentlemen who have lived any time in Washington need not be told that intangible rumors get considerable circulation here; and if a man is to be held accountable before the bar of public opinion for intangible rumors, who in the House will stand?

"Now, gentlemen, those letters I have read were picked out of correspondence extending over fifteen years. The man did his worst, the very worst he could, out of the most intimate business correspondence of my life. I ask, gentlemen, if any of you — and I ask it with some feeling — can stand a severer scrutiny of or more rigid investigation into your private correspondence? That was the worst he could do."

He paused. The silence was expectant.

"There is one piece of testimony wanting. There is but one thing to close the complete circle of evidence. There is but one witness whom I could not have, to whom the Judiciary Committee, taking into account the great and intimate connection he had with the transaction, was asked to send a cable despatch, — and I ask the gentleman from Kentucky if that despatch was sent to him?"

"Who?" suggested Mr. Frye, in an undertone.

"Josiah Caldwell."

Mr. Knott responded blandly, "I will reply to the gentleman that Judge Hunton and myself have both endeavored to get Mr. Caldwell's address, and have not yet got it."

Then came the unexpected and upsetting question from Mr. Blaine, "Has the gentleman from Kentucky *received a despatch from Mr. Caldwell?*"

The House was breathless.

"I — will explain that — directly," replied Mr. Knott.

"I want a categorical answer," demanded Mr. Blaine.

"I have received," gasped Mr. Knott, "a despatch purporting to be from Mr. Caldwell."

"You did!"

"How did you know I got it?" asked Mr. Knott in the very fatuity of surprise.

"When did you get it?" questioned Mr. Blaine, sternly. "I want the gentleman from Kentucky to answer when he got it."

"Answer my question first," parried Mr. Knott.

"I never heard of it until yesterday."

"How did you hear it?"

Mr. Blaine thrust aside the frivolous questioning, and for all answer towered down the aisle, holding high a despatch in his uplifted hand, and standing in the open space in front of the Speaker, in full view of the whole assembly, in the very face of Mr. Knott he pronounced with deliberate intense distinctness:

"You got a despatch last Thursday morning at eight o'clock from Josiah Caldwell completely and absolutely exonerating me from this charge, — *and you have suppressed it!*"

There was one instant of silence. Then went up from the great congregation such a sound as never those halls had heard before. It was not a shout, not a cheer, but rather a cry, the primal inarticulate voice of all souls fused in one, a victorious voice of horror, anger, exultation, triumph; rising, swelling, sinking, renewing in an ecstasy that could not end.

The House simply went to pieces. The vast audience dissolved into individual human beings abandoned to individual expression. For fifteen minutes nothing else was done. It seemed as if nothing else ever would be done. The Speaker is reported to have called to order, but only the reporters heard him. He is said to have complained piteously that he was not responsible, that the door-keepers had let in upon the floor twice as many visitors as there were members, and that the House would be cleared if the applause was repeated; but the applause was repeated at will, and no one left till he chose to go.

Mr. Blaine at length rose and offered a resolution, the most extraordinary perhaps that was ever offered in a Legislative assembly, or that an investigating committee ever encountered, — a resolution which, in fact, put the investigating committee under investigation by the accused:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report forthwith to the House whether in acting under the resolution of the House of May 2, relative to the purchase by the Pacific Railroad Company of seventy-five land-grant bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, it has sent any telegram to one Josiah Caldwell, in Europe, and received

a reply thereto. And, if so, to report said telegram and reply, with the date when said reply was received, and the reasons why the same has been suppressed.

“And after that,” suggested Mr. Blaine, rapidly, “add ‘or whether they have heard from Josiah Caldwell in any way.’ Just add those words, ‘and what.’ Give it to me and I will modify it;” and seizing a pen he swiftly scratched in the words, called the previous question on the resolution, and with another wild, long-continued applause from floor and gallery, the House adjourned and the audience slowly melted away.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1874.

I have just returned from the funeral of Charles Sumner at the Senate Chamber. The body was lying in the rotunda. There was a procession, or file, three or four deep, extending from the coffin, around the outer circle, to the door, waiting to take a farewell look. As we were with a Senator, we were allowed to cross directly to the coffin without waiting. There was a pained look on the face, and the head seemed to be almost bent forward and the face shortened. The coffin was loaded with flowers. The face was far more natural than I feared to find it. We went immediately into the Senate gallery. What met the eye was very impressive — what met the ear was less so. Nothing of the latter was so forceful to me as the subdued manner in which the unanimous “ay!” was pronounced by the Senators when the few motions of adjournment were put. The Senators and members of Congress were all in badges of mourning. The Speaker and the escort wore broad white silk scarfs across the shoulder and breast, falling behind. When the President *pro tem.* announced “The House of Representatives,” all the Senators arose. Mr. Blaine and the clerk, Mr. McPherson, headed the procession. Mr. Blaine’s look and bearing were very fine. He is always dignified upon occasion — being naturally so. He mounted to the side of the President of the Senate and the House filed in; then the Chief Justice and the associate judges of the Supreme Court were announced and walked in with their floating heavy silk gowns; then, “The President and the Cabinet;” then, preceded by the ministers and the pall-bearers, Charles Sumner came into the Senate Chamber for the last time. Although the whole coffin-lid was glass, the flowers chiefly covered it. As I looked down from the gallery I could see the lower part of his face and his folded hands. The greatness was in the man, and nothing could diminish aught thereof, but . . . voice and soul did what they could. However, Sumner lay there undisturbed and grand. When “the Senate of the United States consigns the body of Charles Sumner to the sergeant-at-arms,” etc., Carpenter’s words were good though his manner was not weighty. I could not help thinking how Sumner’s own voice would have spoken like the voice of an archangel. Then they filed out as they had filed in, except the President, who slipped through a side-door followed by the Cabinet. . . . It was not till after Mr. Blaine had left for the Capitol, Wednesday, that a servant came up and told us that Mr. Sumner had been sick all night, and was thought to be dying. From time to time reports of his death came, but they proved to be false, till the last one at about 3 P.M. Mr. Blaine was in in the forenoon. He said Mr. Sumner lay with his eyes closed, the muscles of his face much contracted as if he suffered, breathing heavily, and every now and then clutching his breast over his heart. They sent for Carl Schurz quite early in the morning. He went over, stayed awhile, then came back and told his wife it seemed so sad to have no woman there, he wished she would go over, and she went back with him directly. They

found the parlors below full of black women crying, the only white person being Dr. Mary Walker, walking around in her demoniac old trousers. Mr. Blaine said it was as quiet and orderly as possible when he was there. Before Mrs. Schurz's arrival so many gentlemen had come down from the Capitol that it was not thought best for her to enter the room, and she went home again. Mr. Hooper and Judge Hoar were in close attendance. Crowds, many of them colored people, surrounded the house during the day. One of the most touching sights to-day was the long procession of colored men, shabby, but all decent, five deep, following immediately after the hearse, to the station, of their own free will and gratitude. The hearse was drawn by four milk-white horses. Do you remember seeing that almost his last words, often repeated, were, "I am so tired. I want rest"? Mr. Hoar said his brother, looking over his papers after his death, found one of his earliest papers, a college oration, for aught I know, in which he said, "How should a man ask rest except in the grave!" Mrs. Fish was in yesterday, and as she was going out she said that Mr. Fish had not been out since Tuesday. He had something of a cold, and the death of Sumner, and the remembrance of their early friendship, and their late estrangement, gave him so much grief and shock that he was really ill. He was at the Senate to-day, but he looked very pale. Sumner was in the Senate only the day before he died, remaining long enough to be present at the presentation of the vote rescinding his censure. Won't Whittier be glad? I suppose it is chiefly owing to him that the censure was taken back.

Mr. Blaine appointed a colored member to go to Boston. . . . At dinner, Monday night, Secretary Fish began to say something about Mr. Blaine being President — indirectly, of course. I stopped him, playfully of course; told him I could not help common people talking about it, but he should not; that while I had no objections to the presidency, I had decided objections to Mr. Blaine's going through life as a disappointed candidate. After the company was gone, one of the outside waiters came into the parlors to ask Mr. Blaine, "How did you like the dinner, sah? Hope to serve you a better one in the White House, sah," with the broadest of grins. At Governor Buckingham's, Mr. Fish was telling a gentleman how I had lectured him here; so I told him the negro story, that he might see what good company he was in. He declared that that was the rising race, held the balance of power, and he was wise to be on their side. . . .

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1874.

. . . We dined at Mr. Chandler's last night. . . . M. and Q., Lulu, L. C., and the little D. had a small table in the corner of the same room, with L.'s nurse to wait on them, and it was very cunning. They were still all the first part of the time, but after a while their little voices began to bubble quite freely. Mr. Blaine and L. sat nearly back to back, and Mr. Blaine would turn around and pinch his cheek once in a while, and make him laugh. Towards the last, L. pulled Mr. Blaine's sleeve, and whispered, "I've had a *yight* nice time." . . .

From Walker :

DENVER, July 19, 1874.

DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Thursday evening we drove out to see the war-dance of the Ute Indians. It took place at their camp some two or three miles from the city, out on the prairie. The contrast was very strong between the civilization of this city, and the wild, savage, somewhat bacchante scene presented by the Indian dance. Indeed, this seems to me the country of contrasts.

Perhaps the handsomest man I have seen anywhere out here — a mild, peaceable face, handsome as the creation of an artist — was at the same time the worst specimen in dress and manner of a border ruffian. I can understand now the parts of Bret Harte's stories which have hitherto seemed defects, in which this contrast is so sharply displayed. We drove out there, arriving at their camp about seven o'clock. The evening was charming. In the background, the Rocky mountains, with purple amethyst tints, lit into gold by the sunset's last beams. In the foreground the Ute tents, round wigwams, their ponies straying here and there, and the warriors, some of them gathered in small groups, around the scattered camp-fires. Several carriages and barouches filled with ladies and gentlemen were drawn up near to the circle which the dancers made. The occasion of this dance was the obtaining of three scalps by the Utes from the Cheyennes. How many the Utes, not as good fighters as the Cheyennes, lost in obtaining them, I know not. Nearly all the Ute warriors were drawn up in a semicircle, and were saying a rude barbaric chant, which nevertheless had more of harmony in it than I expected. They accompanied their song — if one may so call it — by beating on a sort of drum. The squaws and maidens danced around within this semicircle, in a sort of concentric circle. The steps were of two kinds, — one a shuffle, advancing the front foot and then bringing the back foot up to it, the other a hop, holding the two feet close together and taking short jumps. The warriors all the time beat time with drums, and all the people joined in the rude chant. The three scalps were carried around by as many women, and were held aloft on poles. At the conclusion of the song, which ended in a sort of yelp or cat-call such as you may hear the boys in a theatre indulge in, they trailed the scalps in the dust, symbolical, as I understood it, of the abasement of their foes. The attire of the Indians was varied. I found great difficulty in distinguishing the women from the men, but, like all the daughters of Eve, I found that they wore a sort of skirt. In features they differed little from those of the opposite sex. One woman wore a magnificent tiara made of eagle's feathers. They were sewed on a strip of blanket, and reached nearly to her feet. Some of the leggins worn by the men were embroidered magnificently with beads. The attire, however, was very diverse. One of the chief warriors was exceedingly proud of an old beaver hat which he wore; and one of the young children was wrapped up in an old red print tablecloth. The children were the best-looking portion of the whole tribe. They wore very little clothing and

were all handsomely formed ; but in feature — bah ! One old Indian wore a large silver medal, on one side of which was a medallion of Washington, and on the other, two clasped hands and the pipe of peace. The old Indian had obtained it from some Cheyenne to whom it had been presented by the simple process of slaying its former owner in battle.

From Mr. Blaine's uncle, Hon. Jno. H. Ewing :

WASHINGTON, PA., August 27, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND KINSMAN: Your favor was duly received, enclosing draft of one thousand dollars' donation to Washington and Jefferson College, for which you have the sincere thanks of the trustees and faculty, and your many warm friends here, and I hope most sincerely that ere long we shall have the pleasure to manifest our good feeling to you in a more honorable and substantial manner. The course of our State convention will have a good effect in one respect, yet it was ill-advised ; it will show that Pennsylvania is not in favor of third term. He had better rest on his honors.

I feel that your prospects are very good for the succession, if nothing should arise prior to the time for next nomination. If Grant sees that he has no chance, he will go in for you ; but he must first be satisfied of that fact. It is not necessary for you to commit yourself on any of the great leading questions of currency. The prosperity of the country will depend much more upon good crops than any legislation.

The country must have time to right herself: she has overtraded and speculated too much, with too little work. The desire to get rich in haste has ruined the country ; she must get back to the old-fashioned way of making a living by honest labor. Take care of the leading men of the country : the mass will follow.

I shall at all times be pleased to hear from you. My best and warmest friendship to your boys, who endeared themselves to all of us while here.

From Hon. M. C. Kerr :

NEW ALBANY, IND., November 21, 1874.

Absence from home for a few days prevented a more prompt acknowledgment of your very kind letter of the 13th inst. Accept my sincere thanks for your congratulations and the kindly reference to the speakership in connection with my name. Permit me to say in all frankness that I do not look upon the event to which you refer as at all probable. It is no doubt possible, and if it should happen, I am sure no reflection would give me more disquiet than that which makes me realize the essential difficulty there would be in an untried hand attempting to preside over such a body *after* one who had performed that duty with such signal ability and success as you have done. Without reference to that matter, however, I shall be very glad to meet you in the 44th, and there renew our service together.

From Mr. Blaine :

BOSTON, December 3, 1874.

Just as we were finishing dinner, or supper, at 7.30, Q. started off, on leave as I found from Emmons, to look at Boston by gas-light. A. and the girls went out separately to do some little shopping. As soon as I found Q. was gone, I was ready, and made Emmons start out one direction, while I went the other. I went up Tremont, and he down, and up near the Park-street church I met the little toad, as quietly looking at the sights as anybody. I never let him know I had been uneasy, and he and I had a good long walk after we met Emmons. Mons is now out calling. Q. said he had been "round the square," a very comprehensive term. No news. Of course I feel very badly about going away. I am pursued here by telegrams, and I can be ill spared. But I am doing my duty, and that always squares matters.

To Mr. Blaine :

OHIO, January 27, 1875.

I want to vote the Republican ticket this year, and therefore I want to see you the candidate. There are a great many people about here who feel the same way. I have talked with four or five leading men, and they all prefer you to Governor Hayes. . . . I find no State or sectional feeling at all. There is no real Hayes movement, and the nomination of Morton is positively dreaded by the best men in the party. But M. is working like a nailer.

I suppose you see General Garfield often. I would like to suggest, if you will not think it impertinent, that you should talk a little with him about the advisability of your coming out here for a little visit to me. There are several of us who are willing to give a good deal of time for you, if we only knew how. We could learn more by talking with you an hour or so than in any other way. General Garfield knows this district thoroughly, and can tell you all you want to know about the advisability of a visit. . . . The amnesty debate has left you stronger than before, and has strengthened the Republican party in an unexpected manner.

WASHINGTON, January 29, 1875.

A mild, rainy day. Mr. Blaine came home from the House at six this morning, and is still in bed, at 2 P.M. They are filibustering—the minority staving off the civil rights bill, and the majority determined to fight it out and to show that the rules of the House need to be altered so that a minority shall not be able to block legislation. They have been in continuous session since Wednesday noon, but have now adjourned over till tomorrow. Report says that Mr. Blaine distinguished himself last night by the wisdom and decision of his rulings. Butler and his allies were trying all the while to bring the new rule into disrepute, and to have Mr. Blaine arrogate a quorum where no quorum voted—but in vain.

From Walker :

MARCH 1, 1875.

. . . I wish I could have been in Washington during the last two weeks. Have you observed the very great change in the ———, and the tone of compliment it now so habitually assumes in speaking of the ex-Speaker? And, speaking of speakers, this is the last letter I shall ever address to Speaker Blaine. I hope that the "paternal's" valedictory is a good one. I should dislike to see six years of such good service terminate in any poor speech, though I know father's must be good.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1875.

. . . Mr. Blaine did not get home from the House till 1.30 this morning; said he was crazy at having to stay so. Everything was going on smoothly, but every one said he must not go; and sure enough, at the very last Butler slipped in fifty thousand dollars, and Mr. Blaine slipped it out again, and felt paid for staying.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1875.

We are no longer Speaker. . . . It has been an "ovation." Mr. Blaine was at the House all night, came home about half-past eight, took bath and breakfast, returned directly, Congress re-assembling at half-past nine. He sent the carriage back for us, and we all, down even to Q., went up. Q. knew beforehand that he was going, and must needs add to his delight by tormenting T. with the fact that he was going and she wasn't. Then, "T., do you know your papa isn't going to be Speaker any more? He is going to stop being Speaker. Aren't you sorry?" — "Well," said T., "he isn't going to stop being papa." Mrs. Dawes was in the Speaker's seat, and all the Maine ladies, Mrs. Frye, Burleigh, and Hale. M. went on the floor with E. F. and Q. also under charge of Mr. Sherman and J. S. Legislation went on until almost the minute hand was on twelve. The crowd increased every moment — galleries, aisles, steps, slowly darkening, and the open spaces on the floor finally filled up till it was just one great sea of blackness. Messengers were coming in from the Senate, stopping near the door, then handing bills to others who passed up the centre aisle to deliver them at the desk. Mr. Blaine and the clerk of the House were rapidly signing bills, which were snatched by waiting messengers, who rushed down the front aisle on the full run to carry them to the Senate, and suddenly down came the gavel, and Mr. Dawes rose and reported that the committee appointed to wait upon the President to ask if he had any further message for the House reported that he had none. Then Mr. Blaine again struck the gavel, three times slowly, and the great assemblage hushed to perfect stillness. In a clear voice, audible to the farthest corner of the House, the Speaker made his closing address, which you will have read before you see this. It was perfect, — terse, deliberate, simple, touching,

manly, closing with, "the House of Representatives is adjourned without day." Everybody was moved, and the very clerks at the desk wiped their eyes. At the close, there came such a clapping of applause, again and again repeated, and no one stirred from his place except Mr. Blaine, who immediately left the chair; but the applause kept on, and he turned partly back and bowed his acknowledgments, and as still they did not stop, he went up to the clerk's desk in front of his own and lower, and bowed again, and still they applauded, till finally he sat down. Then there was a moving, and he stood at the edge of the raised platform, and people went up and by, and shook hands. Every one says, nothing like it ever happened before. Then, though very slowly, the vast congregation melted away. One lady, whom I did not know, behind me, asked me if Mr. Blaine had been up all night. She thought it was so wonderful. She did not know him, but she could not help crying herself: she never heard anything so touching. Mr. Ramsdell was quite carried away with enthusiasm. First he came under our gallery, looked up and clapped, then met us on the stairs. "Oh! it was splendid," he said, "nothing ever like it before—never was such a speech nor such a reception." I said, "Splendid, indeed, to have the Speaker lose his chair." "Oh!" he said, "he only lost it to get something higher and better." However, Mr. Blaine is well warned at home to care for none of these things; but it is gratifying to retire from six years' service with such plaudits, and they came from both sides. The other night after one of his rulings against B., and in accordance with law, a Southerner and a Democrat sent up a note to him. "By G—d, I am proud of you. . . . You looked magnificent. God bless you!"

The whole town is ringing with Mr. Blaine's speech and reception. Meeting Mr. Phelps walking, he said he had never seen the English language used with more force. J. S. comes in and says every one is talking about it—that he wanted to cry and to cheer himself, and he went out and found G. wiping his eyes. In fact, we have already got to laughing about it, and Mr. Chandler has just sent in a note saying he has but just got over *his* crying; but it was no laughing matter at the time. Indeed, Mr. Blaine felt a good deal himself, and could not quite control his voice at first, though I did not detect it at all; but those who were near him said he did hesitate a moment, and he admits that he felt a twitter in his knees. It is a very easy thing to write about, but one must be on the spot to feel it—the immense concourse, the incessant noise suddenly closing with the three slow knocks, and then a silence so vast, and the sense of sympathy and separation—and the clear voice and strong, simple words of a man himself so simple and so strong. . . . I have written at a hand-gallop, but hope you will make it out.

To Mr. Blaine:

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 5, 1875.

DEAR SIR: With this I take great pleasure in forwarding to you a true copy of a joint resolution just passed by the Legislature of this State. It is

but a feeble although a most heartfelt testimonial of a suffering people to the noble stand yourself and others took in their defence.

As Congress had adjourned when this resolution was adopted, the Legislature deemed it proper to have the same forwarded to you as the late Speaker, and I now perform that duty with feelings of the deepest sensibility, and express the hope that you may live long to serve and honor our common country. With great respect,

I am, most truly,

A. H. GARLAND,

Governor of Arkansas.

SENATE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION, No. 36.

Whereas, in the recent contest before the Congress of the United States to overthrow the present State government, it is evident that the true expression of the sentiment of the people of this State was recognized and endorsed in Congress by the Conservative Representatives, without regard to party,

Therefore, be it resolved, by the senate of the State of Arkansas, the House of Representatives concurring, that while the thanks of the people of this State are due to those in Congress who vindicated their rights, they are especially due to the Republicans of that body who remained true to our State, and that they may not be mistaken, and have cause to regret their action, Arkansas is hereby pledged to a fair, just, and faithful enforcement of the laws, to the end that all people may still have their rights, and that her course shall be "Charity to all and malice toward none."

Resolved further, That the Governor is hereby directed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Hon. James G. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Approved March 4, 1875.

A. H. GARLAND,

Governor of Arkansas.

From G. :

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1875.

. . . Mr. Blaine criticised the expression, "Touching the Almighty," etc. I said, "But it is Bible." — "Is it Bible?" — "I think so." — "Won't believe it till I see it." I went for my Concordance. He found the verse and was silent a long while, so I called out, "How is it?" — "The scamps have put in '*touching*,' but it is in italics — 'twasn't in the original Hebrew as I read the Bible."

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. John H. Ewing :

WASHINGTON, PENN., May 4, 1875.

I have learned with much pleasure from Dr. Hays that you have agreed to meet with us at our next college commencement on the last of June. I

am gratified to know that we shall have the pleasure of your company upon that occasion, and personally I feel that your presence will afford us much pleasure, to meet once more one who is so nearly identified with my family. Those feelings of early life grow stronger as we advance in life. You will make my house your home while you are here. . . . And do not forget my good boys, who gave us so much interest when here last with you, that all our young people were so delighted with, and ask me frequently when they will be here again.

You will come directly to my house. Mrs. Ewing and myself will take no denial, as we all feel that we have claims upon you that none others here can have.

From Mr. Blaine :

NEW YORK, June 13, 1875.

My telegram will have relieved you from any uneasiness that might be created by the newspaper accounts of the railroad accident, although I do not know what those accounts may be. The car I was in was thrown down headlong from the track and rolled clear over, and there we were, an indistinguishable mass of men, women, chairs, sofas, carpet-bags, umbrellas, and so forth.

I was sitting in the next chair to Annie Louise Cary, when the fearful crash came, and as soon as motion ceased, I found that she was not hurt, except a slight bruise on the shoulder ; but on attempting to rise myself, I found my right side so lame and so painful, that I certainly thought some ribs were broken. We all managed in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, with the aid of the people outside, to get out of the car, and into the station (Tremont), about ten miles from New York. Here we had to wait in the utmost discomfort for more than two hours for a wrecking train to come up from New York and relieve us.

I reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel about quarter of two. I had Dr. Rupper summoned immediately, and on close examination he found no ribs broken, but a severe contusion along my right side, with lesser bruises on different parts of my body. He had me well rubbed with chloroform liniment, and I got to sleep in the course of an hour, and slept till nine o'clock.

I am very stiff to-day, and full of aches and pains ; but have great cause for thankfulness that I got off without any real injury. I have not a particle of fever, thus showing I sustained no internal injury whatever. Vice-President Wilson was in the next car and got off without a scratch. The train was running thirty-five miles an hour, in the dark and rain, so that no element was lacking to make the accident fearful.

Secretary Robeson is here, and has been to see me twice to-day — and madam, also here, has sent her maid to do anything she can for me, — a kind service, but not needed.

I shall hope to be up to-morrow, though possibly it may not be prudent to move round much for a day or two. . . . I could see, in this

accident, how utterly impossible it is for passengers to escape from a car that takes fire. Had this car taken fire, I don't see how any one of us could ever have got out; but, fortunately, there was no kerosene, — the Boston line using these large candles.

From Walker:

NEW HAVEN, Tuesday, June 15, 1875.

. . . I have been so busy lately in my preparations for the "annuals" that I have had no time to write. Indeed, almost every moment has been spent either in exercise or in reading physics. I bristle all over with physics, and should you come near me you would be in danger of an electric discharge, or of seeing the solar spectrum plainly visible upon my brow.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes:

FREMONT, OHIO, June 16, 1875.

Thanks for your note. Maine hurt us badly by a big loss eight years ago in the pinch of our suffrage fight. Since, she has done us "a power of good" on several occasions by handsome gains. I am glad you can promise well this year. After it is done, come over and help us. We shall need it. The secret of our enthusiastic convention is the school question. The Democrats take the hint and are on the retreat. They will probably adopt a good sound plank on that subject. If they can get the people to trust them on that topic, their chance of success is good. Otherwise, otherwise.

We have been losing strength in Ohio for several years by emigration of Republican farmers, and especially of the young men who were in the army. In their places have come Catholic foreigners. Last year on a tolerably full vote they had 17,000 majority — the vote being larger than when Allen beat Noyes by a scratch. In the cities this spring we are still more decisively beaten. Whether the reaction has spent its force is the question. We shall crowd them on the school and other State issues. By the time your election is over, we shall need help, and fresh men, with general topics. Let me know if we may reckon on your help. Thanking you for your encouragement. . . .

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. J. H. Ewing:

WASHINGTON, PENN., June 22, 1875.

I learn by the papers that you met with an accident on railroad near New York, but have been unable to learn the character of your injuries, and whether they are of so serious a character as to prevent your being with us on the 30th inst., at our college commencement. It will be a great disappointment to your friends should you not be able to be present. Will you let me hear from you as early as possible?

JUNE 24, 1875.

. . . Mr. Blaine was bruised and mauled, not seriously injured, but the accident was a frightful one—near midnight; the car wobbled and jerked and was finally thrown off at right angles from the track—thirty feet away—and left on its side; cut two telegraph poles off clean, broke every chair off, and the people and everything were hurled and huddled into a heap. The long sofa struck Mr. Blaine in the side, but the doctor says the hurt is purely muscular. His clothes were torn off him. He keeps his hat as a memento. He says he can never in his thought face death more closely than he did then. He says he did not think of his sins at all. Dear old soul, he has not any to think of,—none to speak of certainly; but he thought, “So this is the end of it all, and what a blow it would be to them at home, and most of all how badly Walker would feel that he had not telegraphed him to come to the station in New Haven and have the last look at him!”

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. E. C. Ingersoll :

JUNE 24, 1875.

Now that you are out of danger, I congratulate you upon your recovery, and upon your escape from death. I suppose your escape will be accounted *providential*, but to my mind it would have been more providential not to have happened. But be this as it may, I am awfully glad that you got off as well as you did.

The political outlook is improving each day, and you are gaining strength constantly. I meet men from all portions of the country daily, and they talk of you in a way that makes my heart feel glad and strong.

From G. :

JUNE 28, 1875.

. . . Dr. Smith sounded Emmons's praise for engineering that party through Harvard class-day; said he could not do it himself, and gave up early in the fray. . . . Emmons went away gay as a lark at six o'clock in the morning. I suppose he has his faults, and will come to nothing like the rest of us; but at present he seems perfect. . . . I cannot help comforting myself with reflecting that there are people who require more provocation to be “confined to bed” than the beloved ex-Speaker.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Elisha H. Allen :

HONOLULU, July 23, 1875.

. . . For the kind interest which you have taken in our island affairs you are held in grateful remembrance.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Z. Chandler :

DETROIT, August 15, 1875.

The campaign of '76 is now being fought in Ohio, and while the outlook is admirable, we should leave no stone unturned to make assurance doubly sure. Either inflation, repudiation, and d—n—n are to win in Ohio, or honesty and coin at an early day. I want you to go to Ohio and make as many speeches as you can at an early day. Elevate the standard as high as you would in any Eastern State. The gage of battle has been thrown down, and we must accept, whether we would or not. If timid souls fear the loss of a few votes, elevate it higher, and my word for it we shall gain ten votes where we lose one.

From Messrs. J. Y. Calhoun and W. E. Gapen :

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., August 21, 1875.

We write you as "native Pennsylvanians," coming here from the locality where you were born.

Mr. Calhoun you will no doubt remember as a college-mate at Washington College. He wishes to renew the old acquaintance and revive the memories of "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Gapen was "born and raised" in Fredericktown on the Monongahela river in Washington county; and while he never met you but once (which was in Washington city during your first term in Congress), he knew your relatives — the Bells, Gillespies, and Ewings — and also your friends Judge William McKennan and the other lawyers at Washington — George V. Lawrence and others.

Of course we are both familiar with your political history, and are gratified at your success; and we congratulate you on having achieved the difficult task of spending such a long time in active political life without having given cause of offence to any one.

And this brings us to say that in view of our early associations it is a great pleasure to us to see the attention of the people turned to you as their candidate for President.

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that *we* are in favor of your nomination and election, and that we desire to do all we can to accomplish those ends.

Mr. Calhoun has not heretofore been identified with the Republican party. Mr. Gapen has always been a Republican, and was one of the delegates (with the late Hon. Andrew Stewart, of Fayette county, and Alexander Murdock, of Washington county) from his congressional district in Pennsylvania to the Chicago convention in 1860 that nominated Mr. Lincoln.

Of course you know better than we how political matters should be conducted; but a suggestion occurs to us which we will make — and that is:

wouldn't it be well for you to make a visit to the State of Illinois some time during the fall or winter and make an address at some prominent point, — say at Chicago, Springfield, or this city, — on some occasion of general public interest (not on politics, of course), and thus become personally acquainted with our people? And if such an occasion should occur, would you come?

From Mr. Samuel L. Clemens to Mr. Blaine :

HARTFORD, October 7, 1875.

. . . Mr. N. sends me, at this late day, certified copies of his credentials. Among them I find one from you dated Washington, January 14, '71, in which you recommend this Mr. N. to the Secretary of State as a proper person to bear despatches to London. You say have "known him for some time as a most estimable and worthy man, devoted to the Union cause in Virginia at the hazard of life and the loss of property." You also say, "And I have no hesitation in commending him as strictly trustworthy." Please write me quickly an answer to the following questions :

1. Is that a genuine document ?

2. If so, do you still regard Mr. N. as you did in '71 ?

All who have met him here think the man a fraud, but if he isn't, I want to right the wrong I have done him.

From Mr. Blaine to Mr. Clemens :

AUGUSTA, ME., October 9, 1875.

Infandum jubes renovare dolorem, O Clementia !

After the late cruel war was over, Washington was for several years the resort of those suffering patriots from the South, who through all rebel persecutions had been true to the Union ; and the number was so great that the wonder often was where the Richmond government found soldiers enough to fill its armies. Of these Union heroes and devotees was N. He appeared there about 1868 or 1869. He had fled from oppression in the land of his birth, only to find still more grievous tyranny in the land of his adoption. He looked as though he had been at once the victim of kingly vengeance and the object of concentrated rebel malignity. His mug was like that of Oliver Twist, and he evoked your pity even if its first of kin, contempt, went along with it. He obtained some very small place in one of the departments, and held it, I think, for a year or two. He fastened on me as his last hope, and continually brought me notes of commendation, letters of introduction, and rewards of merit. But he never insulted me with a reference to his being a candidate for anything. He uses that card only with green people in the country, for in Washington, candidates go for nothing. It's only the chaps that are elected that count.

The idea finally occurred to N. that a good way to be avenged at once on

all his enemies, to make Queen Victoria and Jeff. Davis both feel bad at the same time, would be to have a commission as bearer of despatches to England. As carrying a mail-bag across the Atlantic on a Cunard steamer seemed a cheap and convenient way of exhibiting triumph over the dead confederacy and hurling defiance at England at the same time, I gave N. a letter to the Secretary of State, though I had no idea that I wrote quite so gushingly as the quotations you send me imply. But it is quite possible that seeing N. before me the impersonation of fidelity to the Union and honest hatred of the Britishers, I was carried beyond the bounds of discretion and indulged in some eccentricities of speech. But, alas! my real convictions are that N. in all his pitiful poverty belongs to that innumerable caravan of dead beats whose headquarters are in Washington. It does my very soul good to know that Hartford is getting its share. Your evident impatience under the affliction, your lack of sympathy and compassion for the harmless swindler, show how ill-fitted you would be for the stern duties of a Representative in Congress. And if the advent of N. teaches you Hartford saints no other lesson, let it deeply impress on your minds a newer, keener, fresher appreciation of the trials and the troubles, the beggars, the bores, the swindlers, and the scalawags wherewith the average Congressman is evermore afflicted.

Excuse my brief note. If I had time, I would give you a full account of N.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. E. R. Hoar :

CONCORD, September 7, 1875.

. . . If you should get the nomination for the presidency next year, which I should be glad to believe, and would gladly aid, you may depend upon my lifting up my voice like a pelican in the wilderness, or a sparrow on the housetops, in support of such a consummation devoutly to be wished.

From Walker :

NEW HAVEN, October 31, 1875.

. . . I fear I have made no mention of your letter including one from Mons concerning his Harvard affairs. (So the young "swell" is furnishing his room à la Eastlake. . . . I wish that you would send me Hildreth's "History of the United States." I will treat the books carefully. I am taking a course of lectures in the post graduate department from Professor Sumner on the political and financial history of the United States, and Hildreth's History is good reading to accompany the course. I have been devouring Thackeray's "Virginians" (the meal is not yet quite finished, Heaven be praised!), and am now ready to vote Thackeray the most delightful of authors.

. . . Let me hear from you often. You can have no idea how much I enjoy the letters from home. More and more every year home becomes nearer and dearer to me.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. E. Niblack :

DECEMBER 19, 1875.

You perhaps remember that I told you last spring after the adjournment that you ought to resign and retire on the laurels you had won as Speaker. That on the floor you would constantly be running risks in votes that you would be called upon to give, and in various other ways.

I was reminded of what I had said to you by your failure to vote on the anti-third term resolution the other day. To make the matter worse, however, it was telegraphed West Friday night, that when Grant was informed of your failure to vote on that resolution, he remarked, "Blaine is not in anybody's way, so he need not be so d—d careful." This to my mind serves to illustrate the force of the suggestion I made as to the antagonism you will have to meet in various ways while you are in your present position. I do not doubt your ability to hold your own as well as any one else could under the circumstances, and I sincerely wish you personal success in your present position, as well as in all others to which you may be called.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Samuel L. Clemens :

. . . Now that I have started after this youth, I shall not feel content until I shall have destroyed his Hartford market for him.

A couple of his most prominent endorsers are dead. I wish I knew whether they endorsed N. before they died or after.

P.S. — I wish you would let me publish your entire letter just as it stands ; it is just what I want.

From V. :

WASHINGTON, January 15, 1876.

At Mrs. Fish's reception last night . . . Mr. Blaine received another "perfect ovation." Everybody was congratulating him and Mrs. Blaine. General Garfield could not contain himself. He nearly hugged Mrs. Blaine. "Oh! your glorious old Jim." It was the first time I ever heard any one call him Jim; but I forgave Mr. Garfield on the spot. General Garfield says that in the whole thirteen years he has been in the House of Representatives, he never saw so brilliant a victory as that of Mr. Blaine's yesterday. Mr. Randall first brought up his amnesty bill. Mr. Blaine brought up his amendment to have the seven hundred and fifty who were to receive amnesty first take an oath, and to exclude Jeff. Davis. They tried in every way to keep him from speaking, but he has always spoken when he designed to speak. He laid out the ground on Monday. Mr. Cox replied in a very weak manner, mere jest and in no respect meeting Mr. Blaine's points. His own friends were extremely dissatisfied, but he could not help it. He had no heart in it. Tuesday Mr. Hill, of Georgia,

spoke—very bitter and extreme, but far better adapted to the subject because not frivolous. Wednesday General Garfield proved more at length, and conclusively, what Mr. Blaine had alleged, that Jefferson Davis was responsible for the infamy of Andersonville. I never heard him speak better. He had one thing to do, and did it well. Thursday Mr. Blaine closed debate with another speech, less symmetrical than the first, because he had only to meet the points that came up, and could not lay it out quite so squarely, but very effective. It ended without a vote by the bill being referred to the judiciary, where it was supposed it would lie indefinitely, awaiting its turn with seven hundred others. Yesterday morning Governor Holden, of North Carolina, sent him a letter, which he said at breakfast he would have given its weight in diamonds for the day before, that he might produce it in the discussion. That morning I walked up to the Capitol with him, and had hardly got home before a note came to send up Governor Holden's letter instantly. It seems that the Democrats, having no work blocked out, got hold of the bills and drew this one out, and were going to have a vote at once with Banks's amendment—accepting the oath, and Jeff. Davis with it. Our people pulled in all the men from the lobby and outside to fill the vote against it. They got the negro members in a room by themselves and labored with them, and finally they got them compacted, and really got seven more votes, I think it was, than were needed to defeat the bill, which requires a two-thirds vote. Then Mr. Blaine moved to reconsider. What he wanted was a record on the Jefferson Davis amendment separately. He said that such was the temper of the House that they could probably get their amnesty bill through, but he wished every one who wanted Davis in to record his vote, ay or no. This the Democrats did not wish to do. They wished to record on the amnesty bill, but had no relish for being advertised through the country as advocates for Davis. So then Mr. Blaine withdrew his motion to reconsider, which effectually killed the bill. The Democrats were completely surprised and dismayed. One of the morning papers says, "People are beginning to think that Mr. Ex-Speaker Blaine, by himself alone, constitutes the majority of the House of Representatives." The papers give you no idea of it. They, indeed, are generally offish, and damn with faint praise; but it has been a wonderful battle and a splendid victory. He is perfect master of the situation. He knows the parliamentary rules by instinct. He is absolutely without fear or nervousness, and talks with just as much freedom as by our own table in Hamilton, and in precisely the same way. His impetuosity is overpowering. The only difference is that instead of a few admiring women he has a crowd of angry and baffled men in front of him; and sometimes it seemed as if the whole sixty rebels on the other side were on their feet at once, and he just defying them all. Old members here say that they never saw anything so superbly done. Professor Seelye spoke once—very well too, but illogically—agreeing to the oath, but thinking best to let Jeff. Davis alone. Mr. Blaine addressed him in his second speech to refute him, but interjected "whose coöperation I crave." Professor Seelye shook hands with him afterwards very cordially,

and said, "You know I don't exactly agree with you, but you have been a conquering hero through this whole debate."

From Hon. J. W. Webb to Mr. Blaine:

JANUARY 15, 1876.

HON. J. G. BLAINE:

MY DEAR SIR: When a public man ably and fearlessly discharges his whole duty in defence of the right, he ordinarily finds his reward in the approbation of the people, indicated through the public press of the country; but when a portion of that press, to which he naturally looks for approval when right, openly misrepresents his motives, mistakes his actions, and seeks to build up public opinion against him, by assuming that the people are passing an adverse sentence upon his conduct, it becomes the duty of all who have taken part in public affairs to come to the rescue.

At seventy-four I may justly claim to have retired from political life; but the time has been when I had a right to be heard, both as a judge and a representative of public opinion; and I feel it incumbent upon me to say to you, that, in common with the Republican sentiment of the country, and of the convictions of all honest and patriotic men, of all parties and of all sections of the country, I most cordially approve of your course in objecting to amnestying the infamous leader of the late Rebellion. What you said and did was a duty and, therefore, a necessity; and whatever the consequences, you richly merit the thanks and gratitude of all right-minded persons; and I am proud to say that you are reaping your reward. But it is said by your traducers, that you have not only injured the Republican party, but that you have virtually destroyed your prospects of a nomination to the presidency, by having dared to be true to your principles and to the principles and feelings of those who not only put down the Rebellion, but crushed out human slavery, and stamped with infamy all concerned in the horrors of Andersonville.

Now, in regard to candidates for the presidency and with "president making" I have probably had as much to do as any man living; and as you know, I have rarely been mistaken in regard to results. Your talents and your public services and prominent position made you a candidate all too soon, and you were gradually sinking into the position which was always fatal to Webster and Clay, — conceded merits and ability, and the absence of an exciting cause or excuse for every man's feeling that they were called upon to fight a battle in your behalf. Such a condition ever has been and ever will be fatal to the success of public men under our institutions, and from this, thank God, you have escaped.

I have been too long absent from the country to judge what were your chances for a nomination and election to the presidency last week; but I do know, as assuredly as I know that I am now writing to you, that whatever your chances then were, they have been increased an hundredfold by your course on the amnesty bill. Men and women who only respected

you before, absolutely admire and love you now. You have struck the chord to which all the better feelings of their nature respond; and be assured that thousands everywhere, who cared very little one week ago who received the nomination from the Republican convention, now offer up prayers for your success; and by the frank and earnest expression of their feelings will do much to accomplish their triumph. . . . During the week there have been nightly, social gatherings; and I am happy to say that I have not met with a solitary individual who has not approved of your course, and condemned in very decided terms the conduct of my old friend Samuel Bowles, in the "Republican." But I need not tell you that the so-called "Independent Press," . . . have become and are thorough-going Democratic papers. Alas for the independence of the press! It has vanished; and all because the purpose of newspapers has been lost sight of. Nowadays they are *made to sell*. When you and I were editors we did not follow, but made, public sentiment; and we also made presidents. But things have changed now.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Wendell Phillips:

JANUARY 16, 1876.

Allow me to congratulate you on your triumph. Such the country regards it. I thank you most heartily for the check you've given to this ridiculous gush which threatens to wash away half the landmarks of our war-gain, — one-third of it devilish craft; one-third hypocrisy; the rest, perhaps, honest stupidity.

Such a protest was needed just now to stun this drunken people into a sober estimate of their position and danger. You were most emphatically *the* man to make it. Thanks for your fidelity, and hearty congratulations on your admirable success.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. W. G. Brownlow (of Tennessee):

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1876.

. . . St. John said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren." Mr. Hill has always been a very devout brother Methodist of mine, and I judge him by this rule in reading his utterances in the House in view of his professed desire for reconciliation. . . . If you meet the enemy again this session, I can only wish you the success which has already crowned your efforts.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Charles Emory Smith:

ALBANY, January 18, 1876.

I must congratulate you upon your brilliant fight and splendid success in the House. It was magnificent. Its effects are being felt everywhere.

Republicans are stirred and enkindled, the opposition confounded and overwhelmed. . . . I made it a part of my business to follow you closely, to publish your speech in full, and to have my say, as enclosed.

The same is true of the school question. . . . You compel the whole country to follow you with interest.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mrs. Ellen Ewing Sherman :

ST. LOUIS, February 4, 1876.

MY DEAR COUSIN: Here I am fighting Catholic editors, and going forth daily armed "cap-a-pie" in your defence, wherever there may be a miscreant bold enough to assail you—and you have not condescended to answer my letter. . . . I am for you always—and as a family we all are—the general included; for we know that you would fill the position of President with honor and dignity, and add, by your administration, a lustre and a glory to the country.

But shall we have that satisfaction? Your demonstration regarding the State Constitutions and school laws will play sad havoc with your interests among our Irish friends and Catholics; but time may change this. At any rate, you have my heart-felt and heart-strong wishes for the attainment of your ambitious ends here, and for what is so much beyond, as to make this, indeed, be, as St. Paul says, dross and dirt. . . . E. has told me of your great kindness to her. May Heaven bless you, my dear *grand-cousin*! I am very proud of you.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Benson J. Lossing :

DOVER PLAINS, N.Y., February 14, 1876.

. . . The "Southern Historical Society" have expressed a desire to have "all" the Confederate archives in the hands of our government, "published." I think such publication would arraign Mr. Davis as a criminal in a stronger light than you have placed him. There is a paper among them that shows that he was willing to have the drama of Guy Fawkes repeated in our country. It is a communication from a Southern man, or a sympathizer with the Confederates, to blow up the Capitol at Washington, while Congress was in session, in the summer of 1861. The proposition seems to have been favorably entertained by Davis, who, by an endorsement on the back of the paper, referred it to the proper department to act in the matter. This fact was communicated to me by the late Francis Lieber, LL.D., who was employed by our government to arrange the Confederate archives.

It seems to me that the greatest boon which the leaders in that wretched Rebellion can pray for is to be *forgotten*. They have injured the Southern people a thousandfold more than they have us of the North. . . . I am willing to *forgive* all the injury that men have inflicted upon the

Nation, but it is neither wise nor wholesome for us to *forget* them. There was great wisdom and truth in the remark of Cicero against Cataline, "Mercy toward traitors is cruelty to the State."

To Mr. Blaine, from Chicago :

FEBRUARY 23, 1876.

At the Republican conference meeting held here yesterday, there were about fifty of the captains, lieutenants, and sergeants of the party at roll-call, from all parts of the State. In fact it was a State convention, except in form. The presidential expression was quite generally in your favor. . . . When you made your two speeches on the amnesty question, the Eastern papers denounced you, and said you had ruined yourself politically. I did not think so. We followed up the Andersonville Jeff Davis business, until the responsive echoes came back from the old guard. As the West warmed up, the East began to catch a little of the heat. Your currency speech was well received, and strengthened you much with the "honest-money" classes, who don't care a great deal about party politics. . . . Wisconsin spoke out quite plainly in your favor, and so will the rest of the Western States in due time.

From G. :

WASHINGTON, February 26, 1876.

Before he sat down, Mr. Curtis (G. W.) gave a long look around the (round) table, the flowers, and the company, and said to me softly, "I often hear people speak of a 'beautiful dinner,' but this is indeed a *beautiful* dinner." Or you may choose what Senator O. said to Mr. Blaine afterwards, "Why, it was a devil of a time!" . . . Sir Edward Thornton thought Mr. Blaine was mistaken about a man's being expelled from the House some years ago, and offered to bet a gold sovereign against a half eagle. Mr. Blaine took it, and Sir Edward has just sent in the sovereign, with a very handsome letter. . . . Judge Hoar was invited, being here on a visit, but was engaged elsewhere, and came in after dinner, bright, and full of cordiality. He says in a letter this (Monday) morning, that the President (or as he says, "the individual in question") assured him that he should do nothing to oust Bristow. This, however, you need not proclaim. Also that the President said to Mr. Blaine the other day, he should support the nominee of the Cincinnati convention, and had no idea who it would be, but said, "Mr. Blaine, if I wanted to ruin you, I should come out for you. On whomsoever the weight of this administration falls, it will crush him;" and I rather pitied him, for it cannot be a pleasant thing to know.

From Walker :

NEW HAVEN, February 28, 1876.

. . . I hear and read on every hand all sort of rumors and prophecies, but am keeping my mind well off the subject by going deep into

history. Saturday brought the nicest letter from father I ever remember to have received, a letter which I shall certainly preserve.

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1876.

The other day when Washington Territory elected Blaine delegates, Mr. Blaine came in flourishing his telegram, "Well, Maine is for me, and Washington Territory is for me; *the little gap between* it is for my friends to fill up!"

From Judge Noah Davis:

NEW YORK, March 10, 1875.

I beg leave to add a single globule to the flood of congratulations you are receiving.

Of all "the Speakers," you are the most fortunate in your retiracy, for no one ever left the chair with approbation so universal and so wholly free from partisanship; and while this is true, no one can say you have not been at all times faithful to the principles of your party, and earnestly alive to its integrity.

I can only hope that, in the new rôle of leader of the minority in the House, you may be able to win for yourself the same meed of credit, and largely to contribute to restore the (almost) lost prestige of Republicanism. I do not despair of the future. I have faith still, that Republican principles may triumph in the centennial contest. But it must be through an openly avowed determination to abandon errors, undo wrongs, and make the party what it formerly was, the champion of right.

I think no man in the country has in larger measure the popular confidence than yourself, and I am quite sure that no one can bring back so great a number of the doubting, fearing, and almost despairing Republicans as you.

I hope this will find you well, happy, and hopeful.

From Walker:

NEW HAVEN, March 16, 1876.

After vacation there are only ten weeks more in Yale. I hope to be an A.B., and have what is called by courtesy an education.

Wasn't New Hampshire a faithful State? I suppose now they will try to fight out the battle in Connecticut. Governor English is personally so popular, and such a good governor, that I think there is very little prospect of his defeat; but Mr. Robinson, the Republican candidate, who is a strong man, will make a good run, and materially reduce the majority of '75, thus giving only a normal victory to the Democrats. If Governor English is beaten, I would stake everything I had that the Republicans will win the next presidential election. Aren't you getting tired of hearing Aristides continually called the just? I am. It reminds me of what I heard that an old letter of Jno. Adams contained, written in '98, when

there were prospects of foreign complications, and the great G. W. was made commander-in-chief of the army, and some one wrote to Jno. Adams congratulating him on having the coöperation of the father of his country. "I would have you know," wrote back Jno. Adams, "that there were other gentlemen who fought for this country than Mr. Washington. I am getting tired of hearing continually of Mr. Washington," etc. I begin to have something the same feeling. But I am growing cross and crabbed; so with love to all. . . .

From Walker:

NEW HAVEN, March 26, 1876.

DEAREST MOTHER: Since you were so kind as to have no objection to my bringing on a fellow to spend the spring vacation, I have invited my chum to come on, and he has accepted. . . . As Mark Twain lectured that evening before the Law School Club, and as I had never heard him, I was led away from hearing the general. However, I called on him that evening, and he thought I had heard him, which did quite as well. . . . The general talked somewhat on politics, thought father could carry New York were he nominated, and said that he was opposed to a pledged delegation from that State, though he was personally a friend and admirer of Senator Conkling. He was very complimentary to father personally, though somewhat doubtful of Republican success in the national campaign next fall. Polite to the utmost verge as usual. . . . Then Friday evening I went out to a little party, where I had a pleasant evening, though they insisted on playing twenty questions, a game, a subtle invention of the adversary to bore one nearly to death. The party was made up of all ages, and I would have been much better entertained had I been let alone. Why don't people learn that when two or three people are gathered together, they can best be entertained by being allowed to entertain themselves? . . . I am beginning to count time in small numbers until my graduation now, as there are only ten weeks after the next vacation.

From V.:

MARCH 29, 1876.

. . . Mrs. Bancroft told me that at the Syracuse convention a gentleman said to G. W. Curtis, "I understand you dined with Mr. Blaine, and that he offered you the English mission."—"Ah!" said Mr. Curtis, "my price has risen. I thought I was bought by the dinner alone."

To Mr. Blaine, from Judge Noah Davis:

NEW YORK, April 25, 1876.

I have just read your vindication of yesterday. It is clear, explicit, and complete. I have never had a doubt of the utter falsity of the charges

against you — and hereafter, no honorable man can have one. I am glad you have taken the mode you have to meet the slanderers; for I am sure your vindication will be universally regarded as the frank and bold utterances of innocence and truth. Thanks and congratulations.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. A. P. Gould :

THOMASTON, ME., April 25, 1876.

Allow me to congratulate you upon your complete vindication of yourself in the House yesterday. I wish to express my gratification that slander is likely, in this instance, to recoil upon the heads of its promoters. The charge was an improbable one; but in these days of general corruption almost any charge against a public man is credited by many. I trust that the attempt to defeat your nomination by such foul means will advance your prospects, as it ought. I am of that number of Democrats who would prefer your success to that of any other person yet named as the probable nominee of the Republican party. If we cannot have a Democratic President (which I trust we may), I prefer a man of political experience and naturally conservative tendencies, such as I know you possess, unless you have very much changed from what you were when I knew you best.

From John G. Whittier :

AMESBURY, 18th, 5th mo., 1876.

I was not knowingly a candidate for the Cincinnati convention. . . . I do not feel able to go through such a labor. The complete vindication of Mr. Blaine from the Democratic charges is very satisfactory to all Republicans.

To Mr. Blaine from Col. John Hay :

MAY 26, 1876.

I hope your health is prospering as well as your affairs. I think you should give all your time now to your own constitution, so as to be ready to protect the other one next year.

I spent a week or two in Illinois just before the convention met, but soon found I was calling the righteous to repentance. I was astonished, after all the Chicago Tribune's shouting, to find absolutely *no* Bristow sentiment; in fact very little of anything but Blaine. Of course there is still the danger of some midnight trade, though it is hard to see where the elements of it are at present.

Anyhow, I shall take this opportunity to congratulate you on your immense success before the people.

From V. :

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1876.

. . . The conventions yesterday went very handsomely for Mr. Blaine, as you have doubtless seen. People here are jubilant over it. Telegram

after telegram coming in "solid for Blaine." Many think it is a foregone conclusion. I should think so myself, if it depended upon popular feeling. I think the country is noticeably for him even to enthusiasm—quite unusually so for a contested nomination. Why I am not on the whole confident is that there are so many ways by which the will of the people is defeated. Those who know "the ropes" can "pull the wires" and get the machinery into their hands. Mr. Blaine knows "the machine" as well as any one, but the trouble with him is that there are some things he will not do, and one of them is to truck and dicker. Whatever can be got by organizing forces, by foresight and combination and sagacity, he will do. He does not affect to be indifferent. He will do anything that an honorable man should; but there he stops. Of one thing you may be sure: it is no small compliment to receive the suffrage of so many conventions. Whatever happens, it is very gratifying to see State after State coming in for him. . . . Just here, another telegram from *Missouri*. "We count for you a clear majority." You must remember, too, that this is done in the face of all the scandal which they are persistently bringing up against him, and is therefore the more satisfactory. I don't pin any faith in the future, but I exult now, just as A. always sounds victory at croquet as soon as her ball bobs through the first wicket. The investigation is an outrage, and many Democrats are coming to think so. Governor Connor, of Maine, told H. that the Democrats down in Maine were as mad about it as the Republicans. S. writes that Deacon H. of their church turned round to E. last Sunday while the minister was pronouncing the benediction, and said, "Did you see Colonel Scott's splendid vindication of Mr. Blaine?" loud enough for all the neighbors to hear. He was so happy he could not wait. . . . If Mr. Blaine should not be nominated, I think we shall go home about June 20th. If he is, we shall be delayed.

To Mr. Blaine, from Rev. Dr. Webb:

Boston, May 29, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: Good deal like the day of judgment, isn't it? Everything you ever did, and most of the things you ever refused to do, mustered and massed and hurled at you with the force of jealousy, malignity, and enraged malice. Only in that day the Judge is not a man that he should lie, nor are his accusers to be savages with tomahawk and scalping-knife, to hack and scalp, and then try afterwards. . . .

But what I want is to preach a little to you as my old parishioner: ask Mrs. Blaine if she don't believe in the total, and unlimited, and absolute depravity of some men? . . .

Secondly. Do you keep calm, and sleep nine hours every night; and if you can't keep calm, keep as calm as you can. The strain upon you must be something fearful. It frightens me to see reports of your illness. The stake is large, but your life is not to be endangered. You may not be conscious of the tension. This "secondly" is the main thing which I want you to notice and profit by, — restrain your feelings, restrain your mental

action, put brain and heart regularly to rest. A little more trust in God, my brother, a resting on His providence, this will help you just now. And may God bless you! Amen.

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1876.

. . . Judge Allen was also in, a Maine man, now judge in Hawaiian Islands. He had just come from Bangor, and said he had a solemn message which he was commissioned to deliver from Judge Appleton, and many others in Maine, that they wanted to assure Mr. Blaine in the most emphatic manner that their confidence in him was absolute and unimpaired; that they, who had known him and loved him and watched him from his youth, were following him still with unwavering devotion and trust; that all the attacks upon him only endeared him to them the more; that no words could express the indignation of Maine, Democrat as well as Republican, at the persecution of which he is the object, and which only shows how formidable he is to the enemy; that they know how open and above-board were all these business transactions which the scoundrels are trying to make capital out of; that they were familiar with them at the time, and know there was no breath of impropriety in them, etc. Indeed, Judge Allen in giving the message to H. for Mr. Blaine, told her that she could not use language too strong; and the tears came into his eyes, and H. could not speak, and he was so excited that he would hold her hand, then start, then take it again and begin new. . . . However, it will only last a fortnight, unless he is nominated, in which case I suppose they will keep it up till November, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! I don't think I should if I could get at them. . . . The over-sanguine think it is a foregone conclusion for Mr. Blaine, but I do not by any means. The popular voice is unmistakably for him, but it is useless to underrate the power of desperate men with strong machinery in their hands, and the Democrats will leave no stone unturned to prevent the nomination of the strongest candidate. Two weeks will satisfy all curiosity.

. . . We are invited to go to Mount Vernon to-day with the emperor and empress, and also to meet them at Lady Thornton's this evening.

. . . I do not believe Mr. Blaine will have time for the second. As the time draws near, the fight waxes hotter and hotter, and the devil and all his angels seem to have taken the field. If the issue depended upon people who know Mr. Blaine, there could be no doubt of its character; but it seems hardly possible that the great outside world should not think in all these repeated attacks there is no smoke without some fire. One gentleman said this morning that all this would do Mr. Blaine no harm, but that he had never yet known the strongest candidate win, and that Mr. Blaine, being the strongest, would inevitably lose.

From Walker:

NEW HAVEN, June 2, 1876.

MY DEAR FATHER: I have just read the statement of Mulligan and your own of yesterday. . . . It seems to me that the principle which

you have laid down about private correspondence is one of the most valuable that can be impressed upon public law with reference to political investigations. That a committee which has been given limited powers should assert unlimited power threatens everybody. The Court of Star Chamber did not assert or really grasp more arbitrary power than the American House of Representatives has been doing all winter and is doing to-day. The precedents for the case of Hallett Kilbourn are to be found in the assertions of the Houses of Parliament, and that of these investigating committees in the Star Chamber of the Stuarts. Dispassionately I think that the principle you have laid down is one worth the contending for, and I would not give up those letters in any event.

I trust to see in to-morrow's papers that you have produced the testimony of lawyers to sustain you in your point. If the public has got to know all the purely personal secrets of a man's private life, why then I am an aristocrat or a Helot, I care not which. I want to be counted as against such a public. But it seems to me that there is one thing which now is needful. Personally, however little you may care for the nomination at Cincinnati, you need it more and more for these brutal lying attacks. Nothing succeeds like success, and the very men who in newspapers shout to-day that Blaine is ruined, to-morrow, should you be a candidate and, as would be undoubtedly true, elected, would hurl their hats to the sky in your honor.

"How proud you must be," said a friend to Cromwell when he returned from his campaign in Ireland, "to see the crowds of people that have turned out to honor you!"—"Yes," was the reply, "but how many more would have turned out to see me hanged!" The public press and the *cunaille* will shout and deride, and praise and huzza in the same breath the same man.

But however painful the attacks of perjuring witnesses and more-than-perjuring newspapers may be, however distressing an investigation conducted for partisan ends and purposes and with partisan bitterness and hate, may prove, there is one Tribunal which will need to pass no judgment, and to whom the testimony of suborned and lying witnesses is of no possible account. Your children, those who may read and reason now, and those who will learn to do so hereafter, will need no distinction to make a father's name dearer, and no praise of men or good repute to make his honor greater. "I have learned," once said Horace Binney, "that the honors of a public life are but barren, and the distress and anxiety great; but the esteem of friends and the love of kindred is a solace that never fails, and a pleasure that never proves delusive." Of the latter you are certainly assured.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. William M. Evarts:

WINDSOR, VT., June 3, 1876.

I have never been in much danger of becoming enamored of politics, but I confess I am greatly shocked at the wretches who are pursuing you

when and because you are winning the race. I see the instruments of this envy and malice are New England born, which distresses me the more. Still there is a hope that Mulligan may turn out Irish in birth as well as race.

I dare say you have more letters of respect and sympathy than you care to read, but I thought you would not impute *this* to a desire for a "consulship," and so send it.

From Walker :

SOUTH COLLEGE, June 4, 1876.

I wrote father a note Friday afternoon, and I am afraid that you may have got a wrong idea as to what I meant. I did not intend to say that I thought public opinion was to be despised, or that political life was a thing to be shunned and avoided. An honest and impartial opinion of the majority we must acknowledge as the highest verdict. But I do think that if public opinion breaks loose from reason, and, in a blind devotion to what it considers a laudable end, rushes over to a judgment unwarranted and partisan, it is very little worthy of consideration. And, on the other hand, while I think a political existence *one*, if not *the*, most honorable of all careers, yet I also see the hard trials and anxieties very clearly. I am enough of an aristocrat not to cut my coat and fashion my shirt collar to suit the opinion of the mass, if I wish otherwise. And I have seen the unpleasant features of political life brought out recently in such bold outlines, that I have no desire to enter on that career. The position which father has taken is one that will do him honor, and, I think, benefit him politically. The attack of the "Mulligan guards" will prove ineffectual. . . .

To Emmons :

WASHINGTON, June 4, 1876.

I have been very anxious to hear from you to know how you were enduring, like a good son, the fiery ordeal through which your father is passing.

Its fierceness no one but himself can know, but, walking it, he feels peculiarly for you and Walker.

The defeat in the convention is as the small dust of the balance to him, though no one better knows than himself the prize for which he was contending. But the thought which takes the manhood out of him is that you and Walker, who are just entering life, may, perhaps, be forced to see, not only all your proud and happy anticipations disappointed, but yourselves put on the defensive. . . .

He has been upstairs looking up the order of a speech for the House to-morrow, but it is very likely it will never be made, as every new-comer has different advice to give. . . .

I find it difficult to command my thoughts, but there is one thing I must say, though I presume and hope you will laugh at my fears. I have been afraid you might go into Boston and do something to Mulligan; but you

have sense enough to know that nothing could be worse for your father than notoriety of that kind. Keep yourself as patient and hopeful as you can. . . . All of us are well, and your father has a great reserve of pluck and resource.

WALNUT STREET, 7 o'clock, 6 June, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR: This minute I have laid by your speech of yesterday. You have macerated these scamps. With head erect and with defiant tone you have scattered the wretched crew of calumniators and spies on private life and private intercourse. The — of the administration cabal do not see that in tarnishing your name they besoil their party. They do not see that in thus overthrowing you they prepare the way for the defeat of the Republican nominee. But what does — or — care for that party. They are neither of them of that party. They have used it and would now destroy it. You have beaten them as I believed you would, and I rejoice with you and with the party, as all men will do here.

Truly your friend, with respect,

BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER.

From John G. Whittier:

AMESBURY, 6th mo., 6, 1876.

. . . But how splendidly Mr. Blaine held himself in his fight with the ex-Confederates of the committee! I hope thee saw it. . . . He has cleared himself of the charges against him. He has had an awful ordeal. The game of the presidency is not worth such a candle. Any man who is named for the White House will soon be in the condition of the man out West who was everywhere well spoken of until in an evil hour he allowed himself to stand for General Court, and found himself so abused that he had to call his dog to see if he was himself or somebody else.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. E. McPherson:

GETTYSBURG, June 7, 1876.

I read yesterday your speech of Monday, with choking utterance, and with tears of thankfulness and joy that you were able so utterly to confound the base conspirators who were attempting your life. With this was mingled the highest admiration for the power you displayed, and for the terrible force with which you drove home your blows. There is but one sentiment here, and there must be but one everywhere on the face of the earth where civilized people dwell, and that is of thorough sympathy for, and admiration of, you; and among friends a more determined purpose than ever to stand by you, and to do whatever may be required to attest the feeling of friendship. I feel it as a great loss that I failed to see the scene, but in the midst of my engagements could not get away. . . . With congratulations to Mrs. Blaine on the overwhelming defeat of this conspiracy. . . .

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. William Orton :

NEW YORK, June 8, 1876.

. . . I congratulate you sincerely and heartily upon your substantial victory over your enemies. When partisan hates overcome all the instincts of manhood, it is time for those who have any manhood left to cease to be partisans.

From G. :

WASHINGTON, June, 1876.

. . . We did not tell Mr. Blaine we were going to the House, as he rather did not wish us to go, but helped him with his papers and letters till the last minute, and the moment he was out of the house we flew. He had got through the first part of his speech, but was on the letters. I cannot tell you the effect. There never was such a rout. Knott and Hunton were deserted even by their own party; not one of the leading Democrats came to their aid. The cheering when Mr. Blaine marched down the aisle and charged Knott with having suppressed the telegram was indescribable. It seemed to come up from all over the House. It was wild and long and deep. It was a perfect roar of triumph. Knott seemed to shrivel visibly in the hot flame of wrath. Observe how Mr. Blaine led him on by asking if he had sent to Mr. Caldwell. Mr. Kasson came up into the gallery, said there had been no such feeling since the emancipation clause was introduced into the Constitution. Mr. Ramsdell said, "Made you feel happy, didn't it?"—"Happy," said Mr. Kasson, "I was crazy." Mr. ("Ben") Wade said, "Blaine is the d—dest man to handle. He has got them down again." A Bristow delegate said, "I have been a Bristow man through and through, but I shall vote for the man that has put the Democrats in h—l twice." Everybody is coming in congratulating, and I must stop. They say the nomination is certain, but I do not depend upon that. Mr. Hale says Mr. Blaine never did anything so fine. Mr. Frye says if they can only get him into a fight, he is as brave as a lion; but when he is at home all alone, or with only intimate friends, he is so disgusted with the lowness of the fight and with having to go up to that committee-room to watch those nasty rebels and Democrats, that he is almost ready to throw up the whole thing. His Monday's fight has done him a great good. Mr. Frye said there was a stranger, an Englishman, who said to him in committee-room the other day, "In all my travels this is the most humiliating thing I have seen. Here is a man of great name and great fame forced to stand up and defend his character before two men, who, twelve years ago, stood with a halter round their necks. My God! think of it." Mr. Frye and Hale and nearly all Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends are gone to Cincinnati.

WASHINGTON, June 9, 1876.

. . . F. came in Monday to tell Mr. Blaine what a villain Mulligan is, but his information was of such a nature as hardly to be available. Besides

that, Mulligan was pretty well disposed of by the time F. got here. . . . Mr. Chittenden, of New York, says he noticed a Democratic friend clapping, last Monday, as enthusiastic as himself. Mr. Blaine thinks the revise (?) of all these attacks will defeat him; but we don't much care now. He has put himself on a height from which no defeated nomination can displace him, and will be beaten not only with honor, but with distinction. People say if he could only go to Cincinnati himself, the case would be sure. It is the universal verdict that nobody can resist himself. At the House yesterday, Mr. Ramsdell met us first with "Well, there is another gone to join the great army of corpses, — Tarbox." Then L., of Hartford, who was in the House and heard it, said Tarbox did seem so poor and mean and abject and helpless, that one could hardly help pitying him. He is Judge Hoar's successor, and defeated Ayer, the cherry pectoral man, who is said now to be in an insane asylum, which gave rise yesterday to the remark that the Massachusetts folks are great fools: they ought to have sent Ayer to Congress, and put Tarbox in the insane retreat! The Democrats tried to prevent him from speaking, and the scene the day before was exceedingly amusing. He arose to speak, and Mr. Kasson reminded him that Mr. Blaine was not present, so he stopped. Scott Lord took the floor on another subject. Mr. Blaine was brought in, but when Scott Lord got through, Tarbox did not rise. Then Mr. Blaine interrupted the fresh speaker to notify Mr. Tarbox that he was here, and Mr. Hale said Blaine looked very much as if he *was* "here," and Tarbox said he did not wish to go on. The House all laughed and I suppose Tarbox took the bits in his mouth next day. Morrison, the Ways and Means chairman, went to him in the morning and said, "Tarbox, do you believe in a hell?" Tarbox made some kind of surprised reply. "Because you will before the day is over." Then the way in which Mr. Blaine took the investigating committee in hand and investigated them! V., a friendly foe, says, "They had digged a pit before him. It was engulfment or a desperate leap. Blaine cleared it with plenty of room to spare." Mr. R. says that S. (a Western Democrat) goes around growling, "Anybody else would have been killed on half; but Blaine is always rising. Another day like this would nominate him." Mr. Kelly, with his voice of many waters, says, "I have been in Congress when Constitutional Amendments have been passed, when men have been denounced as traitors, when victories have been proclaimed, and the enemies of the country overthrown; but I have never seen anything so thrilling as this!"

XIV.

THE WORK OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE investigating committee practically disappeared on the fifth of June. They had some meetings afterwards, but they had been permanently deflected from their original purpose, and the question henceforth before them was not the entanglement of Mr. Blaine, but the disentanglement of Mr. Knott. The nature, motive, and methods of the investigation had been too thoroughly exposed for it ever again to assume standing among men. In the committee room and on the floor of the House, Mr. Blaine spoke a few rare words of haughty and supreme contempt which proved to be parting words, and appeared before them no more. After he had gone, some signs of malign life stirred in the House, but Mr. Blaine's friends, finding that their magnanimity had been abused by the "culprits," — to use General Garfield's designation, — turned and tore them in pieces. Deprived of the vitality which his presence lent, the committee never pulled itself together enough to make a report.

There was no need. Mr. Blaine had made his own report to the great tribunal, to the highest Court of Appeal on earth, the people, and received from them at once and forever, not merely the award of innocence, but the plaudit of righteousness. Thenceforth he became, and as long as he lived remained, the one prominent Republican candidate for the presidency, more eagerly desired by a larger number than any President had ever been, and followed and loved as a leader with an ardor that had relation to no place except that which he had made in the hearts of the people; and it is to be observed that the bulk of his nominating vote came always from the electing States, while the very candidates who were brought forward to defeat him in the nomination depended upon the Blaine votes for election — and received them.

Nevertheless evil did a deadly work. To a nature as delicately organized as strongly endowed, friendly yet seclusive, of honor in the blood and therefore not on the lips, this struggle fierce and prolonged, against the cold, close coil of the political devil-fish, had a slimy repulsion utterly apart from the glow of manly combat with wind and wave. Standing up steadfastly to the defence of his reputation, in which the hopes, the faith, and the welfare of a great multitude were centred and attacked, Mr. Blaine was not infrequently overtaken by a sudden horror of inward loathing which only an ever present sense of the wide interests involved enabled him to surmount. During all that hideous time no word of impatience broke from him to mar the intense sympathy of the household whose life was bound up in him. When once as he was endlessly pacing back and forth through the long suite of rooms, silent, absorbed, a detaining hand was laid on his arm, he said gently, "Do not mind me," but continued his walk. Once lying on the sofa, ill with a slight malaria, he suddenly raised his clenched hand high and exclaimed in a voice thick with emotion, "When I think — when I think — that there lives in this broad land one single human being who doubts my integrity, I would rather have stayed" — but instantly controlled himself and did not finish the sentence. His magnificent bearing in the front of the fight, his stately and splendid march to an unprecedented personal triumph, permitted no hint of the acuteness of his suffering. His patience and gentleness at home were beyond words.

The severe strain removed, a reaction came. On the Sunday after he had snatched his case from the suppression and suffocation of the committee, and had submitted it to the impartial judgment of men, he came from his chamber to the drawing-room well and strong as usual to all appearance. Through the spring he had been several times somewhat indisposed from malaria and disgust; but this morning he pronounced himself fresher and more elastic than he had felt for some days, and telegraphed cheerfully to his friends in Cincinnati who were already gathering for the convention that was formally to meet on the next Wednesday. When summoned to breakfast he walked into the dining-room with a child perched on each shoulder. It was a warm day and the carriage was suggested

for church, but he preferred to walk. Nearing the church door, with no comprehensible warning he sank down unconscious upon the stone step in the arms of his wife, who could save him only from falling. Help was instantly at hand. An omnibus standing on the street was driven up, in which he was laid and taken immediately home. For the sake of air he was placed upon the floor in the hall, with the doors wide open, while a bed was prepared in the drawing-room. So quickly the tidings flew that the street was blocked with a sorrowful, sympathetic throng who gazed incredulous at the prostrate form. General Sherman, utterly skeptical, bent over the bed and called "Blaine! Blaine!" as if it were a summons to battle; but only the ring of his own voice shook the air, and only his own lip quivered. The house filled with friends who went where they listed, but the master was far away, locked in impenetrable sleep. Hour after hour numbered themselves into days while this slumber held him; then the clouds slightly parted, slowly lifted, gradually, yet at the end suddenly, rolled away, never to return. On Tuesday afternoon all the channels of the mind were cleared, and while the telegraph was flashing to Cincinnati tidings that he was dead, he telegraphed the message in his own handwriting, "I am entirely convalescent, suffering only from physical weakness. Impress upon my friends the great depth of gratitude I feel for the unparalleled steadfastness with which they have adhered to me in my hour of trial."

Under such circumstances the Blaine delegates met in convention at Cincinnati on June 14, and waged their heroic battle for the country and for him. Into the midst of all their plans had broken the certainty that he was sick unto death, the uncertainty at any moment whether it might not be death, and the air continued to be thick with rumors and counter-rumors. Yet they rallied to his standard with a constancy that knew no second choice. Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll formally introduced his name to the convention with an eloquence whose timely truths were touched with living fire which set the whole vast audience aflame with heroic enthusiasm.

" . . . The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intellect, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political

opinions. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, the broadest, and the best sense of that word. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people, with the requirements of the hour not only, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relation of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money, and the honor to pay it over, just as soon as they can. The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest field; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, raked and grasped by the hands of the countless sons of toil. This money must be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention. The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home or abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and will not protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by the Confederate Congress. The man who has, in full, complete and rounded measure all of these splendid qualifications is the

present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party, James G. Blaine.

“Our country, crowned by the vast and marvellous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of her past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who has the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain the world ever saw. That man is James G. Blaine. For the Republican hosts, led by this intrepid man, there can be no such thing as defeat. . . .

“This is a grand year, — a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; . . . filled with legends of liberty; — a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for the man who has preserved in Congress what their soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of the Rebellion; the man who, like the intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate, challenging all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat. Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every traitor to his country and every maligner of his fair reputation. For the Republican party to desert that gallant man now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle. . . . James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free. . . .

“Gentleman of the Convention: In the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon the face of the earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers that died upon the field of battle; and in the name of those that perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, — Illinois — Illinois — nominates for the next President of

this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine."

The voting began on the third day of the convention. Three hundred and seventy-nine votes were necessary to a choice. On the first ballot Mr. Blaine had 285 votes, from twenty-eight States and seven Territories. Morton had 124 votes, 30 from his own State, Indiana, the remainder from the South. Bristow had 113 votes from nineteen States and one Territory. Conkling had 99 votes, 69 from his own State, New York, 8 from Georgia, 7 from North Carolina. Hayes had the 44 votes of his own State, Ohio, and 17 scattering votes. Hartranft had the 58 votes of his own State, Pennsylvania.

On the second ballot Mr. Blaine gained 11 votes. Every hour developed a popularity throughout the country which surprised even his friends and stimulated his opponents to the desperate combinations and more than desperate measures which alone could defeat him. The sixth ballot gave him 308 votes. There was no break from his ranks, and it was evident that many States which presented candidates of their own were so warmly for Blaine that any wavering on the part of any one would send the delegates flocking to his standard. The delegations represented in this only a very general feeling outside the convention; as in New York where Mr. Conkling, then at the height of his power and fame, was put forward as the candidate of the State and was loyally supported by her delegation. Yet when the balloting pointed seemingly to the inevitable nomination of Mr. Blaine, the great crowd assembled around the bulletin board burst into a tumultuous, spontaneous shout, cheer upon cheer, from the storage battery of enthusiasm that seemed always awaiting the mention of Mr. Blaine's name.

The question thus with the supporters of every other leader became, not how to nominate their candidate, but how to hold back their delegates from nominating Blaine. Finally, a combination was forced of all others against the strongest, Blaine, on the weakest, Hayes. Mr. Blaine's last vote was his highest, 351; but Mr. Hayes, who in the beginning had but 61 votes, and who was so little known as to have made no enemies, and so little feared as to inspire no jealousies, on the 16th of June received 384 votes, which gave him the nomination.

Caldest, coolest, most discerning of all, Mr. Blaine sat in his library and from morning forecast the result. Before the decisive vote was fully counted, his message of congratulation written with his own hand was on the way to Mr. Hayes.

"I offer you my sincerest congratulations on your nomination. It will be alike my highest pleasure as well as my first political duty to do the utmost in my power to promote your election. The earliest moments of my returning and confirmed health will be devoted to securing you as large a vote in Maine as she would have given for myself."

This was followed by a message of thanks to Messrs. Hamlin, Hale, Frye, and other friends for their untiring service, and a request to Mr. Hale to call on Mr. Hayes and present Mr. Blaine's congratulations in person.

The disappointment to his political allies and to personal friends was great, and it was not free from the bitterness that springs from the suspicion of foul play; but they emulated Mr. Blaine's loyalty. The defeated delegates left the convention jeering the victors, and then went into the contest and supported them. Many took a roundabout way to their homes through Washington to comfort themselves with a look at the man of their first and only choice, to hold up his hands, to receive from him strength, to communicate to him the new revelation they had received at the Convention of his standing before the people.

But to Mr. Blaine had also come a revelation. Hitherto he had gone from strength to strength and from glory to glory, as glory goes in the world, through the regular gateway of promotion, without check. He had thought to win this highest prize of all as he had won the others, in the natural way, by honorable competition, and the success of the fittest. But he saw that this race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. He felt what he had often seen, that a presidential election is not a logical sequence. Fitness for the position, desire of the people, has no relation to it. A national convention is an organization for preventing the people from having the candidate they want, and providing them with a candidate whom the leaders are willing to have. Mr. Blaine had too much work on hand, he had too serious plans in mind, to spend his time in beating the

air. If the great opportunity of the presidency could not come to him in the legitimate way of adaptation and achievement, it was not his opportunity. He belonged to the work, not to the place that was open by accident and closed to him. He saw, also, that while the presidency itself is a great opportunity, a presidential candidacy is in many respects a hindrance. Important issues brought forward by an assumed claimant do not receive the attention which sound judgment requires, by reason of that gallinaceous scratching which calls itself "looking below the surface," and which demonstrates the depth and quality of its own insight by seeing in every measure and movement only a "bid for the presidency."

And yet another consideration influenced him which must be mentioned. The nature of the opposition that had been brought to bear upon him was so low, so revolting, that no prize whatever was high enough to tempt a second encounter. He had made a small thing great by the greatness of his treatment; but though his reputation had been enhanced, it seemed to him that the game was not worth the candle. His honesty had been assailed only to keep him from the presidency. Every manly motive forced him to its defence. He wrested himself wrathfully, scornfully, from the unexpected toils, but he preferred to relinquish the presidency rather than continue or provoke conflicts foul in their origin, fruitless seemingly to the cause of good government. Never afterwards did he make one movement towards a candidacy; never did any solicitation thereto receive the consent of his own mind, and never the consent of his lips except as it seemed to him cowardice, the abandonment of comrades and betrayal of causes, to refuse it. Whatever assistance he subsequently lent to support of his candidacy was rendered with an insurmountable personal reluctance, from a conviction that it would be ignoble not to do it.

The reluctance was augmented by the fact that he ever after underrated his own personality as a factor in the political problem. He saw, he could not help seeing, the extraordinary, ever-increasing love of the people, for it followed him wherever he moved, and surrounded him wherever he stopped. It was not confined to personal association. It was strong, tender, active, unquenchable in men who had never seen him and who exacted

no recognition, even, in return. But it had not availed. Every weapon brought against him he had turned and blunted till it fell harmless at his feet. Success seemed already achieved. Then he himself was cast down. That was of God. Whatever is beyond a man's own best effort is God to him, whether it be the acquisition of power, the ransom of a soul, or the swinging of a star in the sky. He resumed his work with unflagging ardor and devotion, with a penetration that never failed, with a hope as wide as the world, but without taking the presidency into account.

And the greatest successes of his career came afterwards. For to his genius was added an element of self-surrender, — or if that be too strong a word for a man in whom self had always seemed merged in purpose, — the selfhood which had always been but a secondary factor, now ceased to be a factor at all. Disaffected towards any other external and personal goal than he had already gained, he gave himself, undetached and wholly, in his public service, to the service of the country. This is an objective conclusion from closest every-day association in the intimacy of family life. There is no sign that he ever classified himself, ever wasted time in explaining or adjusting his relations with the universe, or made any ado over unselfishness, or duty, or denial. He went his way as cheerful, as unpretending, as simple-hearted as the schoolboy whistling along the brook.

On the evening of June 19th he was sufficiently restored to address from his own door-stone a throng of citizens who had gathered with a serenade to see and hear him. Then he went home to renew his strength from the sea-coast and the mountains of Maine; and in the autumn he went east and west to win the Republican party to the election of Hayes. It was hard work, but great multitudes followed him and greater multitudes besought him, and whatever was doubtful, this was certain, that the heart of the people beat with one desire to certify the honor and love in which they held him.

Wherever he went the same words are true with simple change of name:

“The Republican demonstration in Newark on Tuesday in honor of the Hon. J. G. Blaine was the most remarkable event of the campaign in this State. In its proportion and in the

degree of enthusiasm shown, the afternoon meeting, and likewise the reception and street parade in the evening, were beyond comparison with any previous demonstration in New Jersey."

"Many expressed their devotion to him as they took him by the hand, in such words as these: 'Sorry we cannot vote for you this time, but we will next,' and 'Thank the Lord I have got a chance to take you by the hand,' and many other similar expressions. . . . Cannon on the park thundered out tones of welcome, fireworks blazed incessantly. . . ."

"Mr. Blaine left the residence of Mr. Peddie in a carriage for the Market-street depot. Down Market street the boys in blue opened ranks, occupying each side of the street while the distinguished guest drove between, and was greeted along the whole route by continuous cheers, the boys having determined to give the Senator the grandest send-off possible. . . ."

"The reception of Mr. Blaine at the hall of the Cooper Union, last evening, was one of the grandest of demonstrations which even this city has ever witnessed. In every respect the audience was one which reflected credit upon the intelligence and patriotism of the metropolis."

"The appearance of the ex-Speaker was the signal for a most enthusiastic and tumultuous reception. Men cheered until they were hoarse, women waved their handkerchiefs, and for full five minutes the air resounded with the continuous applause."

"The scene when Mr. Blaine left the rostrum was a repetition of his welcome. It was generally conceded that the meeting was one of the most memorable in the annals of New York politics."

Mr. Blaine everywhere led his forces for Hayes, but it was perhaps not possible for him to secure, even in Maine, what his telegram to Mr. Hayes had promised to attempt, as large a vote for that gentleman as he would himself have received. Mr. Hayes was elected President, but by so small a majority that the result was for some time in doubt, and was never universally conceded. Congress met under the heavy cloud of a disputed presidential election.

Maine had not waited for the national convention to honor her representative under fire. On the tenth of June, four days before the national convention, the Maine State convention

had recommended him for the senatorship to complete the term of Mr. Morrill who had resigned to take a seat in the cabinet. Governor Connor had at once appointed Mr. Blaine, and in December he entered the Senate. For the few winter weeks he stayed in Washington without his family, visiting Augusta, however, several times, and having his elder sons occasionally with him. Alone, he was theoretically forlorn and homesick, but actually he seems to have been unusually gay, — though the two are not incompatible, — seldom dining in his own house except when he gave dinner-parties, which he fondly endowed with great culinary and other success in his reports, whatever may have been the actual *menu* of a man who took little thought of the “regular order” of home, but had small liking for French cookery; whose first cry when he returned from the most elaborate dinners was for “something to eat,” and a bit of cold chicken or roast beef with bread and butter and jam had to atone for the many sins of the *chef*; who finally abandoned his place at the table to his boys or even to their boy visitors, took refuge at his wife’s elbow, and from that point of vantage made proclamation that he would not carve even a mashed potato! The very beggars whining to him over the fence when he was at dumb-bells in the garden, he meanly sent around to the back door, assuring them that he was only a boarder. But for all such shortcomings the blame must rest on the unlimited indulgence which surrounded him, and would have spoiled him had he been spoilable.

The continued and increasing agitation under the unwillingness of the Democrats to accept Mr. Hayes’s election gave so much alarm that an electoral commission was proposed for another decision. The popular Republican opinion was that the Democrats had by fraud and the forcible suppression of the negro vote, attempted to secure the Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina vote for Tilden, and that the Republicans had baffled them by securing the honest vote of those States for Hayes. The popular Democratic claim was that the honest vote was for Tilden, and that the vote was secured for Hayes by fraud and the suppression of the white vote by federal troops.

Mr. Hayes was elected by one majority if the vote of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida had been cast for him. If

not, Tilden was elected. It became, therefore, of the utmost importance to ascertain beyond question the vote of these three States, and extraordinary measures were taken. Each party had sent down a detachment of its best men to supervise the counting of the votes. The Union men in the South were greatly strengthened by the evidence of national sympathy and support, and had stood firm against the menace by which they were surrounded. The result had been the confirmation of Senator Chandler's midnight telegram on the morning of the 7th of November: "Rutherford B. Hayes has received one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes and is elected." But the Democrats were as far as ever from being satisfied.

The settlement of the disputed election was of the first interest and importance. The proposed commission was to be formed of three Republicans and two Democrats from the Republican Senate, three Democrats and two Republicans from the Democratic House, and four judges from the Supreme Court, who were to select a fifth. Its decisions were to be final.

Mr. Blaine was opposed to the creation of this commission, believing that the existing machinery of the government was fully adequate, and that President Grant's sturdy patriotism might be relied on to enforce the execution of the law. Years afterwards he spoke of it openly in the Senate as "a makeshift, purely and entirely a makeshift, and a pretty rickety one it was." These views he expressed with great frankness everywhere, but he made no captious opposition. He favored and indeed urged a constitutional amendment enabling the Supreme Court thereafter to settle all such cases; but without some constitutional amendment he protested publicly that Congress had not the power to settle the question in other than the prescribed way, or power to transfer the power, or to vest a power so tremendous in any body of men whatever.

The sturdy belief of a large number of American citizens in the ability of their government is fitly represented in a letter received by Mr. Blaine from a citizen of Maine:

BETHEL, January, 1877.

. . . I do not believe a new departure is called for. To the common mind, unbiased and unprejudiced, no difficulty presents itself under

the constitutional provision. By that I would stand, and declare Hayes elected, and inaugurate him, and if the Democrats wish to appeal to the courts, let them do so, and we will quietly abide their decision. The calling in members of the court to sit with coördinate branches of the government upon questions which may be presented to them to decide judicially is, to say the least, questionable, and to my mind unconstitutional.

Mr. Blaine's counsels did not prevail. Democrats and Republicans agreed on the commission and promised to respect its findings, — the Democrats more enthusiastically than the Republicans, — the vote for it in Congress being Democratic in the ratio of ten to one. To the public mind there was something alluring, even imposing, in the spectacle of a question so important submitted to a council entirely non-partisan. Why the country, or any citizen of the country, should count it non-partisan, it is difficult to see. It was strictly though equally partisan, the two parties being exactly represented in the Senate and House members and in the four supreme judges.

The fifteenth man was expected to be Judge Davis, who was called an Independent, but who had acted with the Democrats, and had voted for Mr. Tilden in the late election. Judge Davis, however, was elected by the Democratic Illinois Legislature as a Democratic Senator the very day before the commission was to be voted on, in the House, and Judge Bradley, a Republican, was selected for the commission. On every important question its vote was divided by strictly partisan lines. In the end Mr. Hayes was declared elected by the non-partisan tribunal just as he had been declared elected by the party politics of the country. The defeated party accepted the decision of this extra-judicial tribunal with no more confidence or acquiescence than had attended the previous decisions, ordinary and extraordinary. They had pronounced the original election a fraud, and with equal frankness after its work was done they pronounced the electoral commission a fraud.

The advance of the South is seen in the fact that they did not organize a second rebellion. The retrogression of the North may perhaps be found in rumors that the Republicans, fearing a tumult from the result of the electoral commission, as they had feared a tumult from the result of the national election, compromised with the Southern leaders as they had compromised

before, but far more seriously, agreeing to abandon the State elections in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, if the South would relinquish the national election. These three States were the only ones in the South on which the Republicans retained any visible hold.

A Democratic movement for the reduction of the army seemed under the circumstances almost sinister. Mr. Blaine opposed it with pungency and power. It was claimed in the Senate that the negro Democratic vote was repressed in the South by the mere presence of United States troops. "I want it to go on record," responded Mr. Blaine, "that the negroes in South Carolina were so eager to vote the Democratic ticket after the Hamburg massacre [by white men in South Carolina] that it took the entire army of the United States to restrain them," — and the laugh that followed showed how palpable was the absurdity of such pretence. He pointed out that it was the South, not the North, which complained of the size of the army, although, on the authority of General Sherman, there were between the Potomac and the borders of Texas only an "army" of a thousand men. Senator Bayard declared frankly that it was the use of the army and not its numbers that was objectionable. "Would the Senator from Delaware," asked Mr. Blaine, "consider it to be quite within the scope of the constitutional powers of the President to say that in a given instance the President should command the army in one way, and in another way that he should not command it?"

"I have grave doubts," replied Mr. Bayard, "but there is no time now given for due discussion."

Mr. Blaine pushed the question, but in vain — "Did you ever find an act of Parliament that said the king should command the army in a certain way? Is the power of Congress over the army absolute any more than the power of Parliament over the British army?"

Without even the small tribute of circumlocution the declaration was definitely and defiantly made that the army appropriation would depend on such restriction on troops in Louisiana as would prevent the President from installing and maintaining Governor Packard in Louisiana!

Mr. Hayes was inaugurated on the 4th of March, and the

rumors began to wear an ugly look of confirmation. The application of Southern Senators for admission brought the question at once to the crisis. Mr. Blaine, antagonizing some Republican comrades, advocated the admission of Mr. Lamar, from Mississippi, with a personal compliment for the Senator-elect; but he advocated also the admission of Mr. Kellogg, from Louisiana. He had not been in favor of the formation of the electoral commission, but he was in favor of keeping strictly to its conclusions. Whatever doubts may have attached to the validity of the Louisiana returning board had been dispelled by the electoral commission, and the same returns that were at the basis of the national election and made Hayes President, were at the basis of the State election and made Packard Governor and Kellogg Senator.

The Cincinnati convention had "sacredly pledged" the Republican party and the Republican administration "to put in exercise all their constitutional powers for securing to every American citizen exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political, and public rights."

Governor Hayes in his letter of acceptance had emphasized his adherence to this principle, and had urged as an argument to be prominently used in the campaign the danger arising from a solid South; and when after the election he had thought himself defeated, he had said that he did not care for himself, but for the poor colored men of the South, whose fate would be worse than when they were in slavery, and that Northern men could not live there and would leave. Northern Republicans who had gone down to the contested States to confirm the presidential vote, had assured the intimidated Republicans there that the National and the State governments should stand or fall together.

The President of the United States had sent a despatch to the headquarters of the Department of the Gulf:

JANUARY 14.

It has been the policy of the administration to take no part in the settlement of the question of rightful government in the State of Louisiana — at least not until the Congressional Committees now there have made their report; but it is not proper to sit quietly by and see the State Government gradually taken possession of by one of the claimants for gubernatorial honors by illegal means.

The Supreme Court set up by Mr. Nicholls can receive no more recognition than any other equal number of lawyers convened on the call of any other citizen of the State.

A Returning Board existing in accordance with law, and having judicial as well as ministerial powers over the count of the votes, and in declaring the result of the late election, has given certificates of election to the Legislature of the State. A legal quorum of each House holding such certificates met and declared Mr. Packard Governor.

Should there be a necessity for the recognition of either, it must be Packard.

But the signs multiplied that Packard and Kellogg were not to be sustained. Mr. Blaine was profoundly moved by what seemed to him an utter betrayal of faith both to the Southern State governments and to the national government. The presence of federal troops at the polls, in however small numbers, was a proof of an unsatisfactory state of things; but federal troops had sustained the same relation to the State as to the National election, and federal troops had been summoned in the legal way by the State governments. To accept the votes cast under the protection of the flag for President and to withdraw the protection of the flag from those cast for governor seemed to Mr. Blaine not only the very dishonor of selfishness, but of suicide; seemed to place the President in the attitude of affixing the stamp of fraud upon his own administration. Mr. Blaine reiterated protests against it, with almost passionate vehemence. That any Senator who considered the electoral vote of Louisiana as legally and properly cast for Hayes could permit himself to doubt that S. B. Packard, who had nearly one thousand votes more than the electoral ticket received, was equally of right the governor of Louisiana, seemed to him impossible. He sent word to some who were named as the principal promoters of this strange policy that he would openly denounce it in the Senate.

March 6th, two days after the inauguration, he kept his word. "The electoral commission decided that the Louisiana returning board was a legal and constitutional body competent to do what it did do. What it did do was to declare who were the presidential electors of that State; it did also declare who were the Legislature; and the Legislature, performing a mere ministerial duty, declared who was the governor; and I stand

here, if I stand alone, to say that the honor and the credit and the faith of the Republican party, in so far as the election of Hayes and Wheeler is concerned, are as indissolubly united in maintaining the rightfulness of the return of that body as the illustrious House of Hanover that sits on the throne of England to-day is in maintaining the rightfulness of the revolution of 1688. Discredit Packard and you discredit Hayes. Hold that Packard is not the legal governor of Louisiana, and President Hayes has no title, and the honored vice-president who presides over our deliberations has no title to his chair. The Legislature, the governor, and the presidential electors of Louisiana, all derive their legality and their right to act from the same source and the same count, and if the one is discredited the other is discredited.

"I know that there has been a great deal said here and there, in the corridors of the capitol, around and about, in by-places and high-places, of late, that some arrangement had been made by which Packard was not to be recognized and upheld. I want to know who had the authority to make any such arrangement? I deny it. I deny it without being authorized to speak for the administration that now exists. But I deny it on the simple broad ground that it is an impossibility. . . . I deny it on the broad ground that President Hayes possesses character, common-sense, self-respect, patriotism, all of which he has in high measure. I deny it on all the grounds that can influence human action, on all the grounds on which men can be held to personal and political and official responsibility. I deny it for him, and I shall find myself grievously disappointed, wounded, and humiliated if my denial is not vindicated in the policy of the administration. But whether it be vindicated or whether it be not, I care not. It is not the duty of a Senator to inquire what the policy of an administration may be, but what it ought to be; and I hope a Republican Senate will say that on this point there shall be no authority in this land large enough or adventurous enough to compromise the honor of the national administration or the good name of the great Republican party that called that administration into existence."

But prominent Democrats continued — after the decision of the commission, as before — to declare that the electoral vote

did not belong to Hayes and Wheeler; that it was a fraud to give it to them.

Mr. Bayard likened Mr. Blaine's opposition to fire-bells in the night kindling anew the flames of sectional discord. Into Mr. Blaine's argument that if the electoral commission was good enough to find the presidential returns valid, it was good enough to find the State returns valid, Mr. Thurman interpolated the aside "that it was not good for anything except to be hung." The electoral commission which was to allay strife and restore peace by its non-partisan decision could have done so, if at all, only by deciding for the Democratic and against the Republican party. The decision at the polls, the decision of Mr. Hayes's committee, and the decision of the electoral commission availed nothing so long as three Republican governors remained at the head of three Southern States. The Democratic leaders demanded simply that the Republican administration should do what a Democratic administration would have done if the people had voted it into existence; or as the Democratic party put it, if the Republican administration and the electoral commission had permitted it to be installed.

Unable to believe that Republican faith could be violated if its demands were understood, Mr. Blaine repeated in every possible guise his conviction that the movement against the State governments was a simple invitation to the Republicans to abandon the ground on which the people of the United States had accepted the election of Hayes and Wheeler. On the 7th of March he read in the Senate a telegram from D. H. Chamberlain, Governor of South Carolina, to Hon. D. T. Corbin:

MARCH 6th. I have just had a long interview with Haskell, who brings letters to me from Stanley Matthews and Mr. Evarts [of Mr. Hayes's cabinet]. The purport of Matthews's letter is that I ought to yield my rights for the good of country. This is embarrassing beyond endurance. If such action is desired I want to know it authoritatively. I am not acting for myself, and I cannot assume such responsibility. Please inquire and telegraph me to-night.

Mr. Haskell, it appeared, was chairman of the Democratic State committee of South Carolina, and Mr. Blaine characterized the proposition as empowering him "to treat with Governor Chamberlain for the surrender of the State." There was

rumor of a similar letter carried to New Orleans by a Mr. Burke.

"Is there any Senator on this floor," inquired Mr. Blaine, "who desires to stand sponsor for that despatch, or for the policy that it covers? Is there any Senator here who proposes to abandon the remnant that is left of the Republican party between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, and that it shall go down for the public good? I do not propose either at the beck of Mr. Stanley Matthews or Mr. Evarts to say that the public good requires that the remnant of the brave men who have borne the flag and the brunt of the battle in the Southern States against persecutions unparalleled in this country shall retire for the public good. . . . The few innocent remarks which I made yesterday sounded to Mr. Bayard like fire-bells in the night; they seemed destined to rekindle the fires of sectional aggression. That Senator and myself represent different schools in politics, . . . different ideas before the war, during, and since. I propose for myself, as long as I may be intrusted with a seat on this floor, that, whoever else shall halt or grow weak in maintaining it, so long as I have the strength I will stand for Southern Union men of both colors; and when I cease to do that before any presence, North or South, in official bodies or before public assemblies, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning."

Mr. Evarts immediately desired it to be stated that he did not endorse Mr. Stanley Matthews to the extent implied; that the letter was presented him by Haskell, and he wrote upon it, substantially, that he had read it, that he desired to see the troubles in South Carolina composed and to hear from Governor Chamberlain upon the subject; and the President was declared to be in nowise responsible for the letter.

Nevertheless the work went on to completion. Under the irresistible pressure of the national administration, culminating in withdrawal of the federal troops, the Republican legislatures crumbled, the Republican governors withdrew, and the solid South was reestablished.

It was a great surprise and a great grief to Mr. Blaine. One of the most ardent hopes which he had cherished was the restoration of the South. One of the great possibilities of the

presidency was in this direction. It was entirely in line with his political course, though his discriminating treatment of the amnesty proposal led the unthinking and the wrong-intending into a directly opposite interpretation. He believed that the general government could be so administered as to develop the material resources of the South, encourage a diversity of industry and interest, and elevate the moral standard of both races; that it could peacefully, powerfully, and legitimately press forward the education of the ignorant classes; the conciliation of the higher classes; the independence, prosperity, happiness, and harmony of all classes. He believed firmly in the protection of the blacks, but not in the nagging of the whites. His thorough sympathy with the first in its wrongs did not prevent his sympathy with the second in its woes, as real. He desired eagerly the withdrawal of federal troops, but he desired it as a sign of perfected patriotic reunion, not as a condition precedent to the relinquishment of projected rebellion. His standing with the Southern leaders was proof that his faith was not without reason. Many of them were his attached personal friends and daily associates. Perhaps by none was he more tenderly cherished than by some to whom he was in constant and active political opposition. All manner of cordial service and sentiment were exchanged between men whose diverse public views did not interfere with private respect and social attraction, and he believed that they could be enthusiastically enlisted in the true up-building of the South.

The Republican press rather languidly but rather largely accepted, if it did not uphold, the work of the Republican administration; and Mr. Blaine's opposition was attempted to be dismissed as merely "factious" and "sore." So great is the power of the administration, in whose councils at that time Mr. Blaine stood substantially alone.

But there was wide, earnest, and even bitter opposition, finding voice in the country papers rather than in the larger metropolitan press. Captain, now Representative Boutelle, held up the new policy in his Bangor "Whig and Courier" to every blast and whiff of censure and contempt. Mr., now Senator, Chandler, pierced all its joints and sutures with his sharp satires poison-tipped; and when the people spoke authoritatively, they spoke

with no uncertain sound. Pennsylvania, which gave Hayes nearly 20,000 majority, lost 140,000 Republican votes at the next election and gave the State to the Democrats. Ohio, the President's own State, exchanged her 7,000 Hayes majority for a 27,000 Democratic majority by keeping back nearly 90,000 Republican votes; while Iowa, which had repudiated the policy of the administration, kept her State vote well up to her presidential vote. In the Maine State Convention of August 9, 1877, a resolution approving President Hayes's policy was offered only to be met by a sharp counter-resolution of censure; and it required all Mr. Blaine's power of personal persuasion and reasoning to convince the convention that it was organized for State and not National matters. Harmony was restored by not referring to the President at all, and by greeting Mr. Blaine with "deafening applause."

WASHINGTON, June 12, 1876.

Mr. Blaine had seemed unusually bright and well Sunday morning; said he was hungry at breakfast, which he has not been before for weeks. A telegraph wire is on the library table, and Mr. Hale sent a despatch from Cincinnati, and Mr. Blaine replied to it that everything was looking well here, brighter than it had for a month. Mrs. Blaine wanted to drive to church, but he wanted her to walk with him. They walked together a part of the way, and then he took T.'s hand and walked with her and M. But as usual we were forming and breaking line, and when we were close to the church, he was ahead of us and we noticed that he was holding his handkerchief to his eyes as if wiping something away from them. H. said, "Anything in your eye, father?" He did not answer, and she repeated, "Have you got something in your eye?" Then he just turned as if to lean on the fence, and said, "No; my head! my head!" and sank down on the step. H. sat down instantly and held his head. He did not fall, but sank down, and I thought instantly lapsed into unconsciousness, but H. said that he said he feared it was a sunstroke. Some gentlemen from the church lifted him into an omnibus that chanced to be near by, and brought him home. They wheeled the parlor sofa into the hall to lay him on, but H. told the men to push that aside and lay him on the floor. Then a bed was brought down into the parlor, because it would be so much cooler — and there he lies. The doctors say that his symptoms are all favorable, and that he is steadily improving, but I cannot see it. There is no sign of apoplexy or paralysis. He uses all his limbs, turns in bed strongly, takes beef-tea with relish, but he does not come out of his veil wholly. But he recognizes and calls "Mamma," says "A." sometimes when he looks at me, looked around the parlor very inquiringly this morning and asked why he was there; asked H. what was the matter, and when she said, "Nothing,"

he said, "Crying?" But to think of his great, strong, splendid mind so locked up—only forty-six, and of magnificent health. They say the trouble is cerebral depression, caused first by the great mental strain upon him, and immediately by the excessive heat. He has suffered much from the annoyance of this investigation. Work has not hurt him. All political opposition, all the duties of the speakership, and all the daring of his battles this winter, he entered into with zest; but this standing up and parrying assassin-stabs upon his character in a committee-room, fighting curs like Mulligan, this was mortally disgusting to him. Oh, how many times the poor darling has expressed his loathing of it! but he said he must go, or everything would be distorted and twisted to his defamation; and as soon as one charge was disproved they brought up another, and when all who knew anything about it had sworn to his integrity, they brought up the villains and gossips who knew nothing about it to bear false witness against him. . . . I think I am more hopeless about him than is any one else, so you must make some allowance. His nomination looked so sure, that they had to devise some extraordinary way to defeat him. Then came his splendid speech, and the tide was turned and promised to take him into port bravely; but now he sails with God the seas. Do not think I care for the nomination. It is the man only who lies on the bed, helpless and innocent and sweet as a little child. I can never be thankful enough that this did not come till after his splendid Monday. Nothing in his life was ever so magnificent and overpowering. . . . More than death is to be feared for him a shattered life; but we cannot see a handbreadth before our eyes, and can only wait and meet what comes. The doctors say he needs chiefly rest and silence, and that he will recover entirely.

3 P.M. I feel very much encouraged this afternoon. Surgeon-General Barnes and all three of the other doctors concur in saying that every group of symptoms is favorable, and that all he needs is building up. When he wakes, he almost always says, "Church," because I suppose there is where he left himself. He also said, "Telegraph to Mr. Hale." And when he had taken all he wanted of something, he said, "That'll do," as naturally as possible. . . . The President has just been in to inquire; only heard of it at eleven when he returned from Annapolis. Walker came this morning at six. The Postmaster-General sent a special message to have an engine bring him down from New Hampshire in season to take the New York train. I hope to be able to send you better news to-morrow. If you hear nothing, you may suppose he is going on in gradual improvement, just as I hope he is at present.

From John G. Whittier:

13th, 6 Mo.

. . . The news of the sudden, severe illness of Mr. Blaine reached me last night. Nothing for a long time has so saddened me. The paper this morning says he is improving. God grant it may be true! If I were a member of the Cincinnati Convention and before inclined to some other candidate, I would vote for him now, sick or well, as a rebuke to hired

slanderers and ex-Rebel investigators. The sympathies of the whole country must be with him.

I never doubted Mr. Blaine's perfect right to attend to his business matters and buy and sell R.R. stocks while a M. C. I was only sorry because his enemies could use it against him. That he has been honest in his transactions I have no doubt. His very letters to Fisher show his delicate sense of honor, and his solicitude that no one should lose by him. These letters seem to me to be his best vindication.

Dear friend, I can well understand thy grief and anxiety. . . . Long ere this I hope he has so far recovered that your hearts are full of thankfulness. God bless you all!

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1876.

I suppose you got my letter, written at about the lowest ebb, just as I was feeling at the highest. The change yesterday was marvellous, and seemed like a miracle. One moment he was asking, "Where am I?" and, "What day is it?" and the next he was talking as naturally as ever in his life. But really there was a marked change even in the morning. He seemed to me a new man, but he spoke with difficulty, hardly more than single words, and that in a whisper that you had to put your ear close to his lips to hear. Monday, when he was beginning to arouse, he would say half a dozen times during the day, evidently after a great effort to satisfy himself, "Church?" His mind seemed to be going feebly back to what it knew last. Then he would ask, "What day is it?" and "Is it Sunday? Is it dark yet?" etc. But yesterday almost everything he said was coherent, though he did discourage me once by asking, "Where am I?" But in the afternoon his mind came fully back, and he is now precisely as he always was, only weak. He is even getting impatient of the doctors. He told me this morning, that these homœopathic doctors are so enamored of the case that they can't let it go. He says that all yesterday and before, he knew perfectly well what was said, but found difficulty in replying. He said it seemed as if the wires that go to himself from others were all in good working order, but the wires that go from himself to others were down. The only anxiety now is, that he shall not over-exert himself. He wants all the telegrams and papers read to him, and will take hold and read himself, but not much, as it would hurt his eyes. Emmons got here Monday about 4 P.M. The sun was not out when we went to church, and it was not particularly uncomfortable, yet it was a very warm day, but very likely the heat would not have caused it had he been in full strength. I count his foes just as much to blame as if there had been no sun. Everything looks favorable to-day to his nomination. The house has been full of excitement, of course, and will remain so until after the nomination. New England has behaved shabbily. . . . Massachusetts is wabbling all over Cincinnati, frittering away her own strength, and doing no one any good so far as I can see. The idea of her forces straggling across the country to Kentucky, and losing all the credit and influence she might get by consolidating the New England vote upon the New England

man, and taking all his honor to herself! Sunday night I was awaiting every moment the possibility of a change for the worse. The doctor has stayed every night so far, and Mrs. Blaine sleeps what she can on the sofa in the parlor. Mr. Blaine's appetite is good, and the rest may be beneficial to him. He seems as quiet and unexcited as possible; says he rather dreads than desires the nomination; but if he gets the nomination, would rather like to get the election! Do you see how differently Republicans treat the Speaker from Democrats the ex-Speaker? As I write, we are constantly getting news from Cincinnati on the library table by telegraph. "Curtis is reading the Reform Club address amidst great applause." "Committee out," etc., etc.; so that we know what is going on all the time. It is not very soothing, but nothing so exciting as if nothing had happened. I suppose that editorial was the one that called forth more than a thousand letters of protest from Maine, saying that the subscribers meant to have a Republican newspaper, and if that paper was not going to be one, Maine proposed to have one that was. As it has large circulation in Maine, it hauled in its horns instantly. The convention must be in high spirits, for pretty much everything that is done is received "with great applause," the telegraph ticks out. Walker and Emmons will go back probably the last of the week, if their father continues to mend. Q. and T. had a high fight of words this morning, because Q. said "papa did not know me so good as he did Q." If possible, I will send you a telegram if Mr. Blaine is nominated, if I can get the wire, but if it is any one else you may whistle for it. Mr. Blaine has just announced his determination to go out to drive, and has sent for Mr. Fish's carriage. Three telegrams were sent from Washington yesterday, saying he was dead. I suppose there are people who wish he were. Still the sympathy and friendliness manifested for him were very widespread. Dr. Verdi said he never has seen anything like the interest shown in this since Seward was attacked, whom he attended. The doctors are elated, and especially the homœopaths, who were at variance with the old school. Still, each one seems to be satisfied that he was right, so I do not think we need mind. The street has been barricaded at each end, the entrance to the house barricaded, a bulletin put up three times a day, and a policeman stationed to keep off the crowd, and a servant at the door to answer inquiries. I have held a good many levees myself at the front door, and in the vestibule, and on the steps. There is the queerest mingling of politics and medicine. I believe if his attack had not been so public, if people had not seen him lying in his terrible unconsciousness, the whole thing is so quick and "dramatic," that his foes would say he made it all up.

WASHINGTON, June 16, 1876.

Mr. Blaine is as bright and calm as ever, and seems quite content. He has the relief of not having the campaign on his shoulders, and undoubtedly the years will be freer and happier than they would be had he got the nomination and election, and it is undoubtedly better for his health; but I do not deny that it is a risk which I would gladly have taken!

General Hurlburt said to me yesterday, "It is the last time for a century that the North-west will permit New England to have a President, and she does it now, not because of any regard for New England, but because she likes the man." And here was a man who had won the very first place in the country, and New England might have elected him on the first ballot. Instead of which she went against her own, and nominated a man that nobody ever heard of. Massachusetts might have elected him on the last ballot; but she chooses rather to have an administration in which she has no influence. Mr. Blaine's friends stuck to him with unparalleled fidelity. Every one says the fight was most magnificent, — that never was a man so sustained to the end. Among his friends the feeling, which of course no outside person can have, is of enthusiastic admiration and sympathy for the splendid victory. He fought the whole field, without money, against the administration, without any clap-trap at all, — and he had ballot after ballot, as many votes as the three other highest candidates put together. And we have wasted all the enthusiasm which Mr. Blaine's nomination would have elicited. Who can enthuse for Hayes? Mr. Blaine has just gone out to drive with Secretary Fish. Is this not a cruel blow coming just upon his sickness? And yet it may be the best thing that could have happened. You may remember that Mr. Blaine has always prophesied the Great Unknown. Early this morning came a telegram that they had combined on Bristow; but Mr. Blaine said no, that could not be true. They would combine on Hayes. The convention has nominated a man whom nobody wanted, and left a man whom so many do want. Bitter messages come in from all quarters by the telegram. If Mr. Blaine can only keep his health!

To Mr. Blaine, from Colonel Hay:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 17, 1876.

It is a bitter disappointment to all of us, but still we can see that you received the greatest personal tribute yesterday which has ever been given to a public man in this country. Without a single machine vote, in face of the most energetic machine work, you had not only your three hundred and fifty-one votes, but also the cowardly good-will of the Ohio and Pennsylvania delegations, three-fourths of whom would have voted for you if they had dared defy the machine lash.

I hope you will let me repeat what I said the other day, that your health should now be your first care. Don't let any overstrained ideas of honor and duty induce you to overwork yourself this summer. It is not necessary either for yourself or the ticket.

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1876.

. . . As soon as Mr. Blaine is able to travel, he will leave Washington. . . . He is very well and in excellent spirits; ever so much better than before his attack. I think that really was a sort of crisis and did him good. I feared that after the nomination was really over and the

excitement gone, there might come a reaction, but there is none so far. He sees every one who calls, and their name is Legion, — all the returning delegates coming to make their reports, and their reports are all alike, — of a magnificent support in the convention, a splendid following, the greatest enthusiasm, three-fourths of the convention really wanting him, but cheated out of the nomination by the tricks of their leaders, who had the whole force of the administration, all the machinery and a great deal of money, all the treasury and the so-called reform element, besides the local feeling of Cincinnati and the newspapers. All this Mr. Blaine fought single-handed and under his sunstroke. They say that the only large paper in Cincinnati that was decent to Mr. Blaine was the "Enquirer," a Democratic paper. Blaine men paid no money, bought nobody, made no bargains, had no clap-trap, but just fought on the strength of his personal character. The news of his illness was a terrible blow, but they stuck to him right through; said they would rather have Blaine's executor for President than any other candidate. They would listen to no second choice. Men stood up and voted for him in solid column, — after they knew Hayes was nominated; and after Hayes's nomination was announced they cheered Blaine lustily. No one had any idea of his strength before; that this defeat has developed it, and that he comes out of the contest far stronger than he went in; that the way the votes stuck to him is unparalleled.

From Walker :

YALE COLLEGE, June 21, 1876.

. . . The more I think of the result at Cincinnati (I don't think very much of it, however), the better am I satisfied. . . . Tell father that I shall be disappointed if he doesn't make me his private secretary for the summer, as I think Tom needs rest, and I have no doubt some hard work would do me good every way.

From Mrs. H. H. Greenough :

CAMBRIDGE.

. . . I have never seen any expression of feeling so strong as that which was created by the announcement of Mr. Blaine's illness, since the hour of Lincoln's death. It seemed to strike a blow to every heart and to paralyze every other thought; and it is a joy unspeakable that even at its most anxious moment he was able to use his vast influence to strengthen the safeguards of the country which it was the general wish to leave in his hands, so that whatever else might happen his patriotism was as remarkable as the power he wielded or could have wielded as its head.

Your son Emmons is as worthy, dear Mrs. Blaine, of his father's fame as a mother could desire. Every reward will, I am sure, be his or found in him, and I am very thankful for my dear grandson's sake that they so early have chosen each other for friends. Mr. Longfellow, who was here when your son called, regarded him with a great deal of interest, and said that

Mr. Blaine was *his* candidate, his *one* choice, and that he deeply regretted the persecution which had led, possibly, to his illness and which might yet cause defeat to the Republican party. Of course he deplored the action of the convention, excepting that by *your husband's approval of it, its wisdom must be taken for granted.*

From Hon. T. Ewing:

ST. LOUIS, June 30, 1876.

I thank you for your very cordial letter received before leaving home for the convention here, and assure you that your family have as large a place in our hearts as we have in yours.

You may perhaps notice in the platform adopted here a shameful attack on Mr. Blaine. I was a member of the Committee on Resolutions, and moved to strike out that clause of the platform which had been brought out from New York by the Tildenites, who controlled a large majority of the convention and ruled it absolutely from first to last. My motion led to an excited and angry debate of an hour and a half, and was lost at last by a vote of eighteen to twenty. I then prepared a resolution to offer in open convention to strike out that charge. But the Tilden men cut us off from debate and amendments by the previous question, and carried the platform through in spite of all opposition. If I had supposed we were to be choked off so arrogantly, I would have made a minority report on that subject, as I did on the specie resumption law. The reason I did not was that I could get no one to join me in so pronounced an opposition to the action of the committee, and I thought an amendment offered from the floor and supported by an appropriate speech would be more likely to carry than a minority report made by but one of thirty-eight members of the Committee on Resolutions.

I sincerely hope Mr. Blaine will be restored to his pristine and amazing intellectual vigor.

THOS. EWING.

To Mr. Blaine:

JULY 3, 1876.

Have you observed that the Faneuil Hall speakers, Thursday night, were quite as busy apologizing for not having nominated you as ratifying Hayes? Mr. Goddard has brought over an Englishman with whom he fell in love abroad and whom they are lionizing in Boston. Talking politics, of course, some one censured your having sought office too much, etc. "What is that, what is that?" cried the Englishman. "That is not the way we do in England. We think it is the manly way to come out openly and honestly," and went on putting their cant to shame, and as the canters fall at John Bull's feet they speedily recanted. A blacksmith here is indignant at New England not taking a New England President. "If Blaine had been nominated, I should have put on five more men and would have given him twenty-five votes. As it is I have already dismissed three men since the

convention and shall send away two more to-morrow." B. says that the Saturday before Mr. Blaine was ill, a man in Lynn said to him, "No living man can stand the strain that is on him. If they don't kill him one way, they will another." Be sure you lie low and see that they don't. . . . Mr. French says Judge Hoar says if he ever is sent to another nominating convention he hopes to carry a larger stock of wisdom with him; that he took what little he possessed, but it did not seem to be enough to go round the delegation. . . . Dr. Smith was in the train; inquired for you with a great deal of feeling; said he was glad you had grace given you not to murder Mulligan on the spot, as you had the right to do,—though I won't vouch for the exact words; said he thought a large number were represented by a prominent man in his congregation who had not been an especial Blaine man till within a fortnight of the convention, but the events of that fortnight brought him out strong, though he consoles himself since the convention by saying that your time has not yet come, that you will go in with more *clat* in four years, or even in eight years, than now; but we will not lend ourselves to any such folly, will we?

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D.C., August 3, 1876.

MY DEAR BLAINE: This has been a great day for you in the House. You have at last found not only an equal, but a superior in power to destroy one of your enemies. Said superior is Proctor Knott. He has smashed himself even more completely than you smashed him. You will see it all in the "Record." I will only say that Frye and Hale covered themselves with glory. Scores of your friends were ready to go in if there had been any need. But those who did speak left nothing to be desired.

Loving you as ever, I am,

Your friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

From John G. Whittier:

BEAR CAMP, R. HOUSE, WEST OSSIPEE, N.H.

9th Mo. 10, 1876.

. . . The newspapers have located me in half a dozen places, and the last I heard of myself after leaving my "cottage at the Shoals," I have been reported as living "secluded and hermit-like" at Martha's Vineyard, the guest of a distinguished New Yorker. This State is now alive with political caucuses and flag-raising, but all say that we lack the enthusiasm which is wanted in such a canvass. There can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine would have been a stronger candidate in most of the States. The real hope of the Republicans lies in the folly of the Democrats, which, from present appearances, is not likely to fail them. I am sorry that my dear friend Adams has allowed his name to be used by the Democrats, but he will not have a large following in Massachusetts.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, September 14, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: How gloriously you have done! I congratulate you, and thank you. This will give heart and life to our friends everywhere. We need the encouragement. In this State and in Indiana the greenback heresy is strong. At the State elections all factions of the Dem. will be united against us. We shall be vastly stronger in November. Our strong ground is the dread of a solid South, rebel rule, etc., etc. I hope you will make these topics prominent in your speeches. It leads people away from "hard times," which is our deadliest foe.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

From Walker:

CINCINNATI, October 1, 1876.

DEAREST MOTHER: After we left Cleveland at seven o'clock Monday morning last we had a somewhat prosaic ride to Lafayette, arriving there about eight in the evening. Had to wait for dinner until we reached Fort Wayne, at 3.30 P.M., and then did not have very much of a meal. At Lafayette Mr. Orth met us and took us to his house. . . . Had supper after reaching there, and had a very comfortable night's sleep. Next day we went to the battle-ground, distant some six miles, and there was a very large meeting. Father spoke in the afternoon for about an hour and ten minutes. I timed him so that he should not speak too long. . . . In the evening there was a reception at Judge Orth's, from which father was called away to speak in the square. Goodloe, who was the last speaker in the afternoon, and who spoke very well, was speaking when we arrived, and after he had finished in about ten minutes the crowd began to call for father; but a little fellow who had been "sp'ilin'" all day for a chance to speak had to be introduced. He spoke about five minutes and said nothing, and then they yelled "Blaine." He plead with the crowd to hear him out, but they yelled; then the chairman plead, and finally he gave it up and took his seat, saying as he passed me, "It's no use for anybody to try to speak to this crowd to-night." When father commenced to speak, you never saw a better-behaved audience, and he spoke for three-quarters of an hour, and spoke magnificently, making a portion of his old 1868 speech, and a good deal that was new to me. Robert Lincoln said that it was the finest campaign speech he ever listened to. Next day I got up at 7 A.M. and rode about Lafayette, which is a very pretty town. At 9.30 we started for Plymouth, in the northern part of the State. At Pau, where we changed cars, we met General Logan, who went up to Plymouth with us and spoke after father. The Chicago Glee Club also was there, and they sang magnificently. From Plymouth we went by special train to Fort Wayne, and Logan and the Glee Club along, and there was a meeting gathered to hear father at three hours' notice, of at least five thousand people. Coming down, the train stopped at Columbia City, and father spoke to three or four hundred people for ten minutes from the rear of the car. Father spoke over an hour at Fort Wayne, and Logan spoke

half an hour. . . . The next day we went around and called at the Colerich's. Mrs. Colerich was a Walpole and her mother was a Gillespie. The old lady (she is between sixty and seventy) is the perfect image of Mrs. Sherman. The old gentleman is a fine old Irishman who insisted on kissing me. You never saw two people so glad to see us. The old lady was very much affected and kissed me when I came away. They are nice old people . . . At Plymouth saw Johnny Ewing, son of Philemon, who has come over from Notre Dame to see father—a nice-looking boy. Sent my love by him to Mother Angela. Took train from Fort Wayne Thursday for Muncie and Indianapolis. At the former place, where we changed cars, father spoke some twenty-five minutes. At Indianapolis found Mr. Chandler, Mr. McPherson, Governor Noyes, and others. Had a magnificent meeting in the opera-house, jammed with people who had been waiting over an hour. Father spoke an hour and a half and was followed by Noyes. Left Indianapolis at 7.30, Mr. Chandler coming with us to Cincinnati, and went to Mitchell in Southern Indiana in Hunter's district, where they had a meeting in a grove of eight to ten thousand people, all hoosiers. Father spoke an hour, and spoke well. From there we came to Cincinnati, leaving Mitchell at three, reaching Cincinnati at nine. I was glad to get out of Indiana, — *i.e.*, Southern Indiana, — and glad enough to get to a city. While we were waiting at the depot in Mitchell, a fellow came by, his face streaming with blood and a crowd of about twenty hooting and chasing at his heels. He was drunk and had shouted "Hurrah for Tilden!" Of course he was not badly hurt, but it was not a pleasant sight at best. Reached Cincinnati at nine Friday evening, and yesterday afternoon father spoke in Hartwell, and in the evening here to the largest meeting ever held in Cincinnati, and afterwards saw a torchlight procession of about five thousand men. Father was followed by Mr. Frye who is here with Mrs. F. . . . I spent most of yesterday with Rufus Smith, and to-day have been to church and to dinner with a son of an old college friend of father's who presided at the meeting last night. Young H. I knew at Andover, where he was a classmate of Emmons. I am enjoying the trip immensely. It is a grand way to see the country, and is altogether very enjoyable.

To Mr. Blaine, from John Jay:

NEW YORK, January 25, 1877.

It occurs to me that there may yet be a chance of defeating the Electoral Bill by an appeal from all quarters of the country to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to lend it no sanction by the action of its members till its constitutionality has been affirmed. Pray let me know by telegraph if you think there is a chance of this and how we had best proceed.

I regard the measure as the most unconstitutional and wicked since the fugitive slave law, and its influences and results perhaps fatal to our government.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, January 26, 1877.

. . . I am glad that you disapprove of the compromise. I was pleased to see that father voted against it, and pleased to see that he gave so good and statesmanlike reasons for doing so. I have a certain amount of contempt for Senators who, in discussing a measure which, like this, proposed to "shoot Niagara," as Garfield says, can find no better reasons for opposing this measure or favoring that, than that it will tend to count Mr. Hayes in, or to elect Mr. Tilden. I have enough of conservatism in me to prefer seeing Mr. Tilden President ten times rather than to see so dangerous a precedent once established. Yet the plan is, I fear, as good as adopted. However, heaven and the Illinois Legislature be praised, David Davis will not probably be the judge to decide it. The idea of calling Davis an Independent! I do not believe that there will be a better Democrat in the whole Senate next session than this ex-judge. . . . Ashbel Green, a prominent lawyer in New Jersey, who was badly beaten by the abattoir man, remarked last year in a public speech in New Jersey that "Blaine feigned a faint in Washington," which I hope damns him in your eyes as it does in mine.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

BROOKLYN, January 26, 1877.

I have just received a letter from mother, which I take pleasure in sending you, as another evidence of how much she will be pleased at your vote on the compromise. I am glad that you voted against the bill, and still more glad at the grounds on which you based your vote. The question is, it seems to me, as Garfield says, not so much one for us and the people of the present as the generations yet to come. Should this bill pass, and nothing be done to the Constitution by way of amendment, affairs are left in a fearful snarl. Even as it is, supposing that an amendment is passed which changes our whole system of election, it seems to me that a very dangerous precedent has been established, — a precedent which will permit a partisan Congress in future time, in case of emergency, of which they are judges, to strain any constitutional provision to the uttermost verge. But I am very glad that in your opposition you put it on constitutional grounds. It is very small and very cheap in men to falsify their record and to oppose this question merely because if it passes there is a possibility that Mr. Tilden may be President of the country for the next four years. The question is too important to be regarded from such a partisan standpoint.

From Mr. Blaine :

SENATE, February 3, 1877.

. . . The Representatives Hall, Maine, — that was the theatre of a great deal of early pride and power to the undersigned. It never covered the horizon of my hopes and ambitions, but while in it and of it I worked as though there was no other theatre of action in the world.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, N.Y., February 10, 1877.

. . . What a world of gayety you are living in. I should think that you would occasionally sigh for the calms of an undistracted city like Washington. It is rather a strange thing to me to look at this country now in decidedly the most dangerous and ominous time I ever saw, and to see how quiet we all are and with how much *sang-froid* every one behaves. Business prostrate, the results of our great election in doubt, rebellious articles in print, sacrifices of precedents as old as the Constitution without a moment's consideration; and yet thanks to a comparatively scattered population and diversities of interest, and to some extent, too, to the ruined and prostrate South, we move along as quietly as under settled *de jure de facto* constitutional means and methods. The compromise turns out, as Mons calls it, a give-away, but not on our side. What do you suppose would be the condition of a nation like France, if topics of so great national interest arose, or of England, if precedents were so quietly swept away. . . . I don't think I should care a fillip about this wearisome election, save that I don't see what will become of the thousands of clerks who will be turned out if S. J. T. goes in. Put in the Litany, — I have in mine, — "From all dependence for daily bread on the national government, and from all government clerkships, good Lord deliver us." . . . I am now taking an extra course of lectures in afternoons at the Law School, on the Constitutional History of Governments, and as I am thinking of taking another course, all my afternoons are therewith occupied., *i.e.*, afternoons of the first four days of the week. . . . Father wrote me a short note the other day, and sent \$55, the sole remainder, so he wrote, of a \$1,000 investment in Michigan silver mines. . . . What an extravagance has father ventured into in buying a watch! How he has liberalized since he ordered me five years ago not to wear standing collars on pain of his displeasure! . . .

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, February 16, 1877.

Walker came early this morning, by night train from New York. We breakfasted together at Wormley's, and he went to the capitol with me. I made a brief speech on the Pacific Railroad bill, and a very good one, I think, being, of course, an impartial judge. We are going out to-night to make swell calls in several directions. We have just come in from dining at Wormley's together, and find Joe Manley here — bright and cheery and newsy. . . . Louisiana is decided in our favor — just heard it; would telegraph, but you would not get the despatch till morning, when you will get it fuller in the morning paper. This practically settles the election, and we may count on Hayes as next President with some degree of confidence, indeed with certainty.

From Mr. Blaine :

FEBRUARY 23, 1877.

. . . We got Oregon's result, just before recess. What a fearful commentary on all ideas of fairness that vote of eight to seven is! I mean the seven to sustain that frightful fraud of Cronin's.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Wendell Phillips :

MARCH 5, '77.

If Hayes withdraws the troops from the South, murder and intimidation will rule there. The South, stronger in votes than before emancipation, will carry her point and be substantially victorious spite of Appomattox; there will be no Republican State south of Pennsylvania; the next Congress and the next President will be Democratic. Far better to have Tilden than Hayes with such a policy. Yours cordially, and trusting you'll save us if you can from such madness. . . .

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. William Lloyd Garrison :

BOSTON, March 8, 1877.

Though I am not one of your constituents, I desire most heartily to thank you for your recent manly, eloquent, and patriotic utterances in the Senate, while justly asserting the validity of Senator Kellogg's election, and the legitimacy of the claim of Governor Packard, of Louisiana, and of Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, to the recognition and support of the general government. Be assured, to you will be accorded the warm approval of all those tried and true souls in the land who remember too vividly the awful consequences that have resulted in the past from cowardly compromises with the despotic and rebellious spirit of the South to sanction any more such insane attempts to "draw out leviathan with a hook," to harmonize radically hostile elements, and to pacificate disloyalty, by treating it with special consideration. Of course, you will be most furiously assailed by the pseudo-Democratic organs, North and South; but this will be sure proof that you have sagaciously struck the right key-note, in the right place, and at the right time, and manfully met the issue presented by the incorrigible enemies of equal rights and legitimate government. So they writhed and howled at the delivery of your nobly patriotic speech on the amnesty bill, at a former session of Congress—a speech which proved as potent as the spear of Ithuriel when it touched the dissembling toad, and evoked the demon in his real shape—a speech to which the only reasonable objection that could be made was its surpassing clemency to the whole rebel mass, making but a single exception in the person of the arch-traitor of them all, Jefferson Davis, and he excepted, only because of his official responsibility for the unparalleled horrors of Andersonville—a speech which, by the vials of wrath it brought upon your head, notwithstanding its excessive magnanimity, demonstrated that nothing will "conciliate the South" but to put the control of the federal government and the destiny of the nation into her hands, as in the days of her oligarchal supremacy.

You will be blamed in another quarter. There is a weak, timid, purblind, compromising element in the Republican party, which your outspoken words of sound reason and timely warning will greatly disturb, because its panacea for all our national divisions is "conciliation," meaning thereby a truckling to the South as in the days of yore, and a stolid indifference to the fate of her colored population. The elimination of this element from the party would greatly add to its strength and efficiency, as it is ever a drag in any great emergency. That which it seeks to "conciliate,"—by sacrificing principle to expediency,—is devoid of all sense of honor, every pulsation of patriotism, every feeling of nationality. Its wishes are neither to be gratified nor consulted. The truly loyal at the South need no conciliation; to the disloyal no concession should be made. If President Hayes shall be true to his inaugural professions, his administration will be a shield of defence to the oppressed against their lawless oppressors. God grant he may be equal to his responsibilities! He cannot do better than to respond in word and deed to your noble declaration: "Whoever else shall halt or grow weak in maintaining it, so long as I have the strength I will stand for *the Southern Union men of both colors*; and when I cease to do that, before any presence North or South, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning.

Yours to uphold justice,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

From Walker :

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1877.

DEAREST MOTHER: I suppose that you have special telegrams to Augusta, giving the result of the vote in the electoral commission from time to time. At any rate, long before this letter reaches you, you will know that Oregon is decided, by this non-partisan commission, in our favor. As I heard Mr. Evarts say to-day, that South Carolina would occupy very little time indeed (you know the Committee of the House which visited the State declared that the Hayes electors were fully elected), I presume that Hayes may be regarded now as the next President. Bring on a new relay of cabinet-makers. . . . I was present in the House, and heard Seelye and Pierce announce that they could not vote to admit Louisiana as belonging to Hayes. They desired to throw out the vote altogether. I am more and more convinced that being Independent simply means "being on t'other side." I was rather disappointed in the vote on Oregon. I wanted to see one vote something better than 8 to 7. Father was not up this morning until eleven, but has been at the Senate all day, and is now sitting here writing. He is quite well, I think. The loneliness of his life grows on him, however.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, February 26, 1877.

Walker got off as per appt. at 9.20 last night; said as he was leaving that he had never spent a more pleasant or profitable week in his life. . . . I have greatly enjoyed his being here.

From G.

AUGUSTA, February 27, 1877.

. . . Alice went back yesterday morning quite happy. Emmons goes back to-night. He is a remarkable youth for one of his years. The care he takes of everybody and everything, and the way he throws himself into every breach, is more like forty than twenty.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, March 7, 1877.

DEAREST MOTHER: I have just been reading father's great speech yesterday. It was grand, as I think. If this administration is going to make a foolish move in the very beginning, what will it come to in the end? At all events, I feel sure that father is right and that he will be sustained by the Republican party everywhere. The appointment of Devens, if true, is very good. I am glad that no Maine man is in the cabinet if this administration is going to act in this manner. Write me what you think of the speech.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

BROOKLYN, March 7, 1877.

I have just finished reading the account of your speech of yesterday in the Senate. I want to write one line to say how much I was impressed with it and how much I admire your course. You are sure to be sustained by the Republican party *en masse* in the Northern and Western States. I don't think that you owe anything to this administration whatever (while Hayes does owe almost his election to you), and you are certainly far stronger with the Republican party than this administration can ever be. . . . If Hayes recognizes Nichols he ought to resign. It is an avowed acknowledgment that he holds his seat unlawfully and that Tilden was justly elected. I sincerely hope that the commendation which your course is to-day receiving from Republicans throughout the United States will deter him from doing anything so humiliating to the party which elected him and to national political honor. Can't you have The Record of this session sent to me, unless you have promised it elsewhere? Again congratulating you, I am, as ever.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, March 19, 1877.

DEAREST MOTHER: Isn't 18th Alice's birthday? At all events, I have just written her a note and sent her a couple of ribbons. ^{seen to} exception in the taken, she has a couple of ribbons anyway, and is so much and he excepted, There are so many birthdays in the numerous Blaine family, ^{alleled} horrors of quite certain. I keep run of Mons's and my own, and the ^{it} brought upon with March, and April, and October, and teens, and two ^{demonstrated} that doubt you know, but supposing you write them down so ^{rol} of the federal record. By and by we may get mixed, and when I am ^{as in the days of}

dyeing my hair to look young and wearing false teeth like John D., T. may go to snubbing me under the impression that she is the older. It is a matter of importance to me, for as the younger members grow up, I feel the power which seniority gives growing more and more a poor, frail wand, no longer an instrument of power. When I am twenty-five and A. twenty, I shan't be half so well able to snub her as when I was twenty and she fifteen. Well, the Senate has adjourned, and now we shall see what is going to be the policy of this administration. . . . What do you think I have been doing lately? Reading Scott's poetry. . . . I began "Marmion" Friday and read it through almost at a sitting. Began it because I was ashamed to confess to myself that I had never read it, and I read it with immense zest. I think I must inherit both a taste and distaste for poetry, — the former from you, the latter from the paternal, though I found T. G. when in Washington greatly impressed with "Mireio" and profoundly moved by Cowper's "Grave." He insulted me by asking if I had read the latter. . . . The pater's favorite stanza was one beginning, "Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses," it may interest you to know. . . . You don't know how I desire to get home. I don't like New York at all, and I want to see you all and settle down in Augusta immensely, — for the summer, I mean. . . . Love to nearly everybody in Augusta, most of all to those beneath your roof.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, March 25, 1877.

I have not much to tell you to-day, and fortunately I have not, for, Sunday as it is, the house has been crowded all day with visitors of every name and nation, whom Martha and Lewis have in vain endeavored to keep out and fend off. I forgot, in my hurried note of yesterday, to tell you what a pleasant interview I had had at the White House, and how very anxious the President seems to be civil to me. He is finding a good deal of trouble in his Southern policy. He is beginning, I think, to see, if not the error of his ways, yet the immense magnitude of the question which he thought would down at his simple bidding. . . . I stayed only a few minutes, and at 11 was in bed, — quite early for me, as my average is after 12, but I sleep late and make it up. . . . I shall not be at home till close of the week, and you need not tell any one when I am expected, for I want to escape the crowds there that are running my life out of me here.

AUGUSTA, March 26, 1877.

do not need not believe a word of Mr. Blaine's opposition to the cabinet. Ser-
ents, If I Sherman, and McCreary are men whom he would have chosen
in the be The President sent for him Sunday before his inauguration, to
y, that I a at the New England member, and of the list of eleven which he
en I get took the one Mr. Blaine advised, — Devens. Mr. Hale had previ-
nties. I lined, and the President said he could not take Frye, as he did not
as to ha n. Mr. Devens was a friend of Mr. Blaine's all last summer, and
in aged

tried to get Blaine delegates sent to Cincinnati. So you can see how wild are all the stories about Mr. Blaine's opposing the cabinet. He is expected home this week.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, April 6, 1877.

DEAREST MOTHER: You must have heard from father all about the pleasant time which we had together in New York, so of that I write nothing, save to say that I spent the pleasantest twenty-four hours almost since I have been here. . . . Thanks for your care and reservation of the "irregular [room]." I ought to learn something and do something in Augusta this year. There is good society, plenty of books, lots of air, and home, and I am really going to make an earnest effort to accomplish something.

From Walker :

BROOKLYN, April 16, 1877.

. . . Spiritually I am degenerating, as far as church-going is a factor. I have not been to church for many Sundays, save yesterday, and I don't desire to go for many more if I am to hear as poor a sermon as I heard yesterday. I don't dislike the Episcopal church, but when it lays itself out it can get up the poorest sermon I ever listened to. This particular curate — who was old enough to know better — preached a sermon on death. He had a very bad English accent, and he gradually, solemnly, and sweetly led his congregation down into the tombs, and then quietly abandoned them without a ray of sunlight or a gleam of hope. His ideas were old, he was old, and his sermon was old; and I am sure every one of the congregation felt temporally half an hour older, and mentally not a half a second. But the singing was superb and the day glorious, and the company quite good, and on the whole I rather enjoyed myself. I am this evening far beyond my depths in the law of executory devises. I am sure that the man who wrote the text-book did not know very much about the subject. Of course I shall know infinitely less. At the end my knowledge very probably will be *nil*. I am so disgusted with politics that I can say nothing. I was delighted with father's despatch, of course — more than delighted. I can't believe that the Republican party is in sympathy with Hayes. A President refusing to interfere in State affairs, and then constituting a Legislature disregarding the credentials of the returning board in Louisiana, as this infernal commission now proposes to do. Why, he stamps illegitimacy all over his certificate of birth. He draws the bar sinister across his coat of arms. He is like a man who has been acquitted on the testimony of one witness, and then indicts this witness for perjury. The situation down South seems to me just this. The population of New Orleans is in favor of Nicholls, and they propose to run the State, and I believe reduce the negro to as bad a condition as he ever was in while enslaved. And to think that just as the Republican party in one or

two Southern States was getting on a good basis, should step in and kick down the ladder by which he rose to power, and with it endanger the rights of the people for whom he mourned so long and so loud! I hope that the junior Senator from Maine will speak in no uncertain tones on this question even though he battles alone for the right. . . . Sometimes I work myself up to such a pitch that I no longer feel myself sane or logical on the whole matter. . . .

From Almet F. Jenks, to Emmons Blaine, Geneva:

IN FRENCHMAN'S BAY ON THE WAY TO MT. DESERT,
ON BOARD OF THE "FIREFLY" STEAMER.

August 1, 1877.

MY DEAR EMMONS: "Yo ho cheerily, men, Captain Reese of the 'Mantlepiece.'" I never saw a letter before that ended in reality with its date. This does, for like the argument of a poem, the skeleton has been given and my bright genius must fill the rest. However, I thought it might please you if I should jot a line, or rather heave a line, from our log, or a log from our line, or something in Captain Marryat's vein, or in the manner of E. K. Kane. . . . The party has made thirteen all the way, and just as we get seated, the Hon. J. G. B. disappears, and brings in some provincial to make up fourteen at the table. . . . The setting sun shines on a broken and shattered table of cheese, olives, ham-sandwiches, etc. The American flag floats at the stern. Mr. R. and Mrs. R., Mr. B. and Mr. H., are sitting in the stern quoting poetry. Mr. C. H., Miss G., Miss B., and M. are playing whist. W. is for'ards smoking a cig., and I guess Miss B. is getting up a praise meeting among the crew, which by the way consists wholly of able-bodied captains. We are having a jolly good time, and I am glad that I can quote my Horace from a different verse and chapter from you.

"Cras ingens iterabimus, aequor."

From Mr. Blaine, to Hon. W. H. West:

AUGUSTA, ME., August 25, 1877.

DEAR JUDGE: Your letter greatly surprises me: . . . though I dissent from much that I see attributed to you, your position is still immeasurably better than that of the Democrats. And aside from political affiliation, my personal sympathies are all with you. I do not forget the tie of nativity that binds us both to the good old county of Washington, nor the still stronger bond that unites us in the brotherhood of the same Alma Mater. Nor will either of us, I trust, ever fail to remember that grand old race of men from whom we are both descended, — the mingled Scotch and Scotch-Irish who peopled so large a portion of Central and Western Pennsylvania; a race whose modest claim in all generations is that they never turn their backs on a friend or a foe.

XV.

IN THE SENATE.

THE Southern policy adopted by the administration of President Hayes was a bitter and lasting disappointment to Mr. Blaine. He felt that the wheels of progress had been turned backward and an inestimable ground of vantage lost; that it would be years before the country could stand in full view of a right and permanent adjustment of sectional relations with the power and prestige which she held on the day of Hayes's election. In his opposition to the administration policy Mr. Blaine antagonized many of the leaders of the Republican party, but of stalwart Republicanism, to use his own phrase, he was more than ever the chosen and cherished head. So long as the President's policy might be affected he gave it his close attention and every urgency in what he deemed the only right direction. When it was completed, when the Republican Legislatures of three States had vanished at the touch of the administration wand, when the solid South—which, during the electoral contest, had seemed so dangerous to Mr. Hayes as to require discussion more than any question of protection to American labor or to American schools—had been reëstablished by President Hayes, Mr. Blaine wasted no time in regrets, but turned to matters still in the shaping. "Nothing is so weakening as regret" was a maxim of his life.

During his first winter in the Senate, interest had been absorbed by the dispute regarding the presidency. The spring was given chiefly to the question of the President's policy.

Again selected as one of the visitors to West Point, Mr. Blaine went in June, 1877, and, as was his wont, made it a pleasure trip by taking his family and adding to the tour of inspection a visit to the beautiful scenery of the Catskills, the haunts of Washington Irving, and to Saratoga.

During the winter of 1877-78 he was in the full tide of vigorous activity. Many of the measures under review were but remotely allied to the exciting questions of the South from which the flame seems never far. The laws of the currency, the changes of tariff, the modes and roads of traffic, concern the well-being of a nation, but not with the heat of more palpably moral themes; yet whatever Mr. Blaine discussed was the question of the day. The distinctive measure of the Forty-fifth Congress was the passage of the bill to authorize the free coinage of the standard silver dollar of $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and to restore its legal-tender character. Resumption of specie payment which had been fixed for 1879 was threatened by a movement which looked toward inflation and instability as the basis of national credit, which would secure remonetization of silver without regard to changed conditions, or any knowledge of sequences or prescience of consequences. On this bill Mr. Blaine gave thorough coöperation with the President. Deprecating the coinage of inferior dollars, he traced to its proper sources the deterioration of silver, and was emphatic in asserting the necessity of reëstablishing silver as money. His position was indeed imperative, being in logical harmony with every attitude of his mind and every previous utterance regarding this important question—which to him had never been a question. He held it to be a theme on which there can be no rationally divergent views, though there are many theories. He held that gold and silver are the money of the Constitution, and that such a silver dollar should be coined as would not only do justice among our citizens at home, but prove an absolute barricade against the gold monometallists. He did not believe $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of silver would make such a dollar. The bill was passed, was vetoed by the President, and then passed over the President's veto. Mr. Blaine was obliged to antagonize many of his fellow-citizens in the great and far West, but the depth and breadth of a wrong public opinion gave only the more clearness and intensity to his opposition. In financial circles he was recognized as emphasizing principles which are the groundwork of national dealings among men. The philosophic student was gratified to see the experience of other nations appropriated to

the guidance of the republic, while a clear recognition of the dignity, the power, the authority, and the independent standing of this nation in the family of nations gave equal satisfaction to the patriotic American.

The same observant critical and judicial attitude is shown in the position which he took in regard to the Halifax award, an attitude which has not been too common in our experience, and which is as far from the traditional hatred towards England as it is from the traditional self-conceit of America. England came presently to think it for her interest to invest Mr. Blaine with antipathy, if not hostility, to herself. No misapprehension could be greater. He did indeed once remark to Sir Edward Thornton that England as against the United States was always wrong, but he also added that as against the rest of the world she was always right. This, of course, was a friendly exaggeration, but Sir Edward thought enough of the compliment to put it in his despatches. Mr. Blaine had a keen appreciation of the wide reach, the unremitting vigilance, the unity, and the continuity of English diplomacy — so keen that he believed it necessary for this country to meet it with all her resources of watchfulness and resolution. If England had cause against him, it was that he discerned afar all encroachments upon American suzerainty, and sounded the warning and summoned the forces of resistance. The country was often slow to arouse and slower to understand. It is not to the discredit of America that her isolated position and her sweep of the hemispheres should have made her somewhat self-sufficient. It took time to convince her that the modern mind in annihilating space and creating neighborhood had changed the old order and established new responsibility. Not infrequently the silly-wise and the ignorant-learned hung upon the forward movement their ancient saws, but in the vast audience that had come to wait upon Mr. Blaine's words — an audience representing every State and every class in the great Republic — there was always a nucleus upon which he could depend and whose sympathy and strength overbore all the alarm of envy, the indifference of stupidity, the clack of frivolity.

In the wake of the Alabama arbitration came the settle-

ment of the Fisheries dispute. The Alabama award had given \$15,000,000 to the United States, which Great Britain had promptly paid. Six years afterwards the Halifax Commission had awarded \$5,500,000 to Great Britain for the Fisheries, which, to complete the equation, should be promptly paid. Thus the subject presented itself succinctly with a specious parallelism of fair and manly dealing.

Mr. Blaine brought a few important facts from the background to the front, and the relation of all the facts was changed. He offered in the Senate a resolution of inquiry in regard to the selection of the Belgian minister, Mr. Delfosse, as the third commissioner, and developed a series of transactions which England has found it more convenient to ignore than to justify.

After giving in detail the various steps of the tortuous path by which England, against the protest of our government, imposed the Belgian commissioner upon the arbitration, and the reasons why this was an appointment unfit to be made, disgraceful to England in the suggestion, still more in the insistence, he reviewed the finding of the commissioner, showed that it was such as was to be expected and predicted from a commission so constructed, — an award “whose injustice is so palpable that it is difficult to treat it with the respect due to all subjects involving international relations.” While pointing out that England’s course had been sufficiently dishonorable to invalidate the arbitration, he did not counsel its rejection. He believed that the arbitration of consultation is so great an improvement over the arbitration of war that it was better to accept the unjust conclusion than to throw into contempt the new Court of Nations, as yet little established; but he thought it equally necessary that its injustice should be thoroughly exposed, and that England should learn that, though overreached, this country was not hoodwinked. He stamped it upon the popular mind that the award would be paid not because it was fair, or was founded upon any fact or evidence submitted to the Halifax Commission. Honor permitted its payment, but paid without protest, the award would be used thereafter as a just measure of the value of the Fisheries; therefore it was “our duty to show

that the rate fixed by the Halifax Commission has no foundation whatever in truth or in fact, and that no evidence was before the Commission to justify the award. . . . The verdict rendered at Halifax was not legally binding under the terms of the treaty." . . .

The country took a high-spirited part. Secretary Evarts presented to the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain the adverse argument in full — and paid the money.

England did not refute the argument — but took the money.

Large questions did not monopolize Mr. Blaine's attention. He had a passion for human happiness. Whenever a human being could be helped, he was eager to afford help. When frontiersmen were oppressed by a rash but official attempt to save the trees, he was as earnest and intent to prevent the suffering of the mountain wood-choppers as if they had been a nation enchained. He desired, as every intelligent American must, the preservation of our forests. He opposed, as every human being must, their wanton destruction; but he was far more wroth at seeing a wild law striking down the hardy woodmen than at seeing a pioneer axe laid at the root of the hardy trees. He held in view and held up to view that laws are made for man and not man for laws. New lands cannot be occupied unless the settlers can have firewood. On unsurveyed lands not offered for sale no wood could be bought, and he protested that the pioneer who could not buy wood should be permitted to do what pioneers had done without hindrance from the first settlement of this country, — help themselves.

The initiatory, arbitrary, and illegal steps of a reform possibly well-meant, but administered in complete ignorance of the conditions, were creating distress and danger. Laws aimed at a reckless traffic in timber, to the wanton destruction of forests, were applied against the pioneer cutting wood among the mountains for his household fire. Long usage was broken in upon at various points in the West and South-west. Industries were paralyzed, property was seized, honest men were arrested at the very beginning of winter, and hundreds of families subjected to great suffering and greater apprehension. Mr. Blaine wasted no words. An industrious community, in twenty-four hours reduced to starvation in the name of law, left him no choice of words,

and he not only denounced as an outrage, but satirized as an absurdity, the United States government standing over the woodpiles in the backyards of the settlers in Montana, "in a snowstorm which threatened to cut them off from all communication with the outer world, only leaving the wire which led to the Interior Department, over which the word should come from the secretary, 'Not a stick of that wood shall be burnt until one dollar a cord is paid into the treasury of the United States'" — a stumpage, he was careful to ascertain and point out, greater than in Massachusetts, greater than in the woods in sight from the Capitol where he was speaking.

"You cannot show in the history of the government where a settler in a Territory has been charged for his firewood."

"That is not the question," interposed a defender of the measure.

"That is precisely the question!" And he reiterated, "Charge \$1 a cord stumpage for firewood in a remote gorge in the Rocky Mountains — \$5,000 wrung out of a distant Territory, with no representation in the Senate, on the eve of winter. The woodland in sight of the spire of Trinity Church in the city of New York will not pay what the Secretary of the Interior exacted of those distant settlers in Montana. There is no place sufficiently settled, there is no population sufficiently dense, in this country, to justify what the Secretary of the Interior demanded and collected from these distant people in the remote solitudes of the Rocky Mountains."

There was wide misapprehension on the subject. The firewood of citizens cut on harsh mountain-sides and hauled twelve miles to their homes was ordered to be seized. All the firewood cut for the town of Helena on the public lands was to be seized, no previous notice having been given that the custom of the country or the former usage of the department was to be changed. All the fuel piled up for the use of citizens, and even for soldiers in garrison, cut under contract with the War Department, was seized — taken possession of as though it were stolen goods purloined in the night-time and just found on the person of the apprehended thief; and Mr. Blaine was represented as "rushing to the defence of timber-thieves," his "clients," "the worst element of society." He accepted the

issue. "I am glad to have the hardy settlers in the Territories who are carrying forward the civilization of the country and battling with the elements, classed among my clients. I am glad to stand for them in any court or in any presence against the ignorance or the malice of any one, and feel ashamed of myself for some of my Eastern friends."

One of these Eastern friends tried to stem his impetuosity, beginning gently, "His first point was that there was an obsolete law —"

"I never used the word, never!" interrupted Mr. Blaine. "The Senator is confusing me with some other Senator. I said there was no law at all. Do not put words in my mouth and then answer them."

"The Senator's first point was that there was an obsolete law —"

"I never used the phrase at all. The Senator cannot find it in what I said."

"Perhaps the Senator will not boil over quite so often."

"Not a bit."

Thereupon Senator Sargent, of California, interposed, "Allow me — that was my argument."

"I understand it was the argument of the Senator from Maine, and —"

"Will the Senator allow me a moment? I used the argument, and the Senator from Maine took me to task for it quite sharply; he said there was no law at all, obsolete or not."

"I held an entirely different opinion," insisted Mr. Blaine.

"I should like to allow *myself* a moment, if the gentlemen please," continued the interrupted Senator patiently. "The Senator from Maine declared that every Secretary of the Treasury from Alexander Hamilton down to Chandler —"

"Chandler never was Secretary of the Treasury!" interposed the Senator from Maine.

In this matter he had the full sympathy and even solicitation of Southern Senators, many of whose constituents were "depredators" on unsurveyed lands; and the offensive legislation was submerged in the Senate by a vote of forty-two to four.

Adequate protection to American labor was his constant care. In the spring of 1878, he offered resolutions against any

radical changes in the tariff, and in favor of a fixed policy which should so maintain our tariff for revenue as to afford the required protection. "One of the most mischievous measures in its effects would be a roving commission appointed on the idea that when they get through running hither and thither over the country and examining this way and that about the tariff, certain recommendations were to be made, certain changes were to take place. Nothing would more effectually unsettle the business of the country. We have had a great many of these commissions on divers and sundry subjects, and I have never known them to do a particle of good so far as producing a result in practical legislation."

"There is no more hurtful agitation to-day in this country than the agitation of the tariff."

Already he was scanning South American fields; reminding Senators that "of an annual total export from Brazil of less than \$90,000,000 we take \$40,000,000. Of \$500,000,000 for the last six years we have taken nearly \$250,000,000. . . . I suppose the idea is that we had better take our coffee, dye-woods, and other things of that sort from Brazil in British bottoms. . . . The Senator talks of a lobby being here. That is always the cry when anything comes up, 'There is a lobby!'"

Later in the same session of Congress, Mr. Blaine still further defined his position — a position little likely to increase the complacency with which he was viewed by England. It was a foreshadowing of his future course in the State Department, a hint of what he would have attempted in the presidency, and was perhaps the first actual development of the policy with which his name became afterwards inseparably associated, — the fraternization of the Americas. In English eyes this seems a menace to Great Britain. To Mr. Blaine it meant not only increased prosperity to the Americas, but peace on the whole earth, good-will to all men.

The immediate question was of granting aid to a line of American steamers to Brazil. He discerned beyond commercial advantage threefold national harvests. He had made a study of the resources, needs, aspirations, possibilities of the southern hemisphere. Nothing could be more in consonance

with his political ideal than to bring the wealth, the energy, and the good will of the North to bear on the natural and orderly development of our own disaffected South, to win harmony through material activities, to find a common advantage in the cultivation of neighborhood friendship with the nations of Southern America. Sharply opposing every output of the spirit of slavery, he was as alert for every possible point of agreement with the South. He received a keenly sympathetic hearing from Southern Senators, who saw in his plans an opening for their section, full of promise. Dom Pedro had visited Washington while Mr. Blaine was in the thick of the fight with his rebel detractors, but he was not too much absorbed to acquaint himself with the character, aims and methods, of that extraordinary emperor; and in the advances made by him for steamship communication he saw an advantage which on every account it was short-sightedness to disregard, folly to disregard on the plea of subsidy: "We may stand here and talk about the wrongfulness of subsidies and the impolicy of granting them until doomsday; and Great Britain will applaud every speech of that kind made in the American Congress, and will quietly subsidize her steamers and take possession of the carrying-trade of the world. Great Britain to-day makes annually out of the commerce of the United States a larger sum than the interest on our public debt. She receives more in the way of net profits on the carrying-trade which America gives her than the interest on the vast national debt with which we are burdened to-day."

All small suspicion he swept aside as impertinent and unworthy, and stood on the broad ground of our national development. Should we surrender our navigation laws of eighty years' standing and become tributary to Great Britain? He did not antagonize Great Britain. He rather commended the wisdom and foresight with which she guarded her naval supremacy, but it irked him to see our country sleep on her magnificent coasts while the fallacious but vigilant Lilliputians bound fast her giant limbs to an ignoble repose. With the eloquence of impatience he pointed out the folly of playing into England's hands. "She does not intend that any European nation shall ever become a great naval and commercial power. There is no rival left to her in the commercial

world, and if she can buy us out, or bully us out, of a tariff that shall protect American industries, and bluff us out of enterprises that shall stimulate lines of American steamships, she will have done all she desires to do for her factories and for her commerce. . . . Is this country willing calmly to resign the sceptre of the ocean to Great Britain?"

Three years later, on another phase of the same subject he referred with admiration to the strong hand with which Great Britain maintains her sovereignty of the seas, and stigmatized the fatuous blindness of the American government. "For twenty years the Congress of the United States has not done one solitary thing to uphold the navigation interests of the United States.

"An energetic and able man John Roach, of New York, an Irishman by birth, long a citizen of the United States; a man of remarkable ability, energy, and integrity, who found a great ocean highway unoccupied, and had the enterprise to put American vessels of the best construction and great power upon it, has been held up to scorn and to reproach, because he came to the American Congress and said, 'If you will do for this enterprise what the Emperor of Brazil will do, I will give you a great line of steamships from New York to Rio Janeiro.' . . . And Senators, I regret to say, who represent the protective system of this country, remarked with quiet complacency, 'If Brazil is willing to pay for the line, we need not.' . . . Just as soon as it was found that we would not pay, a combination of English ship-builders said, 'We will put on our ships and run that American line off, we will break down this attempt of the United States to begin a race upon the ocean;' and they have pretty nearly succeeded, while we have looked on with apparent unconcern. . . . It is not to help Mr. John Roach or Mr. Richard Roe, but to make a great and comprehensive policy. . . . I do not expect this Congress to do anything. I am not talking with the slightest hope of success. But I know success will come sometime. . . .

"We have the largest ocean frontage of any nation on the globe. We front all continents. . . . We are by our position in need of a navy.

"It is idle to fight against the inventions of the world. The

great highways of international commerce will be occupied, and occupied almost to the exclusion of sailing-vessels, by ocean steamers. The people of the United States can take a great part in that race whenever they make up their minds that the instrumentality by which England conquered is the one which they must use; they can take it whenever they make up their minds that a mercantile marine and a naval establishment must grow and go together hand in hand. . . . The election showed that the overwhelming public opinion of this country is interested in keeping up American manufactures against foreign manufactures. I say to the upholders of protection that Protection cannot be permanently maintained without building up the commercial marine of this country."

Encouraged by the wavering of the Republican party before Southern threats of sedition, the Democrats contested subsequent elections with renewed hope and spirit. Maine, disappointed and disapproving, startled Republicans by her September election in 1878. To some it seemed imperative, in copy of the Administration's Southern policy, to recall wandering greenbackers to Republican ranks by practically appropriating the Democratic standard. To one such adviser Mr. Blaine wrote: "The Republican party may be doomed this year to general defeat, but you will pardon me for saying that if it should attempt to assume the ground indicated by you, it would be covered with ridicule and could not escape ignominy. There are to be two parties in this country on the question of the finances: the one for 'honest money,' the other for 'wild inflation' — the one for maintaining the national honor, the other leading to the verge and possibly leaping over the precipice of repudiation — the one composed mainly of the loyal Union men who contracted the debt to subdue the Rebellion, the other embracing all the bad elements that sought the overthrow of our government. The line will be sharply defined as the contest waxes warm."

To Mr. Blaine the financial integrity of the country was second only, if second, to equality of rights, and he confined debate chiefly to these points. He was everywhere in requisition. In every capital city of the North he spoke to crowds

beyond counting. Even to themes like the currency, not only complicated but often heavy, he brought a lucidity of statement, a novelty of illustration, a picturesqueness of grouping, that riveted the attention and made a convincing argument interesting, and even amusing. He quoted with equal zest from "a very wise old political leader in Kennebec of the past generation — Ben White, of Monmouth," to his associates: "Stand still while you stand well," and "Don't venture on *expeeriments*," and from Sir Robert Peel to Lord John Russell, that "Your amendment, even if right in principle, was wrong in time;" and of the two, the people perhaps liked Ben White the better.

On the Southern question, he especially emphasized the danger to the white man of permitting the destruction of the liberty of the black man. "By destroying the political power of the negro in South Carolina and Mississippi, the Confederate soldier is to-day casting two votes in the control of our national policy where the Union soldier of Pennsylvania and New England casts but one. With this state of things the American people will not rest content. We shall be compelled, from self-interest and self-protection, in the end to resist that which at the outset we should resist from principle."

The wild tide of inflation was presently stemmed and stayed, but in the autumn of 1878 the Democrats gained control of both Houses of Congress.

While on his tour through the North-west, discussing the greenback question with untiring earnestness, with a vigor which carried conviction, with a winning personality which gained for him a lasting hold upon the affections of the great community, his abounding nature could enter into quieter scenes with equal sympathy. How facile was his knowledge, how quick his eye for color, how deftly he caught and grouped the striking points of past and present for such a setting to his facts as brought even statistics into the realm of art, yet made all rivers run into the sea, is shown in an address at the Minneapolis fair, in the midst of the fall campaign.

The same facility of adaptation, power to seize instantly the salient features of a situation, to discern their vitality, develop their bearings, and invest them with an atmosphere appears in a speech he made at the dinner of the New England Society in

New York the same year. A gentle humor, a pleasant satire, played through it, befitting a festivity, but wherever his thought rested even by the way, thither trooped other thoughts, kindred thoughts, the relations of things, so that his humor shimmered over the surface of a rock-fast world. The note of sympathy and tenderness with which the speech closed is altogether characteristic :

“In this brilliant assemblage, surrounded with everything that gives comfort and grace and elegance to social life, in this meeting, protected by law, itself representing law, let me recall one sad memory — the memory of those who in 1620 landed on the Plymouth shore and did not survive the first year. Of all the men engaged in heroic contests, those deserve our tenderest remembrance who, making all the sacrifice and enduring all the hardship, are not permitted to enjoy the triumph. Quincy died before the first shot was fired in the Revolution which he did so much to create ; Warren was killed at the first clash of arms in defence of the cause which was so sacred to his patriotic heart ; Reynolds, rallying his corps for the critical battle of Gettysburg, fell while yet its fate was doubtful ; McPherson, in the great march to the sea, lost his life before the triumphant close of that daring and romantic expedition. For these and all like unto them, from Plymouth Rock to the last battle-field of the Civil war, who perished in their pride, and perished before they could know that they were dying not in vain, but for a cause destined to victory, I offer, and I am sure you will join with me in offering, our veneration and our homage.”

The entering wedge having not only ceased to be driven further into the solid South, but having been withdrawn, the partially cleft sections naturally sprang back into greater density. After the elections of 1878, Southern newspapers in exulting editorials sent the “greetings of a solid South to a divided North,” and joyously boasted that they “had no fears of a solid North.” Mr. Blaine, however, did not hesitate to try other resources to secure the desired end. He had hoped to unite Southern interests and self-advancement in the upholding of law, but at any rate law must be upheld — from without, if not from within.

Immediately upon the assembling of Congress, December 2,

he submitted a resolution to the Senate embodying his treatment of the Southern question during the election debates. He presented it as not merely a question of cruelty, violence, robbery of citizenship for the negro, but of "far wider range, of portentous magnitude; viz., whether the white voter of the North shall be equal to the white voter of the South in shaping the policy and fixing the destiny of this country; or whether, to state it more baldly, the white man who fought in the ranks of the Union army shall have as weighty and influential a vote in the government of the republic as the white man who fought in the ranks of the rebel army. The one fought to uphold, the other to destroy, the Union of the States, and to-day he who fought to destroy is a far more important factor in the government of the nation than he who fought to uphold" — and the astounding statements he fortified by an impregnable and original array of facts which no one attempted to disprove.

His answer to the taunt, "What are you going to do about it?" has the element of prophecy which inheres in knowledge logically classified, and there was in his closing words a rare sternness, in his manner a repressed feeling, that seemed to touch the religious sentiment. "Those who imagine it to be conclusive do not know the temper of the American people. . . . I know something of public opinion in the North. I know a great deal about the views, wishes, and purposes of the Republican party of the nation. Within that entire great organization there is not one man, whose opinion is entitled to be quoted, that does not desire peace and harmony and friendship, a patriotic and fraternal union between the North and the South. Yet no guise of State rights will close the eyes of our people to the necessity of correcting a great national wrong. Nor should the South make the fatal mistake of concluding that injustice to the negro is not also injustice to the white man. . . . In words which are those of friendship, however they may be accepted, I tell the men of the South here on this floor and beyond this chamber, that even if they could strip the negro of his constitutional rights they can never permanently maintain the inequality of white men in this nation. . . . In a memorable debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Macaulay reminded Daniel O'Connell, when he was moving for Repeal,

that the English Whigs had endured calumny, abuse, popular fury, loss of position, exclusion from Parliament, rather than that the great agitator himself should be less than a British subject; and Mr. Macaulay warned him that they would never suffer him to be more. Let me now remind you that the government under whose protecting flag we sit to-day sacrificed myriads of lives and expended thousands of millions of treasure that our countrymen of the South should remain citizens of the United States, having equal personal rights and equal political privileges with all other citizens. I venture, now and here, to warn the men of the South, in the exact words of Macaulay, that we will never suffer them to be more!"

The Teller Committee was formed as a result of this movement, and its report became an official record of the crimes which established and attended the "solid South and rebel rule."

The triumphant Democracy of the Forty-sixth Congress attempted to undo the legislation which had been enacted by a Republican Congress under President Lincoln. As earnestly as if the ground of vantage had not been abandoned by a Republican administration, Mr. Blaine reviewed and renewed the unwearying contest. The law was that no federal soldier should be at the polls in any State election "unless it be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to keep peace at the polls." The Democrats desired the repeal of this law, and Mr. Blaine drew attention to the fact that they had so phrased their movement as to create the impression that the Republicans in the administration of the general government had been using troops right and left in every direction, by reason of which the Democrats as soon as they came into power, enacted this section; whereas the law was passed by a Republican Congress in February, 1865, in the midst of a war. The Republican administration had a million bayonets at its command. Thus situated, with the amplest possible power to interfere with elections had they so designed, with soldiers in every county and hamlet of the United States, the Republican party themselves placed that provision on the statute book, and Abraham Lincoln signed it.

With mingled humor, satire, and resentment, he proceeded to

scatter this small army over the continent, calling the Southern Senators to witness the danger to their liberties involved in the presence of this handful of soldiers among so many citizens.

“Does my gallant friend from Georgia [Mr. Gordon], who knows better than I the force and strength of military organization, — does he, the senior Senator, and does the junior also [Mr. Benjamin H. Hill], — does either of those Senators feel alarm at the presence of twenty-nine federal soldiers in Georgia? There are just twenty-nine there — not one more. And they are guarding the entrance to the harbor of Savannah.

“I believe the Senator from Delaware [Mr. Bayard] has been alarmed, greatly alarmed, about the overriding of the popular ballot by troops of the United States. In Delaware there is not a single armed man, not one. The United States has not even one soldier in the State.

“I think my friend from Alabama [Mr. Morgan] is greatly excited over this question, and in his State there are thirty-two federal soldiers, located at an arsenal of the United States.”

Having summoned the troops from each State successively, he marshalled them in one general parade: “The entire South has eleven hundred and fifty-five soldiers to intimidate, overrun, oppress, and destroy the liberties of fifteen million people, and rob them of freedom at the polls. Not quite one for each county, one for every seven hundred square miles; so that if you make a territorial distribution, I would remind the honorable Senator from Delaware that the quota for his State would be three — ‘one ragged sergeant and two abreast,’ as the old song has it. . . . In New England we have three hundred and eighty soldiers. Throughout the South it does not run quite seventy to the million people. In New England we have absolutely one hundred and twenty soldiers to the million. New England is far more overrun to-day by the federal soldiery, far more, than is the whole South. I never heard any one complain about it in New England, or express any great fear of his liberties being endangered by the presence of a handful of federal troops. . . . How amazing it would be to any man in Europe if he were told that in a territory larger than France and Spain and Portugal and Great Britain and Holland and Belgium and the German Empire all combined, there are but

eleven hundred and fifty-five soldiers — that this mad cry, this false issue, this absurd talk, is based upon the presence of eleven hundred and fifty-five soldiers on eight hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory. The whole number of soldiers thus complained of is not a third of the police in the city of New York. I repeat, the number indicts the Democracy; it shows the whole charge to be without foundation; it derides the issue as a false, scandalous, and partisan makeshift.

“What then is the real motive underlying this movement? It is not the troops; that is evident. . . . The issue on the troops, being a false one, conceals the true issue, which is simply to get rid of the federal presence at the federal elections, to get rid of the civil power of the United States in the election of representatives to the Congress of the United States. . . . We are told, too, a rather novel thing — that if we do not take these laws, we are not to have the appropriations. . . . They say all appropriations are to be refused; not merely the army appropriation, for they do not stop at that.”

Naming the various departments with a slight reference to the importance of their work, all of which was to be at the mercy of the desired repeal, to be abandoned if this were not secured, all of which “were taken by the throat, highwayman style, commanded to stand and deliver in the name of the Democratic congressional caucus,” he closed by pointing out the sinister significance of the Democratic position in words as serious as suggestive:

“A leading Democrat from the South, a man who has courage and frankness and many good qualities, has boasted publicly that the Democracy are in power for the first time in eighteen years, and they do not intend to stop until they have wiped out every vestige of every war measure. . . . All the war measures of Abraham Lincoln are to be wiped out!

“The Bourbons of France busied themselves, after the restoration, in removing every trace of Napoleon’s power and grandeur, even chiselling the ‘N’ from public monuments raised to perpetuate his glory; but the dead man’s hand from St. Helena reached out and destroyed them in their pride and in their folly. Let the Senators on the other side of this chamber remember, let the Democratic party North and

South remember, that the tomb of the martyred President on the prairies of Illinois is not less sacred or less potent with the American people than was the dust of Napoleon to the France that he loved !”

During Mr. Blaine's senatorship a strange and threatening cloud appeared in the West and quickly overshadowed the country. The advent of the Chinese had begun quietly, without observation, without opposition. It was simultaneous with the advent of the American citizen in California. In process of time it came to be not unattended with pomp and circumstance. The Chinese Embassy, under the conduct of Mr. Burlingame, was a stately and stirring historical romance. None the less, the Mongolian was an element alien to Republican civilization, unassimilated if not unassimilable, and violence was soon developed. But violence is itself only a symptom, not a recourse, in republics. The Legislature of California took up the matter in the orderly American fashion and prohibited Chinese immigration. The courts pronounced this unconstitutional, and an appeal was made to the Senate in the shape of a proposal to abrogate so much of the Burlingame treaty as permitted the free immigration of Chinese. Mr. Blaine planted the standard at once on strong, high, broad ground. He declared for restriction of the immigration, maintaining the right to do so from the highest international law founded on the natural law of self-preservation. The expediency of doing it he deduced from the actual results of the immigration, and its presage of wide disaster to the American freeman and the American home. Of this ground the nation is just entering into peaceful occupation, but on that day he entered it alone. Only the Pacific States, under the blight, cried out for relief ; but to the East, which had felt no evil, Mr. Blaine's position meant a wanton reversal of the policy of the fathers, a sweeping away of the ancient landmarks. To the churches it seemed a reflection upon the power of religion, an insult to missionary spirit and life. The South saw a race trouble that was not African, and could not resist the pleasure of a taunt. The Abolitionists feared that the North was countenancing against the Chinese the same tyranny that the South had practised on the negro, and trembled. Mr.

Blaine's honored friend and co-laborer, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, was moved to public remonstrance. Against them all, in the Senate and outside the Senate, with voice and pen Mr. Blaine stood unmoved. He did not believe that the problems of the Old World are to be solved by complicating the problems of the New World. From passing facts, from history, from the conclusions of reason on law and on religion, towards the Chinese and towards the American, he drew one lesson, maintained one position,—if the admonitions of our own history were anything to us, we should regard the race trouble as the one thing to be dreaded, the one thing to be avoided.

“We have this day to choose whether we shall have for the Pacific coast the civilization of Christ or the civilization of Confucius. . . .

“The allegation that the exclusion of the Chinese is inhumane and unchristian need not be considered in presence of the fact that their admission to the country provokes conflicts which the laws are unable to restrain.

“The wealthy classes in a republic where suffrage is universal cannot safely legislate for cheap labor.

“Nowhere on earth has free labor been brought in competition with any form of servile labor, in which the free labor did not come down to the level of the servile labor. . . . The lower strata pull down the upper. The upper never elevate the lower. . . .

“I feel that I am pleading the cause of the free American laborer, and of his children, and of his children's children, the cause of ‘the house against the hovel, of the comfort of the freeman against the squalor of the slave.’”

Of all the opposition which Mr. Blaine met in his political course, the opposition to his Chinese policy was perhaps the most sincere, conscientious, universal, and wrong-headed. It was the opposition of profound ignorance, but an ignorance the rather to be expected because no draft had ever been made upon knowledge. The exigency was new. Ignorance could only bring forward the general arguments of ignorance, the universal-asylum theory, the one-blood theory. It confounded distinctions in blind and anxious precipitancy; denounced restriction in China as persecution in California; counted observance of

the law of nature as violation of the law of nations; and in the attempt to place justice on a firm foundation of truth saw only the coronation of injustice by force and fraud and greed.

Against this clamor Mr. Blaine's voice seemed like that of one crying in the wilderness, and the wilderness only answered back with shouts about union with hoodlums and sandlots, with sneers at bids for the presidency; but to-day the poets are calling upon patriots to

“ Stand in double trust,
Guardians of liberty and of the right
Against the myriads that swarming come
From the dark pestilential dens which reek
With all the Old World's foulness,”

and the religious journals that were bitterest against Mr. Blaine now fortify his positions by long arguments from learned professors.

In the autumn of 1879, he achieved a success so complete as to veil the magnitude of the task accomplished. Much of his life was applied to attracting and fastening men's attention in new directions, to breaking ground in new fields, — a work so difficult and prolonged that the closer cultivation had to be assigned to later hands. This work, on the contrary, was short, concentrated, an *Iliad-in-nuce*, touching the very foundations of social self-government, representing in little — yet in as large an area as Troy — all that is menacing and all that is promising in our institutions. In nothing did he ever show comprehension more quick and wide, a bolder grasp, that unswervingness of purpose which is named courage, inexhaustible wealth of resource, ability to cope with a situation full of delicacy and full of danger, and to conquer it by sheer moral force, the supreme mastery of intellect and will. His knowledge of men inspired combinations which justified his forecast of what they could do, and his inflexible yet intangible pressure that they should do it. But it is a history that must forever remain without a historian. A mere outline is alone possible.

The annual State election in Maine on Sept. 8, 1879, was hotly contested. The vote of the September and October

States is of especial importance. The Administration policy of 1876-77 weakening the Republican party everywhere and everywhere reviving Democratic hopes, the Administration appealed, though unnecessarily, to Mr. Blaine. A member of the Cabinet wrote him in July:

"We *must* carry this election both in Maine and Ohio. It is the turning campaign in our time."

Hon. E. B. Washburne, forgetting some interesting points of recent history, adjured Mr. Blaine to "go to the people on the only real question, Shall the government of the country be turned over to the rebels? . . . Cry aloud and spare not. . . . Make your campaign to the last degree aggressive. Don't stop to reply to the greenback babble, but attack the rebels along the whole line. . . . We cannot afford to lose Maine this year—have a greenback Governor and a copperhead United States Senator. In such an event I would want to burn down the Norlands and never return again to the State." Others, prominent Republicans, took a different view:

"Are you sure that your political prospects depend upon Maine going Republican this time? Is not the party almost too sure of your State? Would it not, after all, be just as well for us to say in 1880, when the convention meets, that Maine is doubtful, that it must be carried, and that there is but one man who can do it, and that is Blaine? Suppose Ohio should go Democratic and Maine Republican, would any gentleman from Maine receive the nomination?"

This, however, was not in Mr. Blaine's line of action or thought.

In Maine a third party was in the field, known as the Fusionists,—"greenback" or "fiat-money" Republicans,—ready, as the name suggests, to combine with the Democrats whenever it might seem desirable. The election showed a great Republican triumph. The popular vote had not indeed chosen a governor—only carried the election into the Legislature; but although the official returns are not declared until the first Wednesday of January, when they are laid before the House of Representatives by the Governor and Council, the popular vote was so openly and minutely reported by the press and accepted by

the people, that there was no doubt, since a Republican majority was returned to both Senate and House.

The Constitution of Maine requires that "fair copies of the lists of votes shall be attested by the selectmen and town clerks of towns, and assessors of plantations, and sealed up in open town and plantation meetings; and the town and plantation clerks, respectively, shall cause the same to be delivered into the secretary's office thirty days at least before the first Wednesday in January, annually. And the governor and council shall examine the returned copies of such lists, and also all lists of votes of citizens in the military service returned to the secretary's office, and twenty days before the said first Wednesday of January, annually, shall issue a summons to such persons as shall appear to be elected by a plurality of all the votes returned, to attend and take their seats. But all such lists shall be laid before the House of Representatives on the first Wednesday of January, annually, and they shall finally determine who are elected." The same provision is made in case of Senators, and the manner of making up the returns is the same in the cities of the State.

Soon after the election, rumors that the Republican majority was to be counted out created great excitement. Mr. Blaine was in Boston when Emmons came, bringing as a bit of incredible political gossip the hint of such an attempt. Mr. Blaine whistled it down the wind, yet Emmons was so sure-footed that his father was uneasy. He stayed that night in a country-house near Boston where he was very much at home, and he spent the evening pacing back and forth through the rooms, occasionally whistling a bar, smiling abstractedly or giving a cheerful but detached answer when addressed. The next day he went home and remained there till the incipient revolution was suffocated and the legitimate Legislature installed.

The early rumors ripened into ugly facts. Returns had been tampered with. Defective returns from places giving Fusion majorities were destroyed, and replaced by completed returns, while defective returns disclosing Republican majorities were retained. The names of selectmen were, without their knowledge or consent, signed to fraudulent returns. Names of

Republican candidates were erased and names incorrectly given were inserted, whereby the true vote was lost. An H as the initial letter of the middle name would be changed into an A by giving a curved top to the H, the different color of the ink and the line of joiner between the letter and amendment being clearly definable. By such means the Senate was to be given to the Fusionists, the House to the Democrats.

The wrath of the Republicans was hot. It would have been bad enough to be voted out. They utterly refused to be counted out. The national Congress assembled, but Mr. Blaine stayed in Maine. The State Committee, the legislators-elect, the lawyers whom they retained, urged Mr. Blaine to remain and "see them through." During the whole struggle his house, next the State House, was the headquarters of the forces of law and order, the fortress whence the fight was made. The State House was held by the fraudulent Fusion Legislature, guarded by the Democratic Governor and Council. Arms were secured and ammunition was stored. Springfield and Enfield rifles, loaded with nails and cut lead, were placed in the Adjutant-General's room, and in the library of the State House. Lawless "roughs and shoulder hitters" from prisons and jails were stationed under arms and drilled by night. There was desperate danger. The younger Republicans were ready, eager, to fight. Their resentment at being supposed capable of submitting to this glaring fraud was continually at the kindling point. Many Republicans outside the State, — and some even within the State, — fearing the stain of blood in Northern politics, counselled a present yielding, to be avenged by an overwhelming vote against the fraud at the next election. Mr. Blaine saw no reason for delay. No subsequent election could have more claim than the election already held. But all his nature was against an appeal to the illogical test of physical force — an appeal which in itself sounded the defeat of the higher force. To a solution peaceful and just he bent every energy.

His chief fear was lest a chance shot should precipitate an unintended conflict. That harm should come to himself never seemed to enter his mind, could not be got into his mind. It was preoccupied. People thronged to his house day and night.

Locks and keys became a thing of the past. The door-bells ceased to ring and men walked in at will, an almost continuous procession passing through the long corridor that led from the front door to his library in the rear. Not a depredation was ever committed — only the necessary wear and tear of carpets had a tale to tell. Even the children's play was not disturbed by all the crowds. In the *quasi* privacy of a corner of the long double dining-room where the children played, Mr. Blaine was one day found writing an important paper. "How *can* you write with these children here?" asked the seeker.

"It is because they *are* here that I can write," was the quick answer.

Many men came from a distance, and to save time were fed at the house. The chief cook was a Southern colored woman whose courage rose and fell with the political phases. When success perched on Republican banners, she cooked day and night with no apparent regard to diurnal revolutions in earth or heaven. When the battle seemed to falter, all her heart and strength failed. Coming into the dining-room one midnight, Emmons found his mother giving orders regarding a fresh arrival of men who had come in on the night express. "I am really afraid, most of all, that Caroline will give out." — "Go to bed, mother," commanded Emmons gayly, "and send Caroline to bed. *I* will engineer this party through" — which he did, and they all ate and were filled!

Another night, looking from her window, Mrs. Blaine was startled at seeing a long line of men dimly outlined against the fence, between the house and the State House. In a moment a cordial, unknown voice called through the darkness, "We are all friends, Mrs. Blaine." There had been reports of a meditated attack upon the house, and a well-armed corps had summoned and stationed themselves to meet it. It never came.

Mr. Blaine's theory was that with thorough preparation it never would come. The whole country-side was a volunteer camp and council ready for emergency. When men were wanted, messengers were ready to go for them by day or by night. Sleighs and snow-shoes defied even the darkness of a Maine winter. Horses and riders might flounder and upset in

snow-drifts, but they rolled out, righted themselves, and went on. No questions were asked at the silent houses — scarcely a stop was necessary. It was only to awake the sleepers. A tousled head would be thrust from an opened window just far enough to shout “I’ll be down,” the window closed, and the Paul Reveres sped to the next house.

The Republicans upbore their cause with splendid devotion and self-control. The fighting-men were restrained with the assurance that in the last resort they should be appealed to; but the last resort was never reached. The mob was confronted by the appointed servants of law. Their turbulent leaders quailed before the calm, authoritative decision of the Supreme Court. The highest moral forces of society, mobilized by a directing hand for the defeat of lawlessness, converged upon the proud old State House, slowly but firmly, and finally pressed out the fraudulent Legislature upon the sidewalk, — where it quickly succumbed to the sting of epithet, disappeared under the rattle of ridicule, — installed the legal Legislature in its rightful place, and resumed their calm, strong flow.

The victories of peace are celebrated with less blare than those of war, but they are not less signal — they are, perhaps, more fruitful. When Mr. Blaine went back to the Senate he went with no parade, but he wore the laurels of a State twice victorious — once over ignorance, once over fraud.

Senator Frye before a national convention pictured the peril and the rescue as a ship in a night-storm “freighted with all that is precious in the principles of our republic; with the rights of the American citizenship, with all that is guaranteed to the American citizen by our Constitution. The eyes of the whole nation were on her, and intense anxiety filled every American heart lest the grand old ship, the ‘State of Maine,’ might go down beneath the waves forever, carrying her precious freight with her. But there was a man at the helm, calm, deliberate, commanding; sagacious, he made even the foolish man wise; courageous, he inspired the timid with courage; hopeful, he gave heart to the dismayed, and he brought that good old ship safely into harbor, into safety; and she floats to-day greater, purer, stronger, for her baptism of danger. That man was heroic, and his name was James G. Blaine.”

It will have been seen that Mr. Blaine's methods in the Senate, as in the House, were distinctively his own. Before taking part in debate he had made careful observations. "I think," he wrote soon after his entrance, when I get my bearings and distances and feel at home in my seat, I shall find debating in the Senate very easy. There are few there that are good at catching on the fly. The House training makes a man so much more ready, alert, and prepared than the slow methods of the Senate. I am feeling my way very cautiously and do not propose to lose any points."

But he could not be other than himself. His way was straight. Roundabout approaches were utterly foreign to him. Elaborate statements of admitted positions seemed a waste of time. Verbal inflations he was fain to puncture on the spot. A built-up dignity had to him something comical. Its humor or homeliness never prevented him from using an illustration that came ready to his hand, and if the adoption of a popular phrase would sharpen a point he did not hesitate. This readiness was accompanied not only by a comprehending knowledge of the large reaches of history, but a portentous memory of minor and chiefly forgotten details, which made him formidable even at "catching on the fly." A date half-hidden on a moss-grown grave-stone, never became moss-grown in his mind, and an old grave-yard within reach of any ride or ramble he would not leave unvisited, even if he had to climb the walls and part the brambles and cut away the mosses to inspect its consecrated records.

When Senator Hill, of Georgia, would divest himself of the guilt of secession, reading in the Senate from his own letters before secession — "I will consent to the dissolution of the Union as I would consent to the death of my father, never from choice, only from necessity, and then in sorrow and sadness of heart" — Mr. Blaine brought up Georgia's vote for the ordinance of secession, 208 for, among which was Mr. Hill's, 89 against. "The Senator from Georgia," he commented, "who would consent to it just as he would to the death of his father, made up his mind that if two hundred and eight men wanted to murder the old man, he would join with them. Rather than be in a minority, he would join the murderous crowd and be a

parricide." And the tumultuous laughter and applause, if not senatorial, were all on the side of the Union and the Constitution.

If the question was for a floor for the National Museum, he threw the economy of a concrete floor to the winds, thought it scorn for a great nation to indulge in the demagogue's saving, and paved the nation's floors with befitting marble tiles.

An Indian war he would thrust back in the twinkling of an eye. "Sensitiveness between two great nations is a point that must always be held at the point of the sword. Between the United States with 50,000,000 and 4,000 Utes in the mountains of Colorado there can be no question of dignity. Whatever our theory of their treatment, the most expensive of all is treating them by war."

When a Democratic Senator quoted Daniel Webster as having called this country "a confederacy of States," "a confederation of States," "a compact" and "a compact between the States," Mr. Blaine not only disputed the quotation and defied its production, but traced the error to its source, and made the citation thenceforth impossible to any intelligent and honorable man. It was a work not less significant than congenial, for the National Sovereignty, its grandeur and glory were the ideal of his political life. With truth and heart could he have adopted as his own the lofty declaration of Daniel Webster: "The preservation of the Union, the maintenance of the Constitution, and the advancement of the country to still higher stages of prosperity and renown have constituted my polar star during the whole of my political life."

But to the frequent charge brought against him in the Senate, as in the House, that he had a habit of interrupting speakers, his closest friends, if candid, must do what he never would do, plead guilty. He was so brimming with information, he was so keen-scented for a fallacy, that it seemed impossible not to give chase at once to a false statement, not to run down a limping syllogism, and he thought time lagged withal between the scent and the start. Mr. Blaine did interrupt, and with a frequency proportioned to his interest in the theme under discussion rather than to the custom of the Senate, and the Senate bore his marauding with as good grace as could be expected, taking

revenge as opportunity offered. Mr. Blaine having once asked permission in the decorous senatorial way, of Mr. Carpenter, received answer, "I have never known that Senator restrained by any rule from saying anything he wanted to say, and I certainly desire, as far as I am personally concerned, to release him now."

On another occasion the same Senator asked the presiding officer, "Who has the floor?"

"The Senator from Wisconsin is entitled to the floor."

"I was getting so much in doubt about it that I thought probably I was intruding upon the Senator from Maine," and perhaps no one joined in the laugh that followed such sallies with keener appreciation than Mr. Blaine. "There," exclaimed his good friend, Mr. Thurman, himself provoked out of senatorial dignity — "there is another example of the mode of the Senator from Maine. Without asking my leave he springs to his feet and interjects a speech of his right into the midst of my remarks. It may be right, but it is not the usage of the Senate, never was before the Senator came into this body."

"If I were a betting man," growled the same Senator on a similar occasion, in whose growl, however, there was always an undertone of amused good-nature, a twinkle of friendly fun beneath his shaggy eyebrows, "which I am not, I would give longer odds than were ever given on the race-course, that there will not be a Senator who will speak in favor of this bill, that the Senator from Maine will not stick his speech right in the centre of the speech of the Senator who is speaking, and do it more than once."

Setting an example, the Senator from Delaware asked:

"Would it be agreeable to the Senator for me to make a remark?"

Mr. BLAINE. — Of course.

Mr. BAYARD. — Mr. President, it is not for me to gauge the motives or describe the intent of the honorable Senator from Maine —

Mr. BLAINE. — Nor would it be parliamentary!

All pretence of being a lawyer Mr. Blaine disavowed with a frankness which sometimes misled men into discovering limitations that might never have been discovered if he had not

himself disclaimed legal pretension; and many an opponent formed the habit of Richter's Titan, "when an open-hearted soul showed him its breaches of marching in upon it through those breaches, as if he himself had made them." Yet they were not wholly without provocation. Mr. Blaine's disclaimers were often precursors of trouble.

"I feel very modest about correcting the gentleman upon a question of law" — but it was observed that if he hesitated, he gave himself the benefit of the doubt and made the correction.

"The gentleman is a distinguished lawyer. I am not a lawyer at all, and I would like to ask" — a question that was haply embarrassing even to a distinguished lawyer.

"If I were a lawyer I should say" — what was just as much to the legal point as if he had been a lawyer. In fact, he had had the signal advantage of two years' legal training and legal study without that narrowing effect of legal practice which in his day caused it to be said of a famous Senator that he would have been a great man if he had not been a great lawyer.

When Mr. Blaine dared to say of an eminent lawyer on the other side of the Chamber, that "he was arguing this great question as if we were restrained by the narrowest dogmas of the law," — it was high time that he should be taught to know his place.

A combination was formed in the Senate to teach him. At least such was the report that flew around Washington one morning and sent every free agent in town to the Senate Chamber. The point under discussion was whether a part of the Alabama award money should be paid to the insurance companies, or to the ship-owners. The great lawyers of the Senate were on the side of the insurance companies. Mr. Blaine agreed with his friend Mr. Frye who had charge of the bill in the House and who fought it through both House and Senate to final success, that those companies were reimbursed for their losses by the high rates of insurance paid during the war, and that the ship captains and owners deserved consideration. The lawyers were confining it to technical legal points, thus ruling out lay debate and presenting a felicitous opportunity for Mr. Blaine to be "put down."

"I have been often reminded," said Mr. Blaine, "that I was

not myself a lawyer — wit that it seemed to me would have been brighter and its thrust a little keener if I had ever professed to be a lawyer. For the satisfaction of those who may have this killing taunt still in reserve, I beg to say that I am not a lawyer. I never was in court as an attorney, nor as a plaintiff, nor as a defendant, nor as a juror, nor as a witness. In that vast sea of adventure I am an ‘exculpated cruiser.’” He not only ridiculed but riddled the attempt of Senate lawyers to discredit Caleb Cushing’s conclusive testimony on the ill-starred plea that the pamphlet cited in Congress as Mr. Cushing’s carried no legal proof of its authenticity. This palpably absurd assumption he buried under a funeral pile of testimony, topped by the decisive word from that other brilliant man of genius, dead ere his prime, Richard Spofford, who was watching the fray, and whom Mr. Blaine presented as qualified and entitled to represent Caleb Cushing by study of law in his office, by long personal association, by intimate relations with him at the bar, his clerk when he was Attorney-General. Mr. Spofford affirmed “that the opinion was not only Mr. Cushing’s, but was given partly at my instance, *and was reprinted from time to time for Congress.*”

The careful calculation that fixed the amount of the Geneva award, Mr. Blaine scattered to the winds. “Great Britain wanted seven millions — we wanted twenty-two or three. Stämpfli went up into a high mountain in Switzerland for six or eight weeks, less or more — I have forgotten what the period was — to make this calculation, and after he had taken all the elements that were before him, what result did he produce? He produced exactly the result that an Ohio or Maine farmer would have produced in a dispute between neighbors. Chalking on the barn-door, he split the difference. In my judgment, there never was anything in the whole process but an old-fashioned chalking on the barn-door.” He apologized for having used the word *split* when Mr. Cushing’s book said *dividing* — “but to men who are not lawyers it means the same thing.” His rapid and rattling volleys no less than the roar of his heaviest guns, caused a lively commotion in the Senate, and there were hurried consultations among the embattled lawyers. Seeing Senators Carpenter and Thurman with their heads close

together in conversation, he drew all eyes upon them — “I am very anxious that the two honorable Senators should know just what Mr. Cushing said, just how little I know about this case.”

“It is not possible that the honorable Senator from Ohio who has indulged himself often in the little wit of reminding me that I am not a lawyer, asks me where a great case is to be found!”

“Mr. Morrill’s proposition to join — I will use a legal phrase for the benefit of the Senator from Wisconsin, — ‘jine drives’ as the lumbermen say, for I am arguing this on law points.”

“The blind idea which Mr. Cushing had, that the persons who had actually lost, had as much claim on this fund as those who had actually profited.”

“The Senator, I imagine,” questioned an opponent rather superciliously, “has heard of such a thing as the right of subrogation?” — “I heard it all demolished the other day by the Senator from Massachusetts,” was Mr. Blaine’s instant reply.

He was even spurred on by the spirit of the occasion to an unusual but not wholly inartistic self-reference. “I have here the digest of the opinions of the Second Comptroller whose decisions settle the ownership of more money than all the Supreme Court decisions of the country. I will read from it for the instruction of the honorable Senator, and I mean literally for his instruction, for with all the large learning of the honorable Senator he has skimmed over the mere superficial facts of this case, and I say to him that as a good lawyer, one of the first requirements is to get at the facts, and the Senator does not understand the facts. In regard to them, I will venture to say to him as Mr. Webster said in this body on a memorable occasion, ‘I am to be inquired of by the honorable Senator, and not informed.’”

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Lot M. Morrill:

PORTLAND, August 22, 1877.

DEAR SENATOR, — I have your despatch. Don’t refuse to be present at an old-fashioned mass meeting at Wayne on Monday of next week.

You will do the service — I the benediction.

From Mr. Blaine, to Emmons (*returning from Europe*):

AUGUSTA, August 31, 1877.

Doubtful if this reaches you. I write it with Tom, Jack, Almet, and Joe Smith in the library sending off election documents. If you feel like it and have time, hadn't you better run over to Queenstown, taking the steamer there and getting a glimpse of Ireland? I merely suggest it. Do as you please.

From Mr. Blaine:

FRIDAY P.M., ON TRAIN NEAR PORTLAND.

What I wanted you to tell C. is to leave when he does leave on 10.17 A.M. train and telegraph R. at Rye Beach to meet him at Portsmouth Depot at *half-past three*. Tell C. when he arrives at the depot just to wait in gentlemen's room, as R. will probably not drive up till a few minutes after the train is gone. Be sure and keep Miss C. for a day or two. Have W. get up a croquet or archery party or a ride or drive or something of the kind. Her father can join her when she is ready to leave at Portsmouth. She can come along in Pullman, Walker escorting her as far as Portland and putting her in Pullman car there. I am met everywhere by everybody with a perfect shower of congratulations on all hands. I find yesterday is regarded as a great day for the party and for me. It is the universal theme of talk. See that Fred sows more grass-seed, and inquire of George W. what good fertilizer can be used to stimulate the bare places — something not visible when put on. Mr. Homan could tell you. Forward my mail to-night, including what may come at 8. Send me the "Lewiston Journal" of to-day — and keep all the papers carefully to send as I may ask. Write a line to-night.

To Mr. Blaine, from Judge (afterwards Secretary) W. H. Hunt:

NEW ORLEANS, January 9, 1878.

Allow me to introduce to you a gentleman in every way entitled to your esteem and confidence. A Republican in his politics, he had the manhood to avow openly his opinions at the last election in Louisiana. As a consequence he has been subjected to an ostracism so cruel as to lead him to abandon his birthplace and seek a new home in the far West. I hope and believe you may have it in your power to render him some service.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1878.

. . . Not a week before his speech, Mr. Blaine was published in the Washington papers as a played-out man with a nervous system as weak as a woman's, and capable only of spurts. Since then little has been said of it.

. . . In the evening several gentlemen were here working on the Railroad Bill. When I see how earnestly and honestly these men are deliberating about that matter, how vast are the interests involved; how laboriously they counsel together, far into the night, eager of course for their own interests, yet studying the law at all points, the flimsy flings at them seem beneath contempt!

March 20. . . . At a dinner last night, at my left was Lamar, of Mississippi, who is a dreamer, a vague sort of man with the temperament of genius, if not genius itself, full of real timidity and self-mistrust, has to be praised a great deal and is quite dependent on your kindness in company — says, “I never was angry but once with Mr. Blaine, whom I love very much, and that was because he spoke ill of a friend of mine. I did not dare say anything for fear he would pounce down on me, so I took it out in sulking. I did not speak to him for weeks. He did not know it, nobody knew it, but I did not speak to him.” — “Who was the friend?” — “Jefferson Davis.”

And again: “Mr. Blaine, now, for all his bouts in Congress, hasn’t any malice, hasn’t really malice enough. But for mercy’s sake don’t try to put it into him, for he comes down on persons enough, if he doesn’t always come down on the right ones.” He says if Conkling should speak of him, or to him, as he does to some, he would shoot him; that life is not so sacred at the South as it is with us at the North, and he would rather shoot a man or be shot himself than to be told that he stole. He says that the Chisholm tragedy cannot be exaggerated, that his constituency is not intelligent, but that they never meant to shoot the girl. . . . I said I was not rich, but I knew how to be poor. He said it was not so with him, he was poor and did not know how to be; that was the reason his wife was not with him here, because he was poor. He lives constantly in fear of brain disease, is like a child, sometimes utterly depressed in spirits. [Mr. Phelps was asked whom he would like to be next at dinner, and he said Lamar, as he knew him and liked him, but Lamar scarcely spoke to him all dinner-time. . . . Dr. Loring says the Rules of the House are the most ingenious invention for obstructing business he ever saw, and the ex-Speaker tells him that is because he is a new member, and by his second term he will be talking about the ignorance of the new fellows who can’t get the run of the Rules.

. . . A. speaks of one day’s report contradicting another, which is true; but if people personally friendly make such mistakes, what can you expect of people that are bitterly hostile? Many went off at half-cock about the fisheries matter, not in the least knowing what they were talking about. Mr. Blaine had been at the State Departments and examined the papers, and knew exactly where he stood before he began. So about the timber matter. He had been in consultation with officials; he had the statistics all before him; he had the authority of the delegate and a petition from five thousand citizens. But men who had never heard of the thing till he opened it in Congress, instantly began their random fire with no real knowledge of the matter, and no idea that Mr. Blaine had any.

April 1. . . . Mr. W. took a long walk with Mr. Blaine, and from his entire affection for him, as he said, and as I fully believe, undertook to talk seriously with him about his course, asking him if he did not think he was making himself very unpopular. Mr. Blaine told him there were three courses he could take. He could speak and act in advocacy of measures and policies in which he did not believe, but which were adopted by the administration, and so get praise; or he could suppress his convictions and keep still, and so avoid censure; or he could act in accordance with his convictions and principles for what seemed to him the best service of the country, let come what would. These three courses were alone open to him—which would Mr. W. have him take? Of course there was but one answer. Then he asked Mr. W. to specify. Of course the timber question was one. Mr. Blaine asked him how he accounted for the fact that the Senate passed his amendment by a vote of forty-two to four, which is, I think, the most one-sided of any vote in the Senate this winter. Then the fisheries question, which Mr. Blaine explained to him, and which seemed to be a new revelation to him, he exclaiming, “Why, they don’t understand it so in Boston at all.” Mr. W. is the warmest personal friend of Mr. Blaine and has been staunch through all. . . . Mr. Bancroft cannot understand Mr. Fish’s backdown on the Delfosse matter. Mr. Fish fought Delfosse through the whole three months, and then changed so suddenly that Sir Edward told Mr. Blaine he feared he must suddenly have discovered some special reason why Delfosse would be favorable to America and against England. Mr. Blaine thinks the matter utterly discreditable to England. . . . Sir Edward Thornton dined here Thursday night, also Caleb Cushing, Senator Booth, R. S. and H. P. Spofford, Secretary Sherman, Stanley Matthews, D., of New York, and W. W. Phelps, Mrs. B., and Mrs. N. Wasn’t it a menagerie? Mr. N. was away, but got home at 3 A.M., and came in after breakfast to ask how his wife behaved, and when he was told “magnificently,” said it was only out of respect to her hosts, or fear, for at General Burnside’s she was dreadful—heard some one saying that the no wine at the White House was a matter of principle, and called out from the other end of the table, “How could that be when the President drank wine at Mr. Bancroft’s the other night and drank all kinds?” There was danger lest Mrs. N. should claw D. for her husband’s sake, but she was gracious, went out with Caleb Cushing, who is an Anglo-phobiatic, and was put as far from Sir Edward as possible. Of course Sir Edward was there. Mr. N. said “Blaine was almost in a personal quarrel with him, so they could not leave him out.” Sir Edward is very sensitive about the fisheries matter, and talked about it a good deal after dinner, and Mr. Blaine, being his host, could not very well clapper-claw him. Stanley Matthews’s last railroad speech in the Senate was considered very able. Dick Spofford sat next to Sir Edward on my left, and is very fond of England, and Stanley Matthews next to Phelps, who would be a liberal, and next to Secretary Sherman, whom he wanted to see—so our wild beasts all kept their claws sheathed and we had a very interesting table. Mr. (Z.) Chandler says we shall inevitably lose the elections this fall, but sweep the country

in 1880 — that he has his finger on the public pulse in every State; that Hayes told Mr. Cameron and himself that he would appoint Christiancy to Mexico — I think it was — and then appointed somebody else, because said Mr. C. “he knew that the Legislature would put me into the Senate in about one minute.” Mr. Chandler told the Cabinet the way they were going on was like preparing for battle by killing all the officers.

To Mr. Blaine, from Emmons :

PORCELLIAN CLUB.

. . . I have seen no one from Maine for the last fortnight, so that I have no idea which way the wind is blowing. . . . I am getting up a speech which I propose delivering in the backwoods this summer under the auspices of the State Committee, provided the compensation is up to my price. Seriously I should like to try my wings in this campaign. There is so much to be said that I want to find out if it is easy to say it. Still I will wait till I see you before I arrange appointments. . . .

Class Day comes Friday and Commencement the Wednesday following. I suppose I shall be at home Saturday week at latest. . . . Lest I should not hit you again with my letters, will you please send me a check for \$350, — and blessings crown your parental head?

With my love to all the family that are left — that I suppose means the young attorney only.

From Mr. Blaine, to General Garfield :

AUGUSTA, ME., July 3, 1878.

Our State Convention will meet at Portland, Tuesday, July 30.

Call enclosed. You must come and help us start the campaign.

We want you to talk hard money and skip all points of difference. No Hayes — no anti-Hayes. Come and stay with us a good part of August, or as long as you can. But in no event fail to come to the State Convention. Let me announce you now. We will give you a royal welcome.

Let me hear from you at once.

From Mr. Blaine :

TUESDAY NIGHT, Ten o'clock — July 14.

I went to Boston yesterday — transacted my business this morning, and started for home on the noon train, 12.30. In the Boston depot met Senator Sargent *en route* to Hampton to look for summer quarters. The cars being crowded, we took the rear one, expecting to change at Salem. We fell into “animated conversation,” reached Lynn without noticing it, and as nobody seemed to leave the car, I thought it all right — till I looked out and saw the train a hundred yards off. We had got into a Marblehead car,

and there we were in Lynn at 1 P.M.; no other train to Portland till the sleeping-train — the 3.15 and 6 trains both being taken off under the new *régime*. At once we set out to improve the situation; went to the Sagamore and lunched; took a carriage and drove over on the Nahant beach, and got back in time to take a train to Salem, reaching there at 3; then we took a carriage and drove to Witch Hill, to the old Custom-House, and to every other spot in Salem, and at 4.30 took the Conway train, Sargent getting off at Hampton, and I coming up here to spend the night, and here I am — reaching here at 8.15. I shall go home in the morning. Now, wasn't this making the most of a day? Had it been you, you would have sat down and cried.

From Walker:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1878.

DEAREST MOTHER: We are back safely from Sitka. Let me give you a programme of the trip. We stayed in Victoria until the afternoon of the 3d of July, driving around the town and going to Esquimaux Bay, the harbor for the British fleet, where we visited H.M.S. "Shah," which puts any vessel of the United States to shame, though she is only a light armed frigate. There we set sail for Nanaimo, where we spent most of July 4. There was a celebration some mile or two from the town, but we did not have time to go out to see it as the hour of our departure was uncertain. From Nanaimo we went to Wrangel, reaching there Sunday the 7th. At ten o'clock the night of the 4th we went through Eucabale Rapids (now called Simpson's Narrows — a change for the worse). The scene was wild enough. The current swept along at the rate of sixteen or eighteen miles per hour, and our boat raced madly. The foam beat on the rocks on either side, and the high hills covered with pine made the whiteness of the foam-beaten phosphorescent waves all the more vivid. As we stood on the bridge while the boat seemed just to avoid striking the rocks, I could only think of Mark Twain's frightful oath, "By the shadow of death but he's a lightning pilot!" But no chains parted and no bolts wrenched asunder, and so we avoided the fate of the good ship "Saranac," whose bones lie like Sir Patrick Spens's, full fifty fathom deep. Then the next day and the next on we went through narrow channels where grim giants of mountains guard the straits on either hand, where the solitude is so intense that it seems as though like Coleridge's mariner we were the first who ever burst into that silent sea, past mountains whose snow-topped peaks peer out from under the coverlid of clouds as though they were seven giant sleepers, whose rest was thus trivially and rudely broken; past young Niagaras without a name, past golden archipelagoes; by thousands of snow-capped mountains, through myriads of fir-covered isles; but everywhere a dead, appalling silence, a gull or eagle the only animal, the wake of the "California" the only trace of life. I despair of conveying any impression of the grandeur of the scenery, any idea of the profundity of the silence, the awe of the solitude. Imagine a narrow strait one hundred miles long, bounded on either side by

mountains, three to five thousand feet high, with eternal snow on their summits, clad in deep green fir; where strips of white marble only serve to deaden the green color which overspreads hill and sea, and where the narrowing Symplegades whiten the straits of Propontis with spray. Imagine valleys unexplored as grand as the Yosemite, mountains unclimbed as precipitous as Washington, and all surrounded by the Dead Sea, portentously calm, lit up by daylight which never ceases, so that the sun rises in the east and the moon in the west at the same time while you sit comfortably reading on deck at half-past ten at night.

We reached Wrangel at ten o'clock Sunday morning, a wretched place, nine-tenths Indian, one-tenth white, Indians as a rule the better; where we saw an Indian boy tortured beneath the cross in the cemetery for witchcraft, and heard of a girl drowned two days before for the same reason. From Wrangel to Sitka, reaching there Monday. We only stopped at that time for about ten minutes and then went to a cannery some six miles distant, returning to Sitka the next day. At Sitka Tuesday evening we had a ball. Present, everybody in Sitka. I danced with an Irishwoman, and the daughter of a Russian tailor, with Miss Kastrikoff, Mademoiselle Kassia-baroff, Mein Fraulein Kastiemittenoff, and hobnobbed with butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. We explored Sitka, and I have a box of curios which I hope will be some amusement to you.

The harbor is magnificent. Alps rise on Alps, and there are two or three barely extinct volcanoes. The town is wretched. Such a state of things as now exist in Alaska never existed before. I mean to scribble something about it when I get leisure and authorities, so I now forbear. From Sitka on Wednesday to Klahwach, reaching there Thursday. Klahwach is mud, and a cannery, a meaner place than Yuena by all odds. Then back to Wrangel, then to Victoria, then to Port Townsend, where we left the steamer, spent the night, and the next day came down through the Sound, having a superb view of Mt. Rainier and the Olympic Range. Reached Portland last Friday afternoon and stayed there until Monday. Rode out to Vancouver to call on Mrs. Howard, and left Portland Tuesday. Reached here at one to-day, *via* S.S. "Oregon." To-morrow we go to the Geysers, on Sunday to San Rafael, and on Monday to Santa Cruz.

To Mr. Blaine:

ELLSWORTH, August 20, 1878.

I am extremely anxious for you to speak in this county once or twice, and as soon as possible. Mr. Hale says you are very busy, crowded on all sides, and he does not wish to take you from the close districts, but I have not the same feeling. L—— did an immense amount of mischief, the county looks badly, and I want you to turn the tide for us. All who heard you at Belfast say your speech was the best they ever listened to, and that it would do us infinite good. Then, too, all turn out to hear *you*, and the talk is that the Greenbackers propose to keep away from Republican meetings.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Garfield:

CANTON, O., August 25, 1878.

Please telegraph me at Mentor on receipt of this, where my first speech in Maine is to be. I want to stay in O. till the last moment I can reach you in time. . . .

I have only been able to get away on the promise that I will bring you and Hale and Frye back with me. We are needy and greedy, and demand three for one. You are abundant and generous, and will give what we want.

From Mr. Blaine, to General Garfield:

CHICAGO, September 29, 1878.

I find all your telegrams here — I had left home before they reached me. But, my dear friend, it grew to be impossible for me to come to you. I was engaged last month to open in Iowa, October 1, and I could not get started West in season to make a halt in Ohio. I would have come, however, against all odds and all points *had you needed me*. But you did not, Reed will be with you.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, February 5, 1879.

. . . We went to the observatory last night and looked through the big telescope . . . under the guidance of Professor Hall, who discovered the moons of Mars, and who feels very sure of them; says they will be around again before long. And when Mr. Blaine gets home he demonstrates astronomically that Mars could not have any moons, and with such a scientific aroma that it would deceive the very elect, if they did not know that he does not know, and knows we know that he does not know anything about it. But as a *tour de force* it was captivating. We could only *sarcass* him in retort by suggesting what a pity he had waited for Professor Hall's back to be turned before confounding science. Then he flourishes his carpenter's rule:

"If the sun were a two-foot globe, Mars would be represented by a largish pin's head revolving in a circle 645 feet in diameter. Now, your new moons are only allowed to be ten miles in diameter, one-four hundredth the size of Mars. Do you mean to tell me that the human eye can discern, over a hundred feet away, a speck no bigger than the four hundredth part of a pin's head? Can't do it. Nobody ever did it. Mars hasn't any moons. If he has, nobody ever saw them."

"Is Professor Hall a knave, then?"

"Oh, no. I suppose something crawled across the glass. Or he saw a candle spark flying around. He never saw any moons. It is only a cow's foot in the crock of milk."

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. H. S. Foote :

NEW ORLEANS, March 25, 1879.

Feeling assured that you are not indifferent to the fate of the bill pending in the Senate for the benefit of the "Methodist Publishing House," and knowing well the liberality of your temper and your freedom from everything like petty and narrow prejudices, whether sectional or sectarian, I have ventured to make an earnest appeal to you. . . .

Senator Bailey, as you know, has charge of this bill. . . . I wrote him a letter about ten days ago, in which I stated that if he judged it expedient, I would address you such a communication as the present one. . . . Without his formal consent, I enclose you his response, . . . by reading which you will see how much esteemed and respected you are by a Southern Senator of political principles different from your own, but whose manliness and generosity of temper enable him to do full justice to an eminent political opponent.

" . . . By all means write to Mr. Blaine, and solicit his great influence in behalf of the bill. His head and heart approve this act of justice and beneficence to a great charity, and he is one of the few men of great prominence in public life that will dare to follow the promptings of his generous nature."

. . . Whatever course you may conclude to adopt, I shall become not the less your warm political and personal friend, as I have been in the past. . . .

I am hoping that the day is not far distant when the people of New Orleans will have the happiness of seeing you. . . . I do not doubt that you will find all true patriots here prepared to accord you a most enthusiastic reception.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. C. M. Reed :

WASHINGTON, PA., April 12, 1879.

. . . Had our meeting not broken up suddenly, I would have been glad to tell some things of Washington county. With a population of more than 50,000, there is not a licensed tavern in the county, so that any of your New England friends who might want a drink of the ardent must bring the bottle with them. Yet we have no prohibitory law, solely the force of public sentiment. I sometimes tell a story of our parson, Dr. Bronson. During the war he went out as agent of the Christian Commission. At Washington, by way of saving hotel bills, they had a large warehouse with settees to accommodate the delegates going to and from the army. Dr. Bronson arrived Saturday P.M., and in the evening got out his brush and razors, and was shaving himself and blacking his boots preparatory to Sabbath. An old New England delegate walked up and said aloud, "I never saw that man before, but if I were to guess I would say he was an old-school Presbyterian preacher; and if I would continue

to guess, I would say he was from Pennsylvania; and if I were to guess further, would say he was from Washington county, and perhaps from Cannonsburg, the only place I ever saw where the people began to prepare for the Sabbath on Saturday evening." He was educated at Jefferson College.

Dr. B. wore an old slouch hat and shaggy overcoat, and did not look clerical. Some of your old college friends and others inquire for you with great interest, Alex. Wilson among the number.

To M. :

AUGUSTA, August 1, 1879.

. . . The dust from your chariot wheels had not subsided before I found myself engaged in a little round with Alice, who hoped she should never be called selfish again, seeing she had not hesitated to give you her lisle thread gloves, when yours, through your own carelessness in the supreme moment of your departure, were found wanting. In vain your father assured her that lisle thread gloves grow on every bush, and that he would make her a present of half a dozen pairs. The little maid would have her will, and said "Nay, we are even." And then the three who were left, Alice, the pater, and I, adjourned to the billiard-room, where I looked on at this child beating what Emmons and E. would call her governor, dropping her cue in the middle of the game, and vanishing without ceremony as she remembered that the ice-cream for her picnic was unordered.

Six o'clock in the morning. While we were at dinner I received a telegram from — saying he would like to spend Sunday with us. Needless to say I telegraphed back, "Delighted," though it made Emmons wince, as he had arranged to go to Old Orchard with Orville Baker to-morrow. But he is a generous boy and refuses to leave me in the lurch, so that arrangement has been unarranged. Then came the getting off to the picnic. A. E. took the Homan wagon and Yorick, and drove out A. T. M. and D., a freezer of ice-cream, A. P. Morrill's umbrella, which in an evil moment he had left here, and wraps enough for an arctic country in case the weather should change. As soon as they were comfortably off, I devoted myself to Mr. Hale and your father, packing the latter's bag and mending his old alpaca coat. Then the new horse was put to the borrowed buggy, and your father and Mr. Hale mounted and Tom took the nothing which was left for a seat and drove them down.

August 3. . . . Your father got home at two this morning very tired and perhaps a little cross. He had a fine meeting at Saco. . . . Emmons, your father, Mr. Reed, and Mr. F. — you see I do not pay much attention to precedence — have just started on a drive, your father holding the reins. As Mr. Reed is on the back seat, imagine the way in which his eyes will wander from those horses. . . .

August 6. . . . Mr. Frye was here to breakfast, he came yesterday afternoon, and spoke in the evening. I went to hear him, and was captivated. He and your father have now gone to Mt. Vernon, driving over.

Just before they got away, Mr. Hale turned up, dined with us, and now he has left for Norridgewock. . . . The mail has come bringing us a highly prized letter from Walker and a postal from Emmons. Walker returns thanks for a check, and Emmons asks for an X, and time may come and time may go, but money is needed forever. Thursday noon I went to Richmond with your father, who left for Portland, and Kittery, and Hamilton, while I returned with the Bishops in their car.

August 10. . . . Sunday afternoon again, and Mr. Ecob preached an advanced sermon, in which I was much interested, and then dinner, and there being an apple pie left, Alice took it up to Mr. Ecob; and this is all. The library and billiard-room are both full of men. It is passing into a radiant afternoon, the sky all lovely blue and clouds, the earth all dewy green, and I am going in to see if your father will not drive around Collins' with me, for he has never seen it. Monday afternoon, 5 o'clock. . . . Since dinner I have had out the carriage, and been to the station for Emmons, but his welcome visage was not there to gladden my eyes, and I came home to learn that he had sent a telegram early in the day to say that he would not be here till 8. Father forgot to tell me! . . . I took my ride yesterday afternoon, but T. would go with us, and the new horse is excessively slow. When we were about half-way through, your father seized the reins and whip, and declared he would find out whether there were any go in the creature, but by the time he had administered two blows, T. was beside herself, and he stopped. It was enough, however, as from that moment we had no trouble.

To M.:

AUGUSTA, August 13, 1879.

. . . . Father is reading your letter on the porch, and remarks that you say "one pleasing affect," meaning effect. . . . I went to Granite Hall last night to hear Mr. Chandler. He made a good speech. . . . Father came on the four o'clock train, having had a charming day on his travels. At six (next A.M.) left for Waldoboro'. With great devotion and difficulty I got him downstairs in season to make a comfortable breakfast, when I delightedly passed him and his bag and his winter overcoat and Emmons' summer one and his own alpaca into Frederick's hands, who speedily, but with much anguish to the old phaeton, conveyed him to the station.

August 14. . . . All day, Emmons alone has represented the junior part of the Blaine family, and has most agreeably fulfilled the function, correcting proof for "Honest Truth," reading, endorsing, and sending telegrams, borrowing my last V, tearing down town a dozen times for his father, carving a mighty sirloin of roast beef for dinner, the knife so sharp it went into it like butter, to use his own words, playing billiards whenever your father found a minute in which to whistle "For he might have been a Prussian," and to hold a cue; and finally getting your father to the station with his thin coats and his bag, though I packed the bag, and Maggie N.

collected the coats, and Millie and Maggie and Tom and Emmons and I all joined in the search for the hat, which finally, retaining its crown and rim, when any respectable hat would have given up the ghost, was found under all the newspapers and all the books, having evidently been used all day for a cushion by every sitter-down in the library. I hovered on the outskirts to bid him good-by, afraid to come recklessly to the front, lest he should want some money, and I have only three silver quarters in my dear little purse; I have drawn so much money this month — how can any one who never listens to or enters into a detail understand it? But M. is off on her travels and Q. on his, and Emmons has been, and Alice and T. to-day, and from the grain that feeds the horses to the butter that spreads my bread, I pay for everything.

August 18. . . . I write now to you, as connectedly as may be with Mr. and Mrs. Hale, Mr. Davis (Governor), and Mr. Bartlett in the room. The conversation too is on Maine politics — that most interesting and discouraging of topics — for here are the Democrats coming into the conventions and capturing the Greenbackers in various counties, and your father so occupied that after he emerges from his chamber in the morning I do not require, nor receive, so much civility as a word from him, and sometimes I am so deeply disgusted with American politics — our whole system of popular government, with its passion, its excitement, disappointment, and bitter reaction — that any sphere, however humble, which gives a man to his family, seems to me better than the prize of high place.

Mrs. Hale came Friday evening with your father, who boarded the train on which she was — not at Etna, but at Newport — he having, after being driven to Etna from E. Corinth, procured a ride for himself on a hand car to Newport, that he might see Mr. Dexter about the old wagon. The night was dark, and first he lost his hat, for which they retraced their steps some half-mile, and then his bag was found missing, and for this they went back two miles but found it not, but the next morning at ten the express delivered it, much the worse for its travels, the Pullman having gone over it. The contents were found spilled along the side of the track. One shirt was cut all to pieces, the toilet apparatus was never found, and the bag was ruined; but it never seemed to enter his dear head that the escapade was a risky and foolish one, and not to be expected from a man of his habits, and although he saw Mr. D. he forgot to ask the price at which the wagon was sold, so we were in as much uncertainty as ever. Clarence came from Portland and spent Saturday with us, stopping in Gardiner to hear Eugene speak that evening, and Emmons drove down after tea in the darkness and rain, carrying along Mr. Updegraff, and at eleven or shortly after they all arrived at this hospitable mansion, where a couple of bottles of champagne and a good supper helped out the welcome which was awaiting them. While at breakfast yesterday, Mr. S.'s card was sent in. Your father was not up, but Emmons saw him and told him where to go to church, and invited him to dinner at two. The day was dreadfully rainy, but Mrs. H., Clarence, Emmons, and I braved the discomfort of a long ride for the sake of hearing Mr. Ecob, who gave us a delightful service; and then we came

home to find your father still in bed, where he stayed till dinner-time, when he got up and came down to enact the host in his most delightful manner, carving, talking, making welcome in his own inimitable way, till Mr. S. tore himself away, coming back to tea, while Mr. Updegraff made no pretence of going, but stayed right on till eleven o'clock, and then Mrs. Milliken came to tea and sang hymns and "Pinafore" all the evening. Clarence went this morning, and your father and Updegraff and S. and Governor Davis to Winthrop at one, first having a dinner here, and then at four Mr. H. left for Waterville, and it has rained and rained, and now at eleven in the evening Emmons has just gone for Mr. Hale, and the Winthrop team has returned, and they have all had supper here, and now with the heavens opening and the floods descending Emmons returns, bringing Mr. Hale and followed by D., bringing up Mr. Downes and Mr. Campbell, who are to go back on the Pullman, and who will spend the intermediate hours in the library.

To Mr. Blaine, from Secretary Evarts :

WINDSOR, VT., August 23, '79.

. . . I feel a good deal of confidence that we shall come out all right in your Maine election. If we do, you will have, and should have, the credit for it.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. John Roach :

NEW YORK, August 29, 1879.

. . . With all my heart I hope you will succeed in bringing your campaign to a success. But I think it is of great importance that you should carry your State. Allow me to suggest something — I believe in detail work. Would it not be a good plan to appoint scouts, or, as you might call them "whippers-in," selecting those districts where there are men to follow up and bring out every vote? One hundred men divided into one hundred districts who would have at their command one hundred fast teams, follow those persons up. Every vote brought up and deposited counts. . . . Go ahead; poor as I am I will stand by you. The English are doing everything to break up my line. We are now shipping goods from Europe to Rio, then bringing coffee from Rio to New York for twenty cents per bag, or three dollars and forty cents per ton; going from New York to Liverpool — not returning to Rio from New York. This has certainly broken down the English Merchants' Line, which was spoken of in the Senate so much. They compel us to bring coffee back for twenty cents per bag, or three dollars and forty cents per ton for five thousand miles. The lowest price paid for coffee to New York before my line was started was from fifty to seventy cents per bag, or from eight dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars per ton. I am going to stick it out for another year. Think of my plan as a politician with regard to the detail work.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

ST. PAUL, MINN., August 30, 1879.

. . . Next Tuesday is the day of the Republican State Convention, and I shall sail in for a political acquaintance among the delegates on that day. I have been this morning to see a County Convention in session.

Now, one thing, and don't forget this. You must have a telegram sent me from home on the afternoon of the election, as early in the evening as possible, say, by seven or eight o'clock, stating what the probable results are, and have it sent to Metropolitan Hotel, as the office will be closed. I want an accurate one, for my own information.

Tell Mons, if he can spare the time from his French audiences, I wish he would ask Mr. Stratton to make out a certificate of the fact that I am a member of the bar in Maine and send it out here to me. I shall want it when I apply for admission in Minnesota. Tell Mons also not to forget my Stephen's Pleading.

This from the "Pioneer Press" of this morning. Don't you think the family is quite well advertised in Minn.?

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Maine Letter to the New York Tribune.

"Mr. Emmons Blaine, the second son of the Senator, who graduated last year at Harvard and is now studying law, shows a decided taste and aptitude for political work. He is the right-hand man of his father in the labors of the central committee, and is doing some very creditable stump-speaking. Next week he is going away up to the valley of the upper St. Johns, a journey involving a ride of nearly one hundred miles through a wilderness, to visit some French Canadian settlements and speak to the natives in their own language. This venturesome experiment, it is said, was never tried before in a Maine canvass."

To Mr. Blaine, from Col. John Hay:

CLEVELAND, September 11, 1879.

Pass greatly on! Thou that hast overcome! . . . You have won the most prodigious personal victory of the time.

From Walker:

ST. PAUL, September 13, 1879.

. . . The Maine election has been a great victory, for which, praise be to father. I think it deserves to be recorded as his greatest personal triumph.

. . . Everything the country over looks most cheering for Republican victory next year, but really I have something the feeling, — "What care I how fair she be, if she be not fair to me!" For if anybody deserved

it he does, and how are we going to be enthusiastic over —. But I breathe not.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. John H. Ewing:

WASHINGTON, September 25, 1879.

. . . Your friends here are very desirous that you shall visit your old home before you return East. I am aware of your many engagements, but still hope you can so arrange as to give us a passing visit. There is no place in this wide world where you have so many warm friends.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

ST. PAUL, MINN., October 7, 1879.

. . . I also send you the printed argument submitted by Governor Davis and Mr. Lowry, and copy of letter addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, and Attorney-General. . . . Please do whatever you can in the matter. Many of the gentlemen who are thus sued and harassed, you know. They are good Republicans and old friends of yours, and most honorable men, and I can't help believing that the responsibility fairly belongs on other shoulders than those upon which the impractical Dutchman is trying to put it. . . . I see that you are to speak in Iowa City on the 11th. Cannot you manage it so as to come here by way of Sioux City, if you only stay for a day or two. You would enjoy the trip, I think, and I know people here would like to see you. You went by St. Paul last time, you know.

October 8. . . . St. Paul is quite a gay city, and what with two law courts on which I am dancing attendance, and the reading of the law, I get along quite busily. I wish you could get clients as easily as you can acquaintances. In the latter respect I don't have much to reproach myself with. They seem to have heard the name before, and the society is very pleasant.

November 4. . . . I have been admitted to the bar of the State, which happened last Saturday; second, I have become a citizen of the State, and have just returned from the polls, where I exercised the freeman's privilege by voting the straight Republican ticket; third, I have started a law school, and am now giving, at five o'clock every evening, instruction in the law to some three young gentlemen, and I find that it is likely to be of great benefit to me as well, as it refreshes and systematizes my knowledge to a very great extent. . . . I feel encouraged since I have been about the courts and watched the progress of litigation. I don't by any means think I am a great lawyer, but I think with work I can become a pretty good one, and I feel a little more confidence as I mentally measure other men and myself against them. But *experimentia docet*, and a year from now I shall probably be both wiser and sadder.

To V.:

NEW YORK, November 9, 1879.

. . . Here I am, having a most delightful second visit. Mr. Blaine is with me. . . . We are just from church, all but Mr. Blaine, who spent the precious hours in which I was learning how to bring up a family, in writing an article, as many pages of closely covered manuscript lying on the table testify; and as the children are too old to be now set in other grooves, perhaps he is the happier for not being made to see how much we have left to nature and to Providence, which we ought as parents to have pursued and trained.

. . . Mr. Blaine, as you know, is in the best of health and spirits, while Grant is booming along, and welcome, if I were the only one to be consulted.

From Walker:

. . . The newspapers are full of the great Senator [Chandler]. So far as reputation is concerned, he died at the very pinnacle of his personal fame. It is very curious to me to see how the ideas that two years ago were unpopular and would not have brought men into prominence, are, by the whirl of politics, so popular that to-day everybody applauds the course and laments the dead. . . . Father had a glorious meeting in New York, and politics are all afloat, and no one can tell how the wind will blow, save that it will always blow for me from Augusta, where is the heart and hearth and home of ever yours.

November 15, 1879. I send you by this mail a copy of the morning's paper, in which you will find a little squib of mine anent the Garcelon declaration of war and an editorial comment thereon. I don't believe Garcelon and the council will dare try any such game, or that it will ever come to anything, but I thought it could do no harm to start a war-whoop in this far West.

November 20. . . . I think Grant will be nominated for the presidency. Father can afford to wait, even though he never gets it. But have you observed that he is more popular than ever throughout the country, and I think we can content ourselves with that, and let Grant be President.

To Emmons:

AUGUSTA, November 21, '79.

This is one of my tavern weeks — the board being spread for all who come. The Republican crowd melted away by Wednesday — Mr. Reed going that day at noon. . . . Ft. Smith & Little Rock has fallen from thirty-seven and a half to thirty-two.

Father had made up his mind this morning to give five hundred dollars to the Old Ladies' Home, and it looks like a slap in the face from Providence to find things going the wrong way in the afternoon. Don't you think so?

The last news, or report of the situation, is the convening of the Superior Court at Augusta, Monday, the Chief Justice in the chair — though that is not the name of his seat.

Your father is in the best of spirits, though what is to be the end of this audacity no one knows. He expects now to leave town Sunday, though I don't believe he can. George Weeks and Mr. Sprague are now in consultation with him in the library. Have you an overcoat for Mr. Brown? If you have not, I shall be under the painful necessity of giving him a new one, as I cannot see him drive in your father's old blue flannel. Is the heavy overcoat hanging here yours, and shall I give it? It looks too handsome. Caroline has cooked two hundred and fifty chickens since July, and is now beginning on turkeys. She is more to be dreaded than the foxes which have killed off all the Caldwell turkeys on which I always depend for Christmas. My pen will not permit of further writing, but my love knows no limitations.

From Hon. W. E. Chandler :

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1879.

. . . Frye and I are fighting the battle without our chieftain. Do you know I think the beloved does not like to fight as well as he once did? But we cannot fight third term and all who beat us before, unless we pitch in. Forbearance toward the crowd is folly. We must be confident and aggressive; and if we are, there are many signs that we shall win. Are we to fight or to wilt?

To Mr. Blaine, from Emmons (*telegram*) :

CHICAGO, January 31, 1880.

May you double before you quit.

XVI.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

AS the day of the Republican National Convention in 1880 drew near, the masses of the Republican party signified more and more clearly their choice. The defeat of 1876 seemed at once and permanently to have intensified the desire of Republicans that Mr. Blaine should be the candidate. His four years in the Senate had widened the desire, had deepened it to determination. Sundry leaders of the party were fain to lead in other directions. Some were inspired by an honorable personal ambition which their great qualities and great service justified. The larger part of the opposition is best suggested in a characteristic reference by Mr. John Hay to that "lofty and magnanimous spirit to which malice and meanness were so impossible, and therefore so furiously hostile." The whole country knew that in Mr. Blaine they were dealing with an independent and unbending force, and all that was not warmly with him was desperate against him. But against him no other political leader had any showing. Many Democrats avowed more or less openly that they would regard being beaten by him as next to success.

General Grant was in the distinguished retirement of an ex-President, the victorious general of modern history. His warmest friends could desire nothing better than that he should so remain. But the men who sought above all things Mr. Blaine's defeat were ready to sacrifice General Grant's brilliant repose to their purpose. There is reason to believe that he consented to their scheme with reluctance and under misapprehension; that he was led to believe that the American people were not unalterably opposed to a third term, if that third term were his term — notwithstanding that one of his chief managers, a brave and popular general, was rejected as a delegate in

his own district, and that ten districts out of nineteen in Grant's own State of Illinois protested that the delegates for Grant were fraudulently chosen, till the convention was forced to respect them and to admit the rightfully chosen delegates. Friends wrote General Grant advising him to withdraw, affirming that it was an outrage on him to put him into this fight, and that he would surely be beaten at the polls if he were nominated; but other counsels held his attention.

Mr. Blaine apprehended nothing sinister or ulterior in General Grant's purpose, but, under the circumstances, believed his candidacy to be a menace, and his election a dangerous precedent. There was no emergency to call for the innovation, nor had President Grant's civil administration been so exceptionally successful as to justify it. The election of any Republican president was doubtful. The election of ex-President Grant seemed to Mr. Blaine as impracticable as it was undesirable. Mr. Blaine's opponents assumed not only that Grant was the only man whose hold upon the people was strong enough to surmount Mr. Blaine's, but that it was strong enough to enforce his election if by any means his nomination could be secured. They were willing to put his name and fame to the hazard to wrest from the people's pride a violation of the people's judgment.

Mr. Blaine was forever disaffected towards the candidacy, but he was not unwilling to throw himself into the breach to prevent the defeat and threatened disruption of the Republican party. His long detention in Maine by the "count-out," and his non-action in regard to the national convention occasioned much affectionate grumbling among his intimate friends vainly attempting to rouse him to personal action. "I wonder when you will get off to Washington," wrote one to a member of his family. "I don't see how the conspirators can stand against that opinion of the court — one of the finest papers ever written, in view of the circumstances. Generally it seems as if things were going wrong — there is no logic in affairs. Here is Grant getting the benefit of revived radicalism, and the beloved — well, he is to be Vice-President!"

January 27. "My congratulations on the recent decision of the Supreme Court, which ought to give the final blow to the

State stealers, and I hope will satisfy the grumblers who have been anxiously hoping Mr. Blaine would make a mistake. . . . But the anti-Grant, pro-Blaine men are fighting without a leader; they are very valiant, but are flopping like a chicken with his head cut off. Perhaps, when Maine is disposed of, our captain will mount the saddle instead of running alongside holding on to Grant's stirrups. There, do not be mad at that, it is mild compared with my feelings.

"I am glad he lies in bed till noon. I do not want him to be sick. But more men are slaving and exciting themselves for him all over this country than ever did for a man before. He thinks that is all right, he is getting used to it."

And to Mr. Blaine: "I hope you will take the leash off your friends and let them go to work. Pennsylvania showed clearly that Grant could not be elected."

Walker, returned to Minnesota from Maine, felt the thrill with youthful intensity but preserved his gravity. "It was delightful and made me feel as if I belonged here, to be welcomed back as I was. I think the position father takes admirable, but I sincerely trust that, happen what may, nobody in the country, no matter how hostile, will have any right to say that he is a chronic seeker for the nomination. Personally it does not worry or annoy me as it did in '76."

March 8. "I want the fight made fairly and squarely from this out. If Grant is nominated he is going to be defeated; if he is defeated we sha'n't regain the Republican ascendancy for many, many years. . . . But I wish that forever we might be out of all fights or win them. And if you ever hear of me in politics it will be as nothing higher than a Ward Alderman to which I shall be bidden by the unanimous voice of my fellow countrymen." Ten days later he was "too engrossed in the politics of the country to give great attention to the laws of the State!"

So far as his own nomination was concerned Mr. Blaine could not be aroused. He declared that he was like the old soldier who always counted himself for dead when the battle opened, so every time he came out alive it was clear gain; but he was frankly against the third-term movement, which he considered unwarrantable in its purpose and methods. "Mr.

Blaine," said a letter of the time, "walked to Mr. Cameron's house with him and Mr. Robeson a night or two ago after they had been here, and talked plainly about the third term; told Mr. Cameron he would gladly give \$50,000 to be free from the wisps and thongs that bound him so that he could make battle with him and Conkling for the great crime they are committing in forcing Grant upon an unwilling people. Mr. Blaine gets so impatient sometimes over being a candidate that he can hardly contain himself. If it were not for the hosts involved in him I do not think he would hesitate one-half minute in sacrificing any possible presidency and rushing full front into the anti-third term fight. General H. says if Grant is nominated, no Democratic nominee can save him from being beaten, except Tilden."

Every week the extraordinary urgency increased — urgency that Mr. Blaine should wish the nomination, that he should want the nomination; arguments were plied to members of his family to induce them to induce him to want it, to work for it. "He owes it to himself and to his friends all over this country who are ready to sacrifice everything for his success, to do all that lies in his power to win at Chicago." Every plea of party fealty was used. "There is more involved than Mr. Blaine's success. The nomination of Grant is the inevitable defeat of the Republican party and the triumph of Democracy with all its attending evils."

The pressure upon him to go to Chicago was very strong. "I beg of you to have Mr. Blaine think of this matter. If he is on the ground to tend his own fight he will be nominated. It is the judgment of all his friends here [Augusta], even the careful considerate men, that he should go. I do not think I can possibly state this case as strong as it is. He is a candidate and it is right and just that he should use all honorable means to secure his nomination. More, it is due to his friends. It is impossible for Mr. Blaine to have any man at Chicago who could represent him as Conkling represents Grant, for no man does stand as Mr. Blaine's mouth-piece. . . . I do want him to succeed as I want to live. His defeat will be to me a blow that will shadow my life. I am so wrought up in his success because of my admiration and love for him, that there

is no sacrifice I could make for his success which I would not gladly offer."

This, however, was absolutely out of the question. It was a point to which Mr. Blaine could not bring himself.

General Grant had been making a tour of the world and he went into the nomination contest through the Golden Gate of the Pacific, his laurels still quivering with the world's plaudits. Mr. Blaine met him with the prestige of a defeat four years before, with whatever antagonisms might have followed many subsequent battles; but the military conqueror was broken.

The first contest in the convention was made upon the unit rule, or representation by States, which was upheld by the Grant men, against the more direct district representation, which was held by the Blaine men. The convention adopted district representation by a vote of 449 to 306. Thirty-six ballots were taken on the nomination. President Grant started with 304 votes and Mr. Blaine with 284; but, as in 1876, Mr. Blaine's votes were from the electing States, his opponent's votes from the nominating States. Of other candidates, Mr. Sherman had 93 votes; Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, 31; Mr. George F. Edmunds, 34; Mr. William Windom, 10.

Telegrams between the convention and Mr. Blaine's house were in constant exchange. Mr. Frye reported: . . . "It is hard to hold back your friends in the Convention, and they are held back against my wishes. I submit only for peace, believing submission to be a mistake." Mr. Hale telegraphed: "Ever since morning our rooms have been crowded with delegates from twenty-three different States. Newspaper men say that our crowd to-day has been much larger than all other head-quarters combined. Mr. Hamlin has been a great accession and has helped us amazingly. The unit rule will have a hard road to travel. The tough fight will be over the legitimate fruit of its destruction — district representation. . . . I talked with General Arthur (of New York) this morning fully. He is dead set for the unit rule — says anything else would throw away the power of a State in the national convention. With delegations voting individually, I think we can beat the unit rule by 100 — that Grant is beaten as largely. Then we must take our chances on the break-up."

Telegrams came all night to Washington.

Mr. Sherman was waked by messenger from the telegraph office, who told, from the sidewalk below, that there was great excitement in Chicago, and they thought Mr. Blaine ought to know it. They had been up once and found it impossible to rouse anybody; "the incidental mention of Blaine's name by a Californian roused gallery and convention to wild cheering for five minutes." Then Mr. Hale telegraphs: "The Grant men made a point of seeing who could howl loudest and longest, and cheered and hurrahed and waved flags for fifteen minutes — Conkling himself condescending to wave. After they had tired themselves out, the Blaine men took it up and shouted twenty minutes;" Mr. Hale says the Grant men got enough of it. Four of their tallest men mounted on settees and Hale mounted on their shoulders and waved the flag, expecting every minute, he said, that he should fall and break his neck. Think of the position for a man who is not an acrobat! Meanwhile Mr. Blaine went off to bed dead sleepy, and is this morning reading the papers with provoking indifference. He is not of course indifferent, but he is self-possessed, and when I heard him talking yesterday, with all the force and fire of the Senate, I thought it was a pity to take him away from the Senate after all. Mr. Chandler telegraphs, as things are now he considers the chances of Mr. Blaine's nomination as 4 to 1, but not to be counted on till it comes.

Through 34 ballots Mr. Blaine's strength could not be shaken. Mr. Sherman on the thirtieth ballot rose to 120. Mr. Washburne to 44. Mr. Edmunds never again went so high as on the first ballot, and Mr. Windom never higher. Mr. Conkling on the thirty-first ballot received his only vote, 1. General Garfield on the thirty-fourth received 17 votes. Mr. Blaine in Washington was in constant telegraphic communication with the convention, and on the next ballot the Blaine forces gave General Garfield 250 votes. On the thirty-sixth ballot the outlying forces joined the Blaine men and Garfield received 399 votes, which nominated him.

The result was most welcome to Mr. Blaine. Not only was the third-term movement overthrown, but the man selected was his early and close friend, a man of ideas and aspirations, with whom he could work in harmony and hope. All General Garfield's political weakness, so far as he had any, lay in the sphere of the lesser rather than the greater politics. Mr. Blaine used to tell him banteringly that he had been spoiled by his constituents who elected and reelected him so entirely as a matter of course

that he did not know what personal opposition was or how to handle it.

If Mr. Blaine's friends could not as readily as himself merge regrets at his failure to receive the nomination, in rejoicings over his essential and important triumph, they none the less overwhelmed him with congratulations. By the sagacity and swiftness of his self-devotion, he was declared to have averted a dangerous alternative and to have restored a defaced and dishonored ideal of patriotism; and his defeat was crowned with the tokens of victory.

The nomination by the Democrats of the beloved and honored General Hancock increased the uncertainty of the result. Anticipating a sharp struggle between the two parties Mr. Blaine prepared for it by rest at White Sulphur Springs, of which his own account June 22 is :

"Senator Booth and I have fallen into a regular and very agreeable routine ; rise at eight ; spend half an hour at the spring ; breakfast at nine ; take our bath at twelve ; dine at two ; do nothing in particular until five when we mount two easy good riding horses and ride for two hours ; at 7.20 tea ; at ten we retire.

"We have a cottage of three rooms all to ourselves, and are getting along very lazily and very comfortably and I think gaining daily. My gout is rapidly disappearing and I think I shall come out all bright and new."

He came out, as he hoped, bright and new. His spirit animated his friends, and those who had been first in seeking his nomination were first also in securing General Garfield's election. The "Plumed Knight" of Mr. Ingersoll's eloquence, four years before had at once touched the imagination of men. Mr. Blaine deprecated and disallowed it, but something of the hero-worship which disappears only in a nation's decadence caught the note of fitness, a touch of the grace and graciousness of an earlier time, and a helmet with white plume became the signal of the hosts who fought his battle, not under his banner, and won the victories he prized, the triumph of national honor and individual well-being.

Mr. Conkling had not been able to accept defeat with the patriotic acquiescence or the cheerful anticipation of better luck

next time, which characterizes that large part of the American people that is doomed to annual political disappointment. It remained for a while a question whether he would join the Republican councils, or whether he would actively or passively oppose them. His defection would have been greatly regretted, his adhesion was earnestly desired. Republicans, however, were confident that his sincerity and his sense must in the end lead him to the right course.

From the moment of Mr. Garfield's nomination Mr. Blaine identified himself with his friend. Letters, notes, suggestions, arguments, questions, answers, flew back and forth between them. Mr. Blaine bethought himself, occasionally, to make a quasi-apology for his abundant proffer of opinion, but never until the proffer had been made! The two men walked in harmony. They could take each other for granted. There was no more friction than was necessary to polish and perfection. They had the same ends in view, and where they differed as to means they compromised on the best practicable.

While Mr. Blaine was still at White Sulphur Springs General Garfield wrote him from Mentor, Ohio, June 29, 1880:

MY DEAR BLAINE: I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you again before I left Washington, for there were many things I wanted to say to you, and still more which I wanted you to say to me. . . . The feeling among Republicans generally is hopeful and good. Your friends, partaking of your own spirit, are generous and helpful, because they love a common cause, and because you and they are responsible for my nomination. In *one* quarter alone the oracles are dumb and seem not yet to have determined whether it shall be peace or war.

I have not yet touched the letter of acceptance. Please write me your suggestions on any phase of it you please, but specially on these points:

1. The Chinese question, — you know the platform is pretty full on that subject — but our Pacific coast friends are anxious, and this side the mountains are suspicious. Please write such a paragraph as you would use.
2. The civil service plank. Please give me your best thoughts on the subject, and embody them in a drafted paragraph.
3. The Southern question.
4. The silver question; and finally anything else that is in your heart.

July 4 came the answer from White Sulphur Springs:

MY DEAR GARFIELD: . . . Let me answer *condensedly*. First, on financial question, no man has a better record than yourself, and no man

can express himself better. You need neither hint nor help on the question in any of its phases. Second, on Southern question, you and I have not at all times precisely agreed; but I am sure you will find it easy to treat it in a manner that will satisfy all shades of Republican opinion. Third, on Chinese question, you must recognize that the three Pacific States will be largely, if not entirely, controlled by it. And you will, I think, be compelled to take the ground that a servile class—assimilating in all its conditions of labor to chattel slavery—must be excluded from free immigration. It is far better that you should clothe the proposition in your own language than that you should take any phrase of mine. Your letter will be thereby more completely logical and harmonious.

I cannot believe that New York parties will hold back from your cordial support. A little time must be allowed for pouting and petting; but they cannot in the end afford to scuttle a ship on which they are passengers. I think your nomination has been splendidly received, and that a great wave will roll over the country bearing you onward to victory. It will start just about the time the pop beer corks for Hancock have all *fizzed out*. God bless you and preserve you! If I had not the watering-place laziness full upon me I would write more, but I presume you thank me for making it so brief.

MENTOR, O., July 21, 1880.

MY DEAR BLAINE: Thanks for your good letter of the 4th inst.

I think you and I are not far apart on any essential doctrine of the party.

How do you find the situation in Maine? By this time, you know it with your peculiar thoroughness.

Did you get the inside of affairs in Old Virginia, so as to see any good likely to come to us from their fight?

Let me know your plans and hopes, and always send me any suggestions. I don't see how the New York friends can stand off very long. I give them time and silence as the best I can do for them.

MENTOR, O., July 30, 1880.

MY DEAR BLAINE: . . . The trip to New York was greatly against my judgment. But, at last, the committee are nearly or quite unanimous that I ought to go. . . . It is therefore too late to retreat, as I have just telegraphed you, and, my dear friend, you must stand by me. Many of our friends who have written me think there are evidences that a few leaders in New York meditate treachery, and say that the visit will either prevent it or so develop it, that the country will understand it and place the responsibility where it belongs. Of one thing you may be assured: There shall be no surrender to any unreasonable demand. I will do nothing to compromise myself or the noble men who stand up to the fight. Of course, it is possible that the trip will make matters worse rather than better, but the risk must now be taken; I am sure you will not disappoint me. I want to go over the ground with you so soon as I reach

New York, and I want you to find the exact situation if possible before I arrive. I want to know how large a force C. has behind him, and just what the trouble is. I will not be treated as a suspected Republican. If I cannot have comradeship with the leaders of the party, there shall be no relations whatever. I think the letter of acceptance is broad enough and generous enough for all who want success. If the Regulars wish to repel the Independents, they want the party defeated. If that is the situation we ought to know it.

Mr. Blaine took up the electoral contest as his own, beginning as usual with Maine, whose State election in September was always considered to strike the note for the national election of November. Maine had another disappointment to overcome in the loss of her candidate, the Republicans did not gain the full effect of their victory in the count-out until two years of discussion had fully set forth its character to the people, change in the Constitution had for the first time given the election to a plurality; and Fusionists and Democrats worked together with renewed hope and with a success most valuable to the Republicans. At the State election September 13, 1880, there was no majority. The Fusion candidate in nearly 150,000 votes had a plurality of less than 200. The disaffected and indifferent were roused to a sense of danger, to a consciousness that if a national victory were to be achieved it would only be by combined and constant effort.

"I am watching your splendid campaign in Maine with great satisfaction and pride," wrote General Garfield on the seventh of September; and again on the fourteenth:

The Democracy of Maine has again enabled you to fight a great battle in the presence of the nation for the purity of the ballot-box. . . .

I will have your Ohio meetings announced to-morrow morning in accordance with the programme I mailed you some days ago. . . .

With kindest regards and with great admiration for the energy you have displayed in this remarkable campaign, I remain,

As ever, your friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Many were dismayed by the Maine election. General Garfield preserved his equanimity. Mr. Blaine saw only inducement to redoubled effort. He went through the country speaking with unabated energy till his voice failed him.

AUGUSTA, ME., October 29, 1880.

MY DEAR GARFIELD: I have your kind note of inquiry. My health is good; my trouble was like Hancock's tariff issue, "purely local." I had rough hoarseness which prevented my speaking, but I was not sorry to be forced to come home. I have been doing some effective work here. I think your election is *sure*. You will have every northern State, I think. I regard Nevada as the *least certain*. I do not feel absolutely certain of California. But there will be enough. Your triumph will be as joyous to me as my own would have been. All that I am, all that I can do, will be at the service of your administration. My love to your wife and my respectful salutation to your venerable mother. "What a proud woman the Queen maun be!" Will endeavor to telegraph you early Tuesday evening of the result in Maine.

A part of this "effective work" appeared the same day in the "Bangor Whig and Courier," in a letter written by Mr. Blaine to a prominent and influential Irish citizen in Eastern Maine:

I received your friendly letter with much pleasure. Let me say in reply, that the course of yourself and other Irish voters is one of the most extraordinary anomalies in our political history. Never, probably, since the execution of Robert Emmet, has the feeling of Irishmen, the world over, been so bitter against England and Englishmen as it is at this hour; and yet the great mass of the Irish voters in the United States will, on Tuesday next, vote precisely as Englishmen would have them vote—for the interests of England.

Having seen Ireland reduced to misery and driven to despair by what they regard as the unjust policy of England, the Irishmen of America use their suffrage as though they were the agents and servants of the English Tories. The Free-traders of England desire nothing so much as the defeat of Garfield and the election of Hancock. They wish to break down the protective tariff and cripple our manufactures, and nine-tenths of the Irish voters in this country respond with alacrity, "Yes, we will do your bidding and vote to please you, even though it reduce our own wages and take the bread from the mouths of our children."

There are many able men and many clever writers among the Irish in America, but I have never met any one of them able enough or clever enough to explain this anomaly on any basis of logic and good sense.

I am glad to see from your esteemed favor that the subject is beginning to trouble you. The more you think of it the more you will be troubled, I am sure. And you will be driven finally to the conclusion that the prosperity of the Irish in this country depends as largely as that of any other class upon the maintenance of the financial and industrial policy represented by the Republican party.

Garfield was elected by a majority which admitted no dispute, and Mr. Blaine adopted his administration with absorbing ardor. The cross-fire of letters, notes, and suggestions went on with renewed enthusiasm. Mr. Blaine's mind was teeming with purposes, plans, hopes. Large questions of policy, secondary yet scarcely subordinate questions of persons, alike engaged his attention. He watched every sign of the times for harm or help to the new administration. "I can see you smiling," he wrote to General Garfield, "at my arguing a point that is in every sense absurd, but I am talking from the Washington and not the Mentor standpoint."

SENATE CHAMBER, December 10, 1880.

I redeem a promise made you to write fully and freely . . . in strict confidence. I shall discuss many topics under several heads:

1. The more I think of the State Department the more I am inclined thereto, though up to this time, and still continuing, my mind is the theatre of conflicting arguments and even emotions. I believe with you as President, and in your full confidence, I could do much to build up the party as the result of strong and wise policy. I find myself drawn towards it, and possibly by the date which you fixed as a limit I may be wholly and enthusiastically disposed thereunto. . . .

2. . . . You are to have a second term or to be overthrown . . . by the Grant crowd. . . . An analysis of the Chicago vote before your name came forward shows that out of 167 *actual* or *possible* Republican districts in the country, Grant had only 32, his delegates being almost wholly from States and districts hopelessly Democratic. Sherman, Edmunds, and Washburne had only 36 Republican districts behind them all *while I had 99*. My vote became your vote — and the final division when Sherman and the others were all welded as against Grant is as follows:

Garfield,	135	Republican districts.
Grant,	32	" "

But the Grant forces were never more busy than at this hour. . . . Of course it would not be wise to make war on them. Indeed, that would be folly. They must not be knocked down with bludgeons: they must have their throats cut with a feather. . . . The Republican party of this country is divided into *three* sections. First the great body of the North, with congressional representation and electoral strength behind it, is with the section which for convenience of designation I will call the Blaine section, — I mean the strength behind me in two national conventions. In some States this strength went for "favorite sons," as Ohio for Hayes in '76 and Sherman in '80. You are the only Ohio man who on pure

absolute personal preference could have beaten me in that State either in '76 or '80. It was the "locality-struck" that carried it against me both for Hayes and Sherman. Now this Blaine section is *all yours* with some additional strength that Blaine could not get, and represents the reliable strong background of preference, friendship, and love on which your administration must rest for success. I use the designation "Blaine" only for convenience to identify the class. They are all now Garfield without rebate or reserve "waiving demand and notice."

The second section is the Grant section, taking all the South practically, with the machine in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois — and having the aid of rule or ruin leaders. . . . I think I am not wrong in saying that this section contains all the desperate bad men of the party, bent on *loot* and booty, and ready for any Mexican invasion or Caribbean annexation, and looking to excitements and filibustering and possibly to a Spanish war as legitimate means of continuing political power for a clique. These men are to be handled with skill, always remembering that they are harmless when out of power, and desperate when in possession of it.

The third section is the Reformers by profession, the "unco good." They are to be treated with respect, but they are the worst possible political advisers — upstarts, conceited, foolish, vain, without knowledge of measures, ignorant of men, shouting a shibboleth which represents nothing of practical reform that you are not a thousand times pledged to! They are noisy but not numerous, pharisaical but not practical, ambitious but not wise, pretentious but not powerful! They can be easily dealt with, and can be hitched to your administration with ease. I could handle them myself without trouble. You can do it more easily still.

In this threefold division of the Republican party, your true friends will be found on the first. . . .

In the second section will be found all the men who have an ulterior purpose, who accept your administration because they cannot help it, and are looking as longingly to a restoration of Grant as the cavaliers of England, in the time of the Protector, looked for a return of the Stuarts.

The third section can be made to coöperate harmoniously with the first, but *never* with the second, — you can see that at a glance.

I have written at immoderate and immodest length: my pen ran away from me! I find all that I have said is merely introductory to a *personal* discussion of Cabinet ministers, which I shall venture to lay before you in a subsequent note if you desire it. That you can indicate; . . . of course I do not ask assent, dissent, or comment from you. But I desire to submit certain views touching *men* which may in the end prove valuable to you, if you wish to receive them.

I wish you would say to Mrs. Garfield that the knowledge that she desires me in your Cabinet is more valuable to me than even the desire of the President-elect himself. Indeed, I would not think of going into the Cabinet at all if Mrs. Garfield was not friendly and favorable. Please read this letter to her and her alone.

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1880.

If you will turn to the treaty of Washington you will see that the concessions and guarantees contained in xviii to xxv, and in articles xxviii, xxix, xxx, have a ten-year limit for notice and two years after notice. This throws the whole subject open for fresh and I hope more lasting adjustment during *your* "*first term*." The subjects involved are the Fisheries, the navigation of Lake Michigan by British vessels, the freedom of the St. John, the right of transit for Canadian goods through our territory, the free international use of the Welland canal, the St. Clair Flats canal, and many other topics. In short it opens the whole Canadian question and gives a splendid opportunity to achieve some things of which we have already spoken.

Whereupon in the most provoking manner in comes a petty little proposition to institute a commission *now* on the Fisheries on account of the Fortune Bay shindy — the result of which will be that on the magnificent domain for diplomacy which properly opens to your administration in March, 1881, you will find some obtrusive squatters whom you will be compelled to warn off before you can begin proper settlements and improvements. I do not wish to take any notice of the movements or make the slightest criticism, lest I might seem to give color to rumors about the State Department which thus far are the merest wild, vague speculation, and upon which I have never given a wink. But can't you quietly drop a note to Hayes suggesting that the whole question of a readjustment of Canadian matters should be left without embarrassment to your administration? He will be compelled to take heed of the simplest request you can make, and thus the matter can be very quietly ended. . . . I want you to read my letters to Mrs. Garfield; . . . the advice of a sensible woman in matters of statecraft is invaluable.

Don't be afraid that I intend to write you daily.

DECEMBER 15, 1880.

I do not know but that my reference to Mrs. Garfield as a valuable adviser needs some explanation. I know that all her instinct will be right and all her counsel valuable. I want her to be to you what the wives of several of your "illustrious predecessors" have been to their husbands. Mrs. Washington made it possible for Jefferson and Hamilton to get along in the same Cabinet, kept John Adams on friendly terms with the Pater Patriae, and preserved Washington from extravagance and ill temper on the French question. She is also credited by good social tradition with the tact which secured the confirmation of Jay's Treaty — especially for inducing Fisher Ames' great speech.

Mrs. Madison saved the administration of her husband — held him back from the extremes of Jeffersonism and enabled him to escape from the terrible dilemma of the war of '12. But for her, DeWitt Clinton would have been chosen President in 1812. Did you ever notice, by the way, how fearfully near he came to it any way?

Mrs. Polk saved her husband from the blunder of making Benton Lieutenant-General and placing him in command over Scott and Taylor ; and she tried to avert the blunder of stripping Taylor of his army while on the Saltillo line for the City of Mexico — a petty persecution which went far to make Taylor President two years after.

I could give examples on the other side, but I prefer to mention ladies only in the language of compliment. . . .

From all these blunders Mrs. Garfield will be assuredly and happily exempt, and I augur the happiest results from her advent. I am very anxious and ambitious to see your administration a great *social success* as well as a great political success, and the one has very much to do with the other. . . . Your administration will never incur similar hazards, but you must not neglect or overlook brilliant society *prestige* as among the political dynamics. I hope Mrs. Garfield will excuse the freedom with which I use her name. I only mean by it to attest the confidence with which I look forward to her command of the social forces which will so much contribute to the glory of your reign.

MENTOR, O., December 19, 1880.

MY DEAR BLAINE. Yours of the 10th, 13th, and 15th came duly to hand and were read with great interest. I have been so raided upon that I have not been able to acknowledge them until now. Besides, I have had some serious work with a party of important persons — with a prospect of a serious, perhaps dangerous, misunderstanding. I think, however, that I shall see daylight through the tangle. . . . Your grouping of the elements which now compose the Republican party is striking, and I think is correct. I have not yet seen a complete list of the Chicago delegates, but I think the per cents. you give are nearly accurate. Your first group is, no doubt, the chief electing force of the party. The second, though quite inferior as an electing force, was nevertheless the leading nominating force, and hence passes in public estimation for more than it really is. For this reason, among others, it must not be ignored or neglected. In your next letter please give me your views of the best way to recognize it, so as not to be shackled, and yet to do fair justice. The third group, the Independents, are very impracticable in methods, but still they embrace a class of people who ought to be with us — and reasonable pains should be taken to retain them. They did good service in the late campaign. My idea, in reference to their question, is that we should harness all the civil service reform sentiment of the country to the work of getting Congress to pass a law defining and fixing the tenure of the great mass of inferior offices and the ground for removals, and thus remove, as far as possible, from Congress and the Executive, the endless annoyance that comes from the swarm of small office-seekers. Offer this as a beginning — to be followed up later, if the experiment is successful. Let the Reformers wrestle with Congress rather than with the Executive. How does this strike you ?

Please write me fully your view of persons who come in the range of wise choice. Tell me also what you think would be the attitude of the second group towards you in case you should go into the State Department. I will write to the President and suggest that the Canadian question be not taken up piecemeal. I have sent your letters to Mrs. Garfield, who has greatly enjoyed your terse and vigorous characterizations of the various classes that make up our Republican array. Let me hear from you again soon.

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

DECEMBER 23, 1880.

MY DEAR GARFIELD: . . . In answer I can say that second section, so far as I can see, would take the appointment very cordially, all the Grant Senators, with one or two exceptions, being outspoken. . . .

J. G. BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, December 20, 1880.

MY DEAR MRS. GARFIELD: I enclose one of the most important letters (to myself) which I ever wrote.

I send it under cover to you because I wish no eye but yours and the General's to see it. Its conclusion need not be made public until after inauguration.

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 20, 1880.

MY DEAR GARFIELD: Your generous invitation to enter your Cabinet as Secretary of State has been under consideration for more than three weeks. The thought had never once occurred to my mind until you presented it, with such cogent arguments in its favor and with such warmth of personal friendship in aid of your kind offer.

I know that an early answer is desirable, and I have waited only long enough to make up my mind definitely and conclusively. I therefore say to you, in the same cordial spirit in which you invited me, that I accept the position.

It is proper for me to add that I make this decision, not for the honor of the promotion it gives me in the public service, but because I believe I can be useful to the country and the party, — useful to you as the responsible leader of the party and the great head of the government. I am influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the letters I am daily receiving urging me to accept, written to me in consequence of the mere unauthorized newspaper report that you were intending to offer me the place. I have been especially pleased and even surprised at the cordial and widely extended feeling in my favor throughout New England.

In accepting this important post I shall give all that I am and all that I can hope to be freely and joyfully to your service. You need no pledge of my loyalty both in heart and in act. I should be false to myself did I

not prove true to the great trust you confide to me and to your own personal and political fortunes in the present and in the future.

Your administration must be made brilliantly successful and strong in the confidence and pride of the people; not obviously directing its energies to reelection, but compelling that result by the logic of events and by the imperious necessities of the situation.

To that most desirable consummation I feel that, next to yourself, I can contribute more influence than any other man. I say this, not from egotism or vain-glory, but merely as a deduction from an analysis of the political forces which have been at work in the country for five years past, and which will be operative for many years to come.

I hail it as one of the happiest circumstances connected with this important affair, that in allying my political fortunes with yours — or rather merging mine in yours — my heart goes with my head, and that I carry to you, not only political support, but personal and devoted friendship. I can but regard it as somewhat remarkable that two men of the same age, entering Congress at the same time, influenced by the same aims and ambitions, should never, for a single moment in eighteen years, have a misunderstanding or a coolness, and that their friendship has steadily strengthened with their strength.

It is this fact which has led me to the momentous conclusion embodied in this letter, — for however much I might admire you as a statesman, I would not enter your Cabinet if I did not believe in you as a man and love you as a friend.

Faithfully yours,

J. G. BLAINE.

MENTOR, O., December 23, 1880.

MY DEAR BLAINE: Yours of the 20th inst. is at hand, and gives me great satisfaction. Our long and eventful service together, and our friendship, never for a moment interrupted, but tested in so many ways, give assurance that we can happily unite in working out the important problems which confront us. I would not rejoice in your decision if I did not confidently believe that you can serve the country, in the new field, even more effectively than in the position you now so worthily fill.

The whole-heartedness with which you accede to my request is every way gratifying, and goes far to lighten the burden whose weight I feel in advance. It will be better for you, and is indispensably necessary to me, that this decision should be known to nobody but ourselves and our wives.

. . . I have written to the President in reference to the Fisheries and other Canadian questions. . . .

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine:

NEW YORK, December 24, 1880.

Your Secretary of the Treasury should be taken from the West. This is so evident that I do not stop to argue. He must be identified with

an agricultural community, not a manufacturing or commercial community.

The West to which you are limited embraces these States: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa. These seven and no more! West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri geographically west are politically south. Kansas and Nebraska are classed and grouped with States and Territories beyond the Missouri—distinct in location and in interest. I assume you do not want to take a Secretary of the Treasury from Ohio. . . .

Then comes Allison. You reach him by the process of exclusion, because you can find no other man in the Territory named so fit—nor is there any other man so fit, with you and John Sherman counted out. Sherman said the other day that he thought Allison better posted in financial legislation than any man in Congress, except Garfield and Blaine. This is authentic. Allison is known to you thoroughly—and long. He is true, kind, reasonable, fair, honest, and good. He is methodical, industrious, and intelligent—and would be a splendid man to sail along with smoothly and successfully. He would always hearken to your views. In the whole United States I do not believe you could do so well.

With you as President, taking your two chief advisers from the friends of your manhood—who all entered Congress the same day, all the same age nearly, and all three in unbroken harmony of friendship for eighteen years—there would be presented a picture without a precedent—poetic as well as political.

I do not wish to *urge* any man upon you, but I want you to have a perfectly staunch friend in the Treasury. Shall send you some other suggestions soon.

General Garfield, to Mr. Blaine:

MENTOR, O., January 7, 1881.

I note what you say in reference to the Treasury. How do you think your suggestion would be received by the protective tariff men and the very hard money men; in short, by Eastern Republicans? Could he put himself in line on those questions, so as to leave no serious discord between his view and mine? Please be ready and give me very certain information on these points. We must not take any backward steps in finance—though I think we can broaden the field so as to include more of our friends than we have done heretofore.

Don't fail to get through a funding bill (at not less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) before January ends.

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, January 7, 1881.

I am glad you have sent for Colonel Hay, and now as Lincoln used to say to Stanton, "You can fight it out between you." . . .

All kind of speculation rages here about the Cabinet, but I hope you stubbornly adhere to your determination to consider February and the first four days of March as better for decision than December or January. Cabinet-making is a trade that becomes quickly embarrassed if it be conducted with long paper. Don't put any out. See how freely I dispense advice. Perhaps you can as easily dispense with it.

General Garfield was a large-natured man and could not be made to see that smaller natures could find aught objectionable in a continuance of the old close relations. General Garfield desired Mr. Blaine to come to Mentor, and it was the latter who had to suggest that it might "lead to infinite gossip about 'fixing up a Cabinet'—might arouse suspicion, start unpleasant rumor, and create needless prejudice."

Mr. Conkling had allowed himself to be partially conciliated before the election and had aided in the electoral struggle, but became an increasingly prominent object for conciliation after the election. General Garfield and Mr. Blaine were equally desirous of harmony in the interests of effectiveness, but neither was willing to sacrifice one faction to another. They believed that justice and patience would, in the end, destroy faction and beget peace. The question was indeed considered by Mr. Garfield, Mr. Blaine, and some others, whether a reconciliation might not be brought about by asking Mr. Conkling into the Cabinet. General Garfield thought that if he should accept and there should be peace all would be well. If it were to be war, fighting at short range might be better than from behind the entrenchments of an executive session. Yet he could never quite get his own consent to the suggestion, though there was a certain audacity in it that made it interesting. Mr. Blaine on reflection felt that it would be unwise and impracticable, partly for reasons personal to Mr. Conkling, partly because it would produce a coalition Cabinet with proverbial failure waiting upon it, and would alienate the 50,000 Garfield Republicans of New York at the outset.

It would be personally unpleasant and politically disastrous to have him in Cabinet association. . . . No Cabinet could get along with him, nor could the President himself. . . . He would insult everybody having business with his department whom he did not happen to like, and he really happens to dislike about ninety-nine in every hundred of his

acquaintances. . . . Conkling is bound to go with you anyway if your treatment of him be decent and honorable, and you will never deal otherwise with him. . . . You can always trust a man not to saw off the limb of a tree when he is on the other end.

General Garfield, to Mr. Blaine :

MENTOR, O., January 15, 1881.

. . . I am disappointed at your resolution about coming here, for I want to see you for very many reasons. Still it may be better to postpone your coming until February — sometime during the first half of that month. I think you had better come openly, as others have come, and let the public put any construction on it they please. Perhaps by that time the affairs in New York will be in such a shape that I can go there. But until the trials are disposed of, I don't think it best to put myself in a position to be clawed over by a Democratic Tombs lawyer. I had heard that you favored Wayne McVeagh. Don't you think the latter would meet two wants, viz., satisfy Cameron, and please the Independents? Write me fully on these points. . . . The oftener you write the better I shall be pleased.

January 17. How do you feel over the financial outlook? Think of \$1,300,000 of money in circulation, with silver certificates increasing indefinitely, the coinage of 89-cent dollars going on *ad nauseam*, and from every unknown crack and cranny of the world the old fractional silver, antedating 1860, coming back to us, perhaps being manufactured beyond our jurisdiction, and shipped here at a profit of twenty-five per cent., and no law for retiring it. How many miles above Niagara are we?

If the funding bill fixes the roll at three per cent., the law will fail. If no bill passes, an extra session may be necessary, which is bad. Write me on these things.

P.S. What I have said about old fractional silver would be made more dangerous if publicly known.

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine :

U.S. SENATE, January 18, 1881.

. . . . Your administration must be as *actually* and *veritably clean* as that of ——— was pretentiously and ostentatiously so.

JANUARY 20.

Don't say no to the following!

My judgment is very strong in favor of your coming to Washington for a week or ten days — say from any day next week. . . . The vast advantage of this would be found in the entire removal of all possible jealousy. . . . Every man that goes to Mentor (I mean every leading man) is popularly considered to be invited there, and those who are not,

feel jealous, wounded, and angry. If you came here you could hear every man's story, all on equal basis, and none would be excluded. If Conkling, Logan, Carpenter, Edmunds, and all others did not then see you it would be their fault. This course commits you to nothing except a patient and courteous hearing of the party chieftains, and a fair consideration of their personal and party claims. This attention and civility, which will cost you nothing, may save and avert infinite annoyance, and serious trouble afterward. . . .

This idea is not originally mine, but I most cordially and unreservedly approve it. . . . Unless you have some overwhelming reasons to the contrary (which I cannot anticipate) I beg you will in this case yield to the judgment of your best friends.

From General Garfield, to Mr. Blaine:

MENTOR, O., January 24, 1881.

The Conkling men want me *to go to them*. They hear rumors which disquiet them; that they are to be ignored, etc. The road to Mentor is open and they shall be welcomed and treated fairly. Cameron came, and I do not hear that he complains of his treatment. One Senator writes me that Conkling has heard that I interfered against him in the New York senatorial election (which is not true), and the writer thinks I ought to go to Washington and disabuse his mind on that question. I am not a suitor for favors at the hand of any who do not care to open correspondence with me, and to appear to be so would create a world of misunderstandings. If in the end they are treated fairly, it will cure the apprehension of evil they now feel. In making the visit I should necessarily be compelled to decline interviews with so many people, that the wounded birds would be a majority. Besides, I know it will not be possible to gratify the wishes, and even approximately meet the expectations, of most of those I should consult. Two courses are open to me, as a substitute for the proposed visit: First, To go to Washington a week or ten days before the inauguration, leaving the full cast of the Cabinet open until then. Second, To invite Conkling and Logan and such others as may be thought best to visit me here soon. What do you think of these propositions?

I understand your embarrassment in coming. It is enhanced by the talk of a class of people that you are to dominate the administration to the exclusion of other elements. You can do a great deal to allay that fear. If those I have named should come, or even be invited, it would relieve your visit of embarrassment. . . . I have only cared to keep your designation to the State Department a secret until well into February. Then I prefer it should be known. The public has already passed judgment upon the wisdom of the choice; and the only motive I have had for secrecy was to prevent the jealousy of rival forces. I mean to make an appointment for New York which shall give Conkling no just ground of complaint, and no undue advantage if he means fight.

The Southern member still eludes me, as Creusa's image eluded Æneas. One by one the Southern roses fade. Do you know of a magnolia blossom that will stand our Northern climate?

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine:

U.S. SENATE, January 28, 1881.

I have yours in regard to coming to Washington. I don't know but your reasons are good. At all events I would not have you come against your conviction and your will. I think, however, it would have the very happiest effect if you were to invite Conkling and Logan to Mentor,—of course inviting them separately, in neither's note mentioning the other, and therefore not recognizing that they are united in any common cause or representing any quasi-hostile force to you. . . . I shall never urge a man upon you for the Cabinet, but I will not hesitate to protest vigorously against *wrong* men. I think that is a good distinction for me to observe. . . .

If you intend to invite Logan and Conkling, please do so at once. You need invite no one else. The Triumvirate will all have had a chance at you, and the Garfield men proper care nothing for the etiquette of an invitation. . . . Excuse my freedom in tendering advice so lavishly, but I am very anxious that you should do just the right thing with Conkling.

General Garfield, to Mr. Blaine:

MENTOR, O., January 31, 1881.

I have written Logan (in answer to a recent letter making some suggestions), and have invited him to visit me. I think he will come. I will write Conkling and ask him to come here for a conference. Whatever his answer, it will stop the cry of exclusiveness.

From General Garfield, to Mr. Blaine:

MENTOR, O., January 25, 1881.

I have just received a letter from Frye, in which he says there is danger that the Legislature of Maine will adjourn about the middle of February. You know about this better than I, and I write to say that whenever you think it is necessary to make public your future plans by resignation, let me know and I will send you a formal letter which you can make the basis of your resignation. I had supposed your Legislature would sit till into March, and that you could stay in the Senate a day or two after the inauguration, and help organize the new Senate. Please let me know your wish in this matter and write me immediately. Of course it will not do to run any risk of having an appointment of a Senator made by your Governor.

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, February 5, 1881.

. . . I want you to remember that you are elected President of the United States, that the power of the Executive is lodged in your hands, and that you have all the power and rights and are bound to assert and maintain all the dignity and independence of the great office. All I fear is that your instinctive generosity will carry you beyond the limits of fair justice to yourself, and that you will err on that side. I say this because I do not want you to trust the great patronage departments where there is the remotest danger of their being used adversely to your personal interests. You want a secretary of the treasury and postmaster-general, to whom you can talk as freely and as closely as you can to me, and in whose fidelity to you personally there can be no shadow of doubt. . . . I disclaim all and every effort to force or attempt to force anybody on you, but I am awfully anxious that you shall have a true friend in the treasury. . . . I think a Western man at the head of the treasury is a *sine qua non* for your success. . . . I beg you to keep your thoughts in that direction.

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine (by telegraph) :

FEBRUARY 9, 1881.

The count was perfectly smooth and unobstructed. You are now the President-elect and inherit your great office by the divine right of a constitutional majority. I congratulate the American people.

To General Garfield, from Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, February 13, 1881.

. . . I have been confined to my room for a week with a sharp attack of my old enemy, the gout. . . . In some way gout is associated in the public mind with drinking and high living, of neither of which I am at all guilty. I inherit my diathesis, but manage by temperance and careful living to run clear of outbreaks, but the execrable weather of the past month betrayed me. I have improved my hours of misery by reading "Trevelyan's Early Days of Fox," and am freshly reminded that gout, at least in England, is the concomitant of wise statesmanship, so that I hope your administration will not suffer from the only physical ailment which I know myself to possess. In all other regards my health has been exceedingly good throughout the winter. . . . I suppose they have been after you in divers and sundry ways to intervene in the Pennsylvania Senatorial fight. It seems to me that the policy you proclaimed when I saw you in November of non-intervention in all such matters is the only one you can wisely adopt and safely follow. . . . I am afraid there are cunning preparations being made by a small

cabal to steal half a million a year during your administration. I again beg you to keep yourself free from all possible committals as to the *minor* Cabinet which in the department is even more important than the *major*. I beg you also to be very careful . . . as some harpies have designs there, inconsistent with your wishes for the public welfare. Mr. Lincoln used to say "anybody" could be always had, but "somebody" was most difficult to find. How truly you realize this in your search for the seven Constitutional advisers. . . . N. tells me that he faithfully narrated to you all that I charged him with respecting the importance of giving to William E. Chandler the Solicitor-Generalship.

Tell Mrs. Garfield we are all waiting to welcome her to the national palace. Of courtiers there will be many, but of true friends there will also be many.

General Garfield to Mr. Blaine :

MENTOR, February 15, 1881.

I too have been reading Trevelyan's "Life of Fox." Brilliant as the book is I am sure it cannot altogether alienate the pains of gout, even though that disease appears to have added lustre to the fame of Lord Chatham.

To the President-elect, from Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, February 16, 1881.

. . . I assume that you will give one place to New England, one place to New York, one place to Pennsylvania, and one to the South. This leaves you only three for the great West, extending from the base of the Alleghanies to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. No Republican Cabinet has been organized from Lincoln's till now that did not assign three members to this great section, unless we except some of those extraordinary combinations of Grant's in which at one time he put two Massachusetts men into the Cabinet, and at another, two New York men. But Grant's notions of Cabinet-making are abnormal. . . . When you take the nine Republican States that begin with Ohio and end with Kansas, you have the very heart of the Republican party, and your administration must nurture, develop, and sustain the party in those States. Not satisfied with its strength to-day, you must increase it by strong additions in Ohio and Indiana and by better organization and discipline in Illinois.

. . . The last two Southern Cabinet members came from Tennessee. Would it not be better to seek a representative from another State? The more I turn the subject over "upside down and t'other end to," the more I come to the conclusion that Wayne MacVeagh on the whole is the strong hold for Pennsylvania and for the Reformers. There is no other Cabinet stone in your hand that will kill so many political dogs at one throw. I guess you'd better fire it.

March 1. This idea strikes me: why might it not be wise to consult Conkling himself? . . . I have a notion that he would as lief have one as the other.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT-ELECT AND TO-DAY *actual*: . . . You do not want to be bothered with Cabinet matters this forenoon. I shall so infer unless you send me word otherwise. I will report at the White House as soon after the inauguration as possible. I have not entered it for thirty-seven months, my last visit being February 4, 1878.

Better let things remain *in statu quo* until after you reach the White House.

RIGGS HOUSE, WASHINGTON, 10 A.M., March 4, 1881.

DEAR BLAINE: . . . Come to me at the White House the first moment I am free. With the love of comradeship of eighteen years and with faith in the next four,

I am as ever yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Mr. Blaine at once assumed the office of Secretary of State, an office to which he was as imperatively designated by the will of the people, as he was cordially appointed by the President. On the 5th of March, Walker, to his great joy, was appointed by his father a clerk in the Department of State and private secretary to the Secretary of State, an employment most congenial to his tastes, but whose priceless perquisite was that it enabled him to live where his heart always remained, at home. Mr. Robert R. Hitt, First Secretary of Legation in Paris, was summoned home to become First Assistant Secretary of State,—and the cherished life-long friend of the Secretary.

To Mr. Blaine, the globe in his library was like an inspiration. On it he would trace, with a friend, not only the geography of the earth, but the paths and progress of the human race. He saw overcrowded Europe with its four hundred millions divided into hostile camps, forever jostling each other, and overcrowded Asia with its eight hundred millions laborious, patient, silent, and between them our own continent stretching north and south,—the natural *entrepot* of both worlds, but unaware and inactive. It had been too busily occupied with growing to take measurement of its growth. Its boastful, youthful talk had happily subsided, but it had not yet quite learned that it was entitled to an authoritative voice among the nations. “Friend-

ship with all" can never be a maxim outworn. "Entangling alliances" is a phrase which our happy history has robbed of its appositeness. So the country lay supine, a sleeping beauty, waiting the magic touch that should arouse her to her rightful inheritance.

When Mr. Blaine entered political life, Protection could hardly be called a living question. It was little more than what General Hancock had named it, a "local issue," and its locality was limited. Its inter-relations were imperfectly seen, and therefore its universality was hardly imagined. In the West and Northwest even Republican platforms and leaders advocated a tariff for revenue only. Mr. Blaine disputed this ground at the beginning, and incessantly advocated a tariff for the protection of American labor, for the upbuilding of manufacture, for the rewarding of agriculture, for the increase of commercial interchange and the establishment of practical as well as theoretical independence of foreign countries. The vast and perfectly free internal trade among the States he repeatedly brought to public notice and debate. While the nation was waking to the importance of this trade, and was growing rich and replete under this policy of protection, he was looking to new fields in which the enterprise already begun, the industry already engaged, and the wealth already produced, should find still further extension. At last the opportunity had come.

He laid out his work in the most practical manner. Holding that the whole continent belongs to the new order, he viewed Canada as already in the line of natural assimilation, akin in blood, traditions, institutions, and safely to be left to the peaceful development of time. The Latin nations to the south, of a different race but tending to Republican institutions, would have a healthier growth by retaining their autonomies, but could be cherished and strengthened by the great republic of the north. The bickerings, turmoil, revolutions, which made their daily chronicles, once removed and, still better, prevented, industry would find its natural reward in wealth, and wealth would stimulate industry. Their inexhaustible material resources would be developed. Trade relations would speedily be established. The South furnishing all that we lack and needing what we can supply, commercial treaties would be



MR. BLAINE AT FIFTY-ONE.

made. Reciprocity, the complement of Protection, would speedily follow. Political harmony, international friendship, and national prosperity would enable the American republics to give the law to the world, and that law would be peace, and in the train of peace, prosperity, true progress, happiness.

But first must be peace. This, Mr. Blaine believed could be accomplished only by the aid of our own country, which must at once abandon her attitude of segregation and isolation, and assume the fraternal relations and responsibilities of a nation not only the most powerful of the Western hemisphere, but the founder and, in some sense, the guarantor and guardian of Republican principles on the American continent. European powers had been interested in promoting strife between the Spanish-American countries. Weak Southern republics were in European toils, unwilling victims, unwitting accomplices of those who had no interest in republics save to wrest from them personal gain; whose object was to foment the discord which it was our advantage to allay. Mr. Blaine's purpose was to consolidate their interests and conciliate their friendship with the strong republic of the North, — ultimately building up by the natural alliances of mental activity, comfort, and culture, a continental system of governments by the people and for the people, in which the United States should hold the first place because first in the confidence of all. His aspiration was to win for our country the primacy of peace, elsewhere sought through war. He believed the time had fully come to establish and perpetuate the Republic of God; to show that the path of prosperity need not be a way of blood and tears, but lies along the prosperity and happiness of other nations.

Immediately a revivification, which was like the thrill of new life, stirred in the republic. A straw shows the way of the wind; a despatch addressed to one of the smaller Southern nations, the new Secretary directed to be re-written with greater deference, explaining, "We will reserve that tone for the strong nations." It was evident that occasional and incidental intervention was inadequate, and that a comprehensive plan should be adopted if war were to cease in the Western hemisphere. Formal proposals should be made and discussion shared by all the States, of some method by which the Christian

principles of Christian nations should prevail in national affairs. Southern turbulence was recognized as not a theme for jest, still less a reason for avoidance, but a matter for the concentration of the most serious thought. The President and the Secretary of State agreed upon a plan to invite all the independent governments of North and South America to meet in a Peace Congress at Washington.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, who put the Monroe doctrine into the President's message in 1823, had planned a similar Congress to meet at the Isthmus of Panama; but the plan encountered great opposition in the National Congress, and was never carried out. The country adopted enough of the Adams-Monroe doctrine to keep the heavy hand of the Holy Alliance from forcing the revolted colonies back to Spain, but slept while England put her vigorous sickle to the harvests which the United States had enabled the South to plant, but had forbidden Spain to reap. So far short of comprehending the Adams-Monroe doctrine had our statesmen been, that in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty they had formulated and, as Great Britain maintained, had perpetuated equality of transit rights between herself and the United States, across the isthmus. For sixty years the slumber had lasted when Garfield and Blaine opened a new page and summoned to Washington a Congress of all the Americas.

The three republics of Chile, Peru, and Bolivia were in a state of war whose result had been not only defeat for Peru, but a dissolution of her government. To secure the attention and attendance of these States, tranquillity must first be restored. It was a matter of great importance and delicacy to interpose for the autonomy of the conquered without trenching upon the sensitive pride of the conqueror, to convince both that it was against the interests of all that a South American nation should perish. A provisional government had been formed in Peru and was viewed with favor by Chile. The American Minister was instructed to recognize it if it were supported by the character and intelligence of Peru, and were honestly working to reëstablish domestic order and restore peace with Chile; to assure the Peruvians of the sympathy of the United States, and to encourage them to accept even hard conditions, rather

than by demanding too much, to force the continuance of Chilian control.

At the same time, recognizing the rights which Chile had acquired by success, the Minister was instructed to impress upon the Chilian authorities, in possession of Peru, that the more liberal and considerate their policy the surer would it be to secure a lasting settlement. Relying upon Chile's declaration that it was not a war for conquest, but for guarantee of future peace, he was to exert all his influence to induce Chile not to insist upon cession of territory, the last humiliation of war, as a *sine qua non* of peace, as a condition precedent to negotiation, but only as a subject of negotiation; and to secure for the provisional government a sufficient freedom and force of action to give it standing at home and abroad.

The same friendly voice warned off intruders and gave notice that American questions were to be disentangled from foreign and monarchical complications. With the assurance that the government of the United States was seeking only to perform the part of a friend to all the South American republics, were coupled the significant hint and hope that the negotiations for peace would be conducted, and final settlement between the two countries determined, without invoking on either side the aid or intervention of any European power; and that the United States would regret to be compelled to consider how far a more active interposition might be forced upon it, by any attempted complication of this question with European politics.

Even the friendly overtures of the French President towards concerted intervention by France, Great Britain, and the United States were sympathetically and respectfully declined, with the reminder that the United States had not belonged to that system of States, of which France and Great Britain are important members, and had never participated or desired to participate in the adjustment of their contentions; while by their proximity of situation, similarity in origin and frame of government, unity of political interest on all questions of foreign intercourse, and their geographical remoteness from Europe, the republics of America are younger sisters of this government.

The same warning signal was promptly hoisted over the

Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Blaine saw that the increasing commerce of the world pressing hard up against our shores could not much longer be restrained, but must pierce that narrow neck of land and flow through from ocean to ocean irresistible as their tides. Many thought he was making a *casus belli*. He was simply making good the coast-line of America. The Great Powers of Europe, already considering a joint guarantee of the future interoceanic canal, were reminded that every step deemed requisite in the premises had been taken by this government in the last generation and required no reënforcement, accession, or assent from any other power; that this government had always vindicated the neutrality so guaranteed, and apprehended no contingency in which such vindication would not be within its power; and that any movement towards supplementing this guarantee would be regarded as an uncalled for intrusion. The integrity of our motives was set forth with no less frankness and detail than the distinctness of our intention to retain political control of the isthmus transit in coöperation with the United States of Colombia and with the United States of Colombia only, of whose coast-line, equally with our own, the projected canal would form a part. Professing and proving a policy of peace and friendship towards every government and people, this government conveyed in the plainest manner its conviction that any extension to our shores of the political system by which the Great Powers have controlled and determined events in Europe, would be attended with danger to the peace and welfare of this nation. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that this was not the development of a new course or the beginning of aggressive measures. It was the pronounced adherence of the United States to principles long since enunciated by the highest authority of the government, and now firmly inwoven as an integral and important part of our national policy.

With England as the most interested, the most aggressive, and the strongest maritime nation, the argument was pressed the closest; and essential modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, made more than thirty years before under exceptional conditions which had long ceased to exist, were urged with a clearness and force which have never been met, while the

Secretary's familiar acquaintance with British history, from the earliest time to our own, enabled him to use the *argumentum ad hominem* with a force that never can be met. The American Minister was instructed, and empowered if necessary, courteously to communicate his instructions, that "this government, with respect to European States, will not consent to perpetuate any treaty that impeaches our rightful and long-established claim to priority on the American continent; that the right of European powers to assent to the terms of neutrality implies the right to dissent, and thus the whole question would be thrown open for contention as an international issue; that it is the fixed purpose of the United States to consider it strictly and solely as an American question, to be dealt with and decided by the American powers. . . . Whenever, in the judgment of the United States government, the time shall be auspicious and the conditions favorable for the construction of the Nicaraguan canal, no aid will be needed outside of the resources of our own government and people. . . . Between the United States and the other American Republics there can be no hostility, no jealousy, no rivalry, no distrust — the United States will act in entire harmony with the governments within whose territory the canals shall be located. The present proposal of this government is to free the Clayton-Bulwer treaty from embarrassing features, and to leave it, as its framers intended it should be, a full and perfect settlement, for all time, of all possible issues between the United States and Great Britain with regard to Central America." It was urged that the existing status was practical abrogation, since no agreement was ever reached as to what its language meant; and should be recognized by the formal abrogation of certain clauses, especially the one forbidding the United States to fortify the canal in conjunction with the country in which it was to be located. This clause, Mr. Blaine pointed out, left the great naval power of Great Britain perfectly unrestrained while preventing the United States from using its equally illimitable military power. Clear-sighted English journals saw at once and proclaimed that the Secretary of State designed to establish a despotism over all the Americas, while the directness of his language caused great distress to the etiquette of England; but no one furnished a formula under which

American determination to take this continent in hand alone could be so diplomatically couched as to win the approbation of England.

To the new administration which had just come into power in Mexico, the new administration of the North sent cordial congratulations, desiring that the ties of commercial and industrial interchange should be so continued and increased as to strengthen the mutual good-will of the two countries, and that the development of Mexican resources, even by coöperation of United States citizens, should be for the primary benefit of the Mexican people themselves, recognizing in the independence and integrity of the Mexican nation a natural finality which enabled both Republics to unite in a closer union of political sympathy and friendship.

Trouble having arisen between Mexico and Guatemala on a question of boundaries, the latter State asked the good offices of this government as the natural protector of Republican interests. They were promptly and warmly rendered. The unselfishness of American interposition was illustrated by the support which the United States had freely lent to Mexico even when we were engaged in a desperate domestic struggle, and only that broader selfishness was appealed to which involves the benefit of all in the benefit of one. To upbuild strong Republican governments in Spanish America, and to cement the natural union of these Republics against the tendencies of other and distant forms of government, was avowed to be the cherished plan of the President; and the strength, the generosity, and the friendliness of Mexico were alike and earnestly addressed in favor of a settlement of differences by diplomacy or by arbitration, rather than by the conflict of arms. Mexico was reminded that the two governments acting in cordial harmony could induce all other independent governments of North and South America to aid in fixing the policy of peace forever between nations of the Western hemisphere. With or without the coöperation of Mexico, this government announced its determination to continue the policy of peace.

When the Guatemalan Envoy was presented to the President, complimentary reference was made to his family, honorably distinguished at the siege of Saragossa, and the President

expressed his great personal and official interest in the reunion of Central America, and his hope to see its accomplishment during his own administration.

Watchmen on the outer walls reported that Great Britain was insinuating herself between Hawaii and the United States. Instantly the American flag was flung. Hawaii was a preëmpted and important port of American commerce encircling the world. It was officered by Americans, and was to be held by Americans. The Hawaiian government was assured that if any other power should deem it proper to employ undue influence to persuade or compel action in derogation of the treaty of 1875, the government of the United States would not be unobservant of its rights and interests, and would be neither unwilling nor unprepared to support the Hawaiian government in the faithful discharge of its treaty obligations. The good will of the Hawaiian government was not impeached, and its desire to carry out treaty provisions in good faith was encouraged, but the American position was restated with a comprehensiveness which included every form of finesse or legal technicality whereby Hawaii, without formal change of government, might be brought under the controlling influence of a foreign power. "The government of the United States has always avowed and now repeats that, under no circumstances will it permit the transfer of the territory or sovereignty of these islands to any of the European powers. It is too obvious for argument that the possession of these islands by a great maritime power would not only be a dangerous diminution of the just and necessary influence of the United States in the waters of the Pacific, but in case of international difficulty it would be a positive threat to American interests too important to be lightly risked.

"The policy of this country with regard to the Pacific is the natural complement to its Atlantic policy. The history of our European relations for fifty years shows the jealous concern with which the United States has guarded its control of the coast from foreign interference. Its attitude toward Cuba is in point. That rich island, the key to the Gulf of Mexico, is, though in the hands of Spain, a part of the American commercial system. My predecessor, Mr. Secretary Everett, showed that, without forcing or even coveting possession of the island, its condition

was essentially an American question; that if ever ceasing to be Spanish, Cuba must necessarily become American, and not fall under any other European domination, and that the ceaseless movement of segregation of American interests from European control, and unification in a broader American sphere of independent life, could not and should not be checked. The material possession of Hawaii is not desired by the United States any more than was that of Cuba. But under no circumstances can the United States permit any change in the territorial control of either which would cut it adrift from the American system, whereto they both indispensably belong, by the operation of natural laws, and must belong by the operation of political necessity. The United States was one of the first among the great nations of the world to take an active interest in the upbuilding of Hawaiian independence, and the creation of a new and potential life for its people. It has consistently endeavored, and with success, to enlarge the material prosperity of Hawaii on an independent basis. It proposes to be equally unremitting in its efforts hereafter to maintain and develop the advantages which have accrued to Hawaii, and to draw closer the ties which imperatively unite it to the great body of American Commonwealths. It firmly believes that the position of the Hawaiian Islands, as the key to the dominion of the American Pacific, demands their neutrality, to which end it will earnestly coöperate with the native government. If, through any cause, the maintenance of such a position of neutrality should be found by Hawaii to be impracticable, this government would then unhesitatingly meet the altered situation by seeking an avowedly American solution for the grave issues presented."

The attention of the administration was not, however, absorbed by the new policy, or hostile to the Old World. The United States Minister at St. Petersburg was directed to consult informally with his British colleague there, touching wrongs done to American and British Hebrews in Russia, and the United States Minister at London was instructed to bring the subject to the formal attention of Her Britannic Majesty's government, in the firm belief that the community of interests between the United States and England in this great question of civil rights and equal tolerance of creed for their respective

citizens in foreign lands would lead to consideration of the matter with a view to common action thereon. It was suggested that a movement might be initiated embracing other powers whose service in the work of progress was commensurate with our own, to the end that Russia might be influenced by their joint representations, and that, while abating no part of his intention to press upon the Russian government the just claim of American citizens to less harsh treatment in the empire by reason of their faith, the President would await with pleasure an opportunity for an interchange of views upon the subject with the government of Her Majesty.

Upon the assassination of Czar Alexander, nine days after President Garfield's inauguration, the American government was prompt to signalize not only its abhorrence of assassination as a crime and a failure, but American gratitude to the slain emperor. It recalled his generous policy towards this country in its hour of supreme trial — more noticeable in contrast with the policy of England and of France. The latter the Secretary was careful however to attribute to the already overthrown dynasty of Buonaparte, and not to the French people, who "have always been our friends;" and with the heartiest wishes for the success of the new Emperor as a sovereign joined wishes as hearty for the prosperity and happiness of the Russian people.

The Irish question, over which England has for generations struggled with varying degrees of failure, vexed the politics of this as of other administrations. Law-abiding Irishmen, naturalized into American citizens, and imprisoned by the British authorities upon accusation of crime while visiting their mother-country, are a fruitful source of trouble. This government disclaimed desire to shield any citizens from the legal consequences of their acts, but it must "insist upon the safeguards common to English and American law — the right of the accused to be informed immediately upon arrest of the specific crime or offence upon which he is held, to be afforded an opportunity for a speedy trial before an impartial court and jury, and to prompt release in case there is no specific charge against him."

When the Umpire of the Spanish Claims Commission gave an opinion whose effect was to undo a decree of court naturalizing a Spanish claimant, the State Department extinguished it

with the simple principle that Congress can exercise no greater right over an American citizen than the Constitution gives, and that what the Executive Department cannot do, it cannot permit a commission to do; and the timeliness and vigor of their utterance gave to these old truths a new power.

The Secretary's report upon our consular courts in Eastern countries, pointing out defects and suggesting needed modifications in the extra-territorial jurisdictional systems, is brought into strong relief by the great movement which, fifteen years afterwards, is changing the face of the Eastern world.

All this wide-reaching beneficence came to a crazy and calamitous end.

From the great measures which the President loved he was necessarily often called to consider minor but important points: the filling of subordinate offices, the reconciling of small and often of selfish interests, all of which, however distasteful, was indispensable to the smooth running of the government machinery, and was therefore his imperative duty. It was such details that made him cry out one day impatiently to Mr. Blaine, "I have been dealing all these years with ideas, and here I am dealing only with persons. I have been heretofore treating of the fundamental principles of government, and here I am considering all day whether A or B shall be appointed to this or that office." And again, "My God! what is there in this place that a man should ever want to get into it?"

While conducting his own department with a novel vigor which was sometimes mistaken for aggressiveness, Mr. Blaine steadfastly upheld the President through his lesser cares and annoyances with cheerful common-sense, never making small things great, or great things small. He acted on one principle, "To all complaints whether coming from high or low there is but one answer to give, — *treat both sides fairly*, and in this line you must be as firm and resolute as if you were fighting Chickamauga over again." Regarding two men who found themselves unable to work together, he suggested to the President, "I am to-day sitting in a Cabinet with two associates who have abused me far more and far more harshly than ever A abused B. A never impeached B's personal or official integrity. Both C and D have attempted to publicly impeach

mine. If you can show the magnanimity of overlooking what A said of you — when you are directly responsible for his appointment — surely B can overlook what he said of him when he is not responsible at all. Do as you please in your own best judgment.”

He believed that the President had showed a chivalric generosity towards all comers, sometimes to his own manifest disadvantage. “Blaine and I,” the President once said, “have too much feeling to be where we are — we have too much pain in the refusals we have constantly to make.”

The Secretary believed the power and dignity of the Executive involved in the right of nomination to the great offices. “John Sherman at the height of his prestige as Secretary of the Treasury desired removals and appointments to which President Hayes could not consent, and Sherman submitted. You are a far greater man than Hayes, and John Sherman is a far greater man than F. If Sherman should submit to Hayes, *a fortiori* should F submit to Garfield. If F carries his point now, you will have seven masters in the Cabinet instead of seven ministers under your own Constitutional direction.”

From New York he wrote the President of the “splendid impression your work has made,” and “If the gentlemen who have had nine or ten consecutive large appointments are growling, it only shows their utter unreasonableness and discloses the design that would have used *your* administration to crush *your* friends.”

But these troubles were over. Mr. Conkling, leader of the defeated faction, whose large capacity for discontent and extraordinary ability in its expression had induced the most vigorous and persistent attacks on the constitutional prerogatives of the Chief Executive, falsified Mr. Blaine’s augury, and sawed off the limb of the tree while he was on its outer end. Failing to secure from President Garfield all the appointments which he imperiously demanded, and from the Senate the rejection of all those which he imperiously opposed, he resigned his seat in that body. His constituents acquiesced in his action, refused to return him to the Senate, and he was thus forever retired from public life.

On the evening of June 30, the President walked from the

White House to Mr. Blaine's. Mrs. Blaine, chancing to see him from the window, immediately opened the door to him herself, and perhaps gave him one more night in this world; for the assassin, lurking in the darkness opposite, faltered. When the visit was concluded, Mr. Blaine walked home with the President leisurely, and again his life was spared, for the assassin following stealthily behind, could not nerve himself in the double presence. The President was to go next day to Massachusetts to celebrate the anniversary of his college, and Mr. Blaine promised to meet him at the White House and accompany him to the station. In the morning the President's elder sons, boys of fourteen and sixteen, who were going with him, rushed into their father's room as soon as they were up and before he had risen, and in the heat of youthful blood one of them took a flying leap over his bed. "There," exclaimed the youngster, "you are President of the United States, but you can't do that."—"I don't know about *that*," said the President of the United States, and immediately rose and did it; and further, tucking a boy under each arm, carried them to their rooms and depositing them on the floor bade them "dress."

Mr. Blaine awoke late, and to keep his appointment drove to the White House before breakfast, begging his family to await his return. They waited and he did not come.

He had driven to the station with the President "slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure." They alighted and walked arm in arm nearly across the outer room when the assassin fired the fatal bullet. It wrought a fell work, but it passed Mr. Blaine by four inches.

Through all that sad summer the centre of the administration was a bed of weakness and pain, and never a great country moved so softly. It seemed as if a hush was upon the world. Hope rose and fell and swayed again; rumors chased each other, buoyant, sanguine, despairing. Men became presently aware that the bulletins of Mr. Blaine might be depended on, and waited for them—as they that watch for the morning. They were scientifically prepared, from personal observation, surgical consultation, careful comparison, with delicate judgment, in measured and accurate language. When there was

ground for encouragement he gave it freely, but it was in the midst of rose-colored reports that his steady good faith with the people gave them premonition of the end.

It came on the nineteenth of September.

During the long illness Mr. Blaine was practically at the head of the administration, and the tranquillity of a self-governing people was not for one moment disturbed. After the death of the President the Vice-President took the oath of office and became President.

Mr. Arthur had not been nominated to the vice-presidency with a view to the succession. His political experience and apparently his political interest had been chiefly confined to the city of New York. With Mr. Blaine his relations had been entirely friendly, though never intimate. When, under President Hayes' administration, Mr. Blaine had thought him too severely attacked as Collector of the Port of New York, he had defended him warmly. Walker, in a letter of that time, had written from New York:

" . . . I met Collector Arthur, who was very cordial, inviting me to his house and to the Custom House, and telling me that he would be very glad to do for me anything that lay in his power. 'Your father has laid me under a debt of gratitude,' said he. 'Of course I learnt of his speech only in confidence, but he made a magnificent defence for me in Executive session.' "

The transition from the collectorship to continental politics — for the vice-presidency need not be accounted of — was abrupt. Those who were nearest the Vice-President at the time of the assassination thought him alive to the magnitude of the issue, and the impressiveness of the situation; thought that he dreaded rather than desired the Presidency. When the hour came he bore the test as well as the country had a right to expect. So long as Mr. Blaine remained in the State Department, its foreign policy was wide in scope, high in motive, positive, progressive, imposing. When he retired, it was broken in pieces. To its integrity and to its destruction the President maintained an attitude of equal acquiescence.

On the 22d of September Mr. Blaine, with the other members of the Cabinet, tendered his resignation. President Arthur

desired all to remain until after the regular meeting of Congress in December. On October 13th Mr. Blaine renewed his resignation in a note to the President :

As Secretary Windom's expected return to the Senate may precipitate a vacancy in the Treasury Department in a few days, I have thought it might also render an earlier reconstruction of your Cabinet desirable to you. In that event I trust you will not be embarrassed, at least so far as I am concerned, by your previous assignment of a date for withdrawal. It will be entirely agreeable to me to turn over the department to my successor on any day that will prove most desirable and convenient for yourself. I intended to say this to you yesterday, but from pressure of other things forgot it.

The President repeated his request that Mr. Blaine should remain until December, and he remained.

In October came the pleasing duty of receiving the guests of the nation, the families of Von Steuben and of Lafayette, who in July had been invited to be present at our centennial celebrations, especially of the surrender of Yorktown. In writing the invitations, care was taken to distribute the glory and the gratitude as widely as possible over the countries of the respective guests. In arranging their reception and entertainment, especially the five days' trip to Yorktown, Mr. Blaine and Mr. Hitt generously awarded the lion's share of the work and the praise to Walker, whose appointment, July 1, as Third Assistant Secretary had been a pleasant surprise from President Garfield, and was the last appointment that he signed. Alsace and Lorraine were still in the memory of France, and Yorktown itself was celebrating British defeat, but the strong spirit of peace overbore all discord, and when Mr. Blaine pronounced that "in recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good will between the two continents, for all the centuries to come, . . . it is hereby ordered that at the close of these services, commemorative of the valor and success of our forefathers in their patriotic struggle for independence, the British flag shall be saluted by the forces of the army and navy of the United States now at Yorktown," the great acclaim was echoed around the world.

Arrangements for the Peace Congress, which had been interrupted by the assassination, were renewed, and on the 29th of November the President extended "to all the independent countries of North and South America an earnest invitation to participate in a General Congress to be held in the city of Washington on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1882, for the purpose of considering and discussing the methods of preventing war between the nations of America. He desires that the attention of the Congress shall be strictly confined to this one great object; that its sole aim shall be to seek a way of permanently averting the horrors of cruel and bloody combat between countries, oftenest of one blood and speech, or the even worse calamity of internal commotion and civil strife; that it shall regard the burdensome and far-reaching consequences of such struggles, exhausted finances, oppressive debt, onerous taxation, ruined cities, paralyzed industries, devastated fields, ruthless conscription, the slaughter of men, the grief of the widow and the orphan; — with a legacy of embittered resentments, that long survive those who provoked them and heavily afflict the innocent generations that come after."

The day was set far ahead in the hope that Chile, Peru, and Bolivia might compose their differences in season to take part in the deliberations of the Congress.

Instructions to the ministers to Peru and Chile had been explicit, and were framed with a view to the reëstablishment of domestic order and the restoration of peace. The sympathy of the United States was freely proffered, and while the claims of American citizens were to be defended, the ministers were cautioned against taking unfair advantage of the disturbed condition of society, either in pressing American claims or in adopting and pushing the claims of citizens or corporations of other countries. Some misapprehensions of facts or some mistakes of judgment by the ministers, partly occasioned perhaps by the pardonable error of too great sympathy with the nation to which each was accredited, created erroneous and hurtful impressions in Peru and Chile regarding the intentions of the United States, and special envoys were sent to the two countries, not to supersede the ministers, but to assume control of the negotiations. In this delicate matter, bearing not only on the general interests

of peace, but on the especial interests of the new movement for continental friendship, the Secretary selected two men in whose diplomacy he had the utmost confidence, Hon. William H. Trescott, a South Carolina Democrat, who had been assistant secretary of State under General Cass and special envoy to China, and Walker Blaine.

Unhappily before they reached their destination Mr. Blaine's resignation of the secretaryship had taken effect, Mr. Frelinghuysen's appointment had been confirmed, and an attack upon his predecessor's policy was made all along the line. The invitations to the Peace Congress were practically cancelled by Secretary Frelinghuysen January 9, 1882, but not before half the nations invited, and by far the most populous half, had gladly and even enthusiastically accepted them. An inaccurate copy of the invitation was surreptitiously published and misrepresented in newspapers. Secretary Blaine's instructions to the special envoys were published, together with new instructions practically revoking the former and without notice to the envoys who were thereby publicly discredited, and whose mission was practically reduced to witnessing the spoliation of Peru. Private letters to Secretary Blaine were garbled and sent to the Senate. A persistent attempt was made to wear away the foreign policy of the Garfield administration with the corrosion of personal scandal, and to substitute for it a home policy of which no other object appeared than the destruction of Mr. Blaine as a political power. Investigations were set on foot in which prolonged and vindictive effort was made to prove that, as the popular mind apprehended it, his South American policy had consisted in trying to put the guano beds of Peru into his own pocket. While official papers still slept in the State Department rumors were started outside that Mr. Blaine meant to plunge the country into war, that the Peace Congress had been convoked without President Arthur's knowledge, that Messrs. Trescott and Walker Blaine had been despatched with secret instructions from the Secretary, and the nation was congratulated that Mr. Frelinghuysen, if not so brilliant a Secretary as Mr. Blaine, was "safe."

Mr. Blaine was more than ever impatient at the malign pettiness of the men and the measures employed to overthrow him,

but he availed himself of this ignoble opposition to unfold his plans to the public view and stamp them on the American mind, so that whatever the issue of the moment, the great policy of peace, of continental fraternity, of Christian government, should be the policy of the future. As always he fought in the open. He addressed to the President a public letter of remonstrance :

To the President of the United States :

FEBRUARY 3, 1882.

The suggestion that a Congress of all American nations should assemble in the city of Washington for the purpose of agreeing on such a basis of arbitration for International troubles as would remove all possibility of war in the Western Hemisphere, was warmly approved by your predecessor. . . . After your accession to the Presidency I acquainted you with the project, and submitted to you a draft for the invitation. You received the suggestion with appreciative consideration, and, after carefully examining the form of invitation, directed it to be sent. . . . In a communication, recently sent to the Senate, addressed by the present Secretary of State the ninth of last month to Mr. Trescott, now on a special mission to Peru and Chile, I was greatly surprised to find a proposition looking to the annulment of these invitations, and I was still more surprised when I read the reasons assigned. I quote Mr. Frelinghuysen's language :

"The United States is at peace with all nations, and the President wishes hereafter to determine whether it will conduce to the general peace, which he would cherish and promote, for this government to enter into negotiations and consultation for the promotion of peace with selected friendly nationalities without extending the line of confidence to other people with whom the United States is on equally friendly terms. If such partial confidence would create jealousy and ill will, peace, the object sought by such consultation, would not be promoted." . . .

If I correctly apprehend the meaning of these words, it is that we might offend some European powers if we should hold in the United States a Congress of "selected nationalities" of America. This is certainly a new position for the United States, and one which I earnestly beg you will not permit this government to assume. European Powers assemble in Congress whenever an object seems to them of sufficient gravity to justify it. I have never heard of their consulting the Government of the United States in regard to the propriety of their so assembling, nor have I ever known of their inviting an American representative to be present; nor would there, in my opinion, be any good reason for their so doing. Two Presidents of the United States, in the year 1881, adjudged it to be expedient that American Powers should meet in Congress for the sole purpose of agreeing upon some basis for arbitration of differences that may arise between them, and for the prevention, as far as possible, of wars in

the future. If that movement is now to be arrested for fear it may give offence in Europe the voluntary humiliation of the United States could not be more complete, unless we should petition European Governments for the privilege of holding the Congress.

It is difficult to see how this country could be placed in a less enviable position than would be secured by sending in November a cordial invitation to all the Independent Nations in America to meet in Washington for the sole purpose of devising measures of peace, and in January recalling the invitation for fear it might create "jealousy and ill will" on the part of monarchical governments in Europe. It would be difficult to devise a more effective way for the United States to lose the friendship of its American neighbors, and it would certainly not add to our *prestige* in the European world. Nor can I see, Mr. President, how European Governments should feel "jealousy and ill will" toward the United States because of an effort on its part to assure lasting peace between the nations of America, unless indeed it be the interest of the European Powers that the American Nations should at intervals fall into war, and bring reproach on Republican institutions. But from that very circumstance I see an additional and powerful motive for American governments to be at peace among themselves. . . . To revoke that invitation for any cause would be embarrassing; to revoke it for avowed fear of "jealousy and ill will" on the part of European Powers would appeal as little to American pride as to American hospitality. Those you have invited may decline, and, having now cause to doubt their welcome, will perhaps do so. This would break up the Congress, but it would not touch our dignity.

He asked, perhaps it might be truer to say, he extorted, permission to publish his State papers for the judgment of men. He reviewed the foreign policy of the Garfield administration and accentuated its two primal points, — first, to bring about peace, and prevent future wars in North and South America; second, to cultivate such friendly relations of reciprocity with all American countries as would lead to a large increase in the export trade of the United States, by supplying those fabrics in which we are abundantly able to compete with the manufacturing nations of Europe. He protested against a policy which would destroy American commerce on the Pacific coast and build up English interests on its ruins. He dismissed the war cry as nonsense, showed that we were in line with the safest precedents, and that the steady moral pressure of the United States was needed to offset the heavy hand of England which Peru felt upon her at every turn.

So vigorous, aggressive, and complete was his defence that

the case against him broke down, the chief witness became entirely discredited, five of his own counsel testifying over their signatures to his false witness, and the result was to fix Mr. Blaine's policy more firmly in the minds, and devotion to himself more deeply in the hearts of the American people.

In this storm of detraction and of misapprehension, Mr. Blaine was writing the eulogy of President Garfield, which he had been asked to pronounce before the two Houses of Congress. He had at first declined, thinking his close identification with Garfield during the four active months of his administration must lend to any eulogy an appearance of egotism. He was moreover contemplating a memoir of Garfield in which he could speak without embarrassment of matters which could not now be discussed, yet must be mentioned. He was forced, however, to yield to the urgency of Governor McKinley and the committee, representing not only Congress, but the people. Before this eulogy, delivered in the House of Representatives, February 27, 1882, to an assembly the most distinguished that can be gathered, hostility itself was hushed. The lucidity and concentration of the narrative, the classic severity and beauty of the language, the repressed feeling, the insight which lifted Garfield's pedigree from the zone of demagogism to the dignity of self-respecting independence, the courtesy, the stately gravity, the matchless yet firm delicacy with which the orator touched the trouble of the time in which the President sitting before him was so fatefully involved, — met, mastered, all the demands of the occasion. Vigor and clearness were expected. The moderation, tenderness, and sweetness of the eulogy were beyond anticipation. Something of surprise was expressed that Mr. Blaine had now showed himself capable of touching and swaying the sensibilities as he had been accustomed to sway the reason and judgments of men. His allusion to Gladstone called forth the acknowledgment of the English minister. The New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art invited him to deliver the oration in the Academy of Music, but it had been written for one occasion and was never repeated.

To Mr. Blaine, from ex-Postmaster General Jewell :

DETROIT, June 10, 1880.

I am sad, glad, and mad, mostly the latter. . . . To think that New England votes kept you out of the reward you had so well earned ! It's the last chance New England will have for a long time for a President. I upbraided all *my* friends in Connecticut, Vermont, or Massachusetts in these delegations, and all admitted that 'twas you who had almost alone made *any* nomination but Grant's possible. All admitted it and the obligation to you. Most of the Grant people now admit you to be their preference, but they had promised to "stick to the old man" and so did. . . . I have this comfort. I have not humiliated myself. . . . Frye, Hale, and Chandler, how they *did* work ! Brilliant, able work, only it didn't win. After you I felt more regrets for them. Then for Governor Dennison to adopt the tail of Conkling's machine and force it on the convention. Frye should have had that ; but no, they must conciliate New York.

To Mr. Blaine, from Wendell Phillips :

JUNE 22, 1880.

Thanks for all you made time to do, — letters and personal calls on the Secretary, — for —s. I have been so deeply interested in their lot that I can hardly tell you how much I feel their debt and mine to you. I know I need not add my deep sense of personal disappointment.

. . . Of course you feel no special chagrin over Chicago results. Full of life, you are sure your friends and the State will need you in the future. But *I* may not live to rejoice in your success.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. William C. Goodloe :

LEXINGTON, August 6, 1880.

I do not know that my slight acquaintance with you would justify my writing to you on any subject, but I was one of those who strongly favored your nomination at Chicago and confidently hoped for your success. I was innocent enough to suppose that a man who was the overwhelming choice of the delegates representing Republican districts throughout the Union would not be opposed by those from the Democratic districts, and that, too, in favor of a man whose nomination would not only have violated a cherished national tradition, but would have inevitably led through Republican dissension to his certain and humiliating defeat.

I was disappointed that you were not nominated, but was not disappointed in my oft-repeated assertion that you were the only man in America who was strong enough in himself, and who had sufficient hold upon the people to drive Grant from the track. That you did this no one can deny, and in doing so, that you saved from utter disintegration and ultimate disaster the Republican party, is equally incontrovertible.

The nomination of General Garfield — the happiest possible issue out of the nasty Grant mess — and all the party success we may achieve under him, is traceable directly to your influence.

The country as well as the Republican party owes you a debt of gratitude which can never be fully repaid, but I trust that so far as it may be within the power of those who admire your course and feel grateful for its results, that the great benefits we have derived from your patriotism and statesmanship may neither be forgotten nor in any manner overlooked.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

BELFAST, September 4, 1880.

. . . — is perfectly willing to speak twice a day, and is, I think, capable of doing good. Should you send him to Lincoln, I wish you would have him put into pretty decent towns. He has stood this week very well, and it has been the very hardest part of all campaigning, — poor food, dull audiences, and hard work. I am glad you did not send Allison. It would have been an insult to a Senator, and I apologize to — for it. He deserves the recompense now of some decent meetings. . . . I don't think we can carry Waldo county, but with hard cash their majority can be pulled so low that Milliken will be elected. I hope you will send them all you can afford from State Committee funds, as the expenses of bringing voters to polls, and getting men out, will be very great.

Augusta, September 25. . . . If we have any luck in Ohio and Indiana, we can, in my opinion, carry Maine by making a hard fight and close organization and by sending Solon and others into the small towns where they have influence as individuals. . . . Emmons and I went to the State Fair at Lewiston Thursday morning. . . . Saw a good many of our political friends — all full of pluck and ready to work for November.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Robeson :

CAMDEN, October 9, 1880.

I hear you are doing great work in Indiana and Ohio. But as every State and place you go through on your return will be trying to hold you, you *must not* forget your promise to New Jersey and that you are announced and placarded all over the State. Kilpatrick is to meet you Friday. He expects you to speak at Deckerton on that day, and in the evening go on to Newton and show yourself there; from thence you are to go to Trenton (Saturday), to speak to three counties. This is the most important thing in the State, so don't let Kill get you off to do anything else. Saturday evening you come to me in Camden to spend a quiet Sunday, and on Monday afternoon you go to Millville in my district, and on Tuesday I turn you over to the rest of the State — for three other speeches. You will have to go to Kill's district again, but it will be easily reached from anywhere (except Deckerton), but on no account must you fail for the two meetings at Trenton on the 16th, and 18th at Millville.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Neal Dow :

PORTLAND, October 26, 1880.

Your note of yesterday is just received. I was never a more stalwart Republican than I am now, and most earnestly wishing success to Mr.

Garfield, than whom there is no man in the country I would prefer to see President except yourself, whose nomination I earnestly desire.

From Walker :

ST. PAUL, November, 1880.

The first news of yesterday's great triumph received in St. Paul was Mons' telegraph, for which I wish you would thank the lad. I have been for the past week stumping. I spoke at Hudson to the largest meeting ever held in the place. A great procession of over 1,000 torches in a little town of not more than 2,000 people — special trains running in from every portion of the country. Thursday I went to River Falls where I spoke to another very large meeting, and Friday to Eau Claire where they had the largest meeting ever held in the town. . . . The largest hall in the place was filled, and all the standing room taken, and as I felt that I made very fair speeches and everybody else said very good ones, I was quite content. At Hudson the speaking was out of doors and the evening very cold. The smoke from naphtha-burning torches poured down my throat and made me so husky that I could not speak more than a quarter of an hour, but at River Falls and Eau Claire I spoke in doors and about an hour each time. They made me stay over until Saturday evening in Eau Claire, and go to a neighboring village where there are large lumber mills, where I talked for an hour to the lumbermen, who seemed pleased. Colonel Spooner, of Hudson, who is the attorney for the lawyers' railroad, spoke with me in Hudson, River Falls, and Eau Claire, — a very bright fellow, considered one of the most capable lawyers in this part of the country. . . . I saw a great many Maine people in Eau Claire. Dined with a Mr. Bullen who came from New Sharon, and is now a wealthy lumberman; and called on an old gentleman named Bliss, who used to live in Pittston, and was County Commissioner for Kennebec many years ago. They are all great admirers of father in that part of Wisconsin, and everybody desired to send regards to him. You may imagine that I was pleased with my reception in Wisconsin on account of its flattery to myself slightly, but mostly as indicative of the tremendous strength that father evidently has in the real hearts of the people in the North-west. Well, dearest mother, the election is over — *le roi est mort* — for which all thanks be to kind Heaven which divides our lives into years — *vive le roi*. I am of course intensely delighted at the grand way in which Maine has been redeemed, and I really can't help earnestly and solemnly believing that the election of Hancock would have been a calamity. It would have greatly unsettled everything, would have discouraged capital and put back the development of this country immensely. Patriotically and personally as living in this new land, and determined to prosper with its prosperity, I am thankful that the Republican party has triumphed. . . . Besides my political work in Wisconsin I have done very little. I have secured my offices. I have very charming rooms, which I am occupying, and which are nearly put to rights. . . . Expect to starve to death in the practice of the law physically, but I think with a full mind. . . . I feel now as though I

would like to take the train for home to-night and have a renewal of my old Andover feelings. I suppose it will be the ultimate making of me, but it is going through a valley of sorrow to reach the mountain of success.

To General Garfield, from Walker Blaine.

ST. PAUL, November 4, 1880.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Permit me to join my poor note of congratulation upon your magnificent triumph, to the countless letters of rejoicing which you are now receiving. It must assuredly be gratifying to you, as it is to all your friends, that after such a campaign of slander, detraction, lying, and forgery, your countrymen have passed such a vote of confidence in you, and the principles you represent, as they did on Tuesday last. I joined one of the largest crowds ever assembled on such an occasion in St. Paul on Tuesday last, and shouted myself hoarse with the rest, as the details of our triumph came pouring in, and our enthusiasm was not caused by the evanescent feelings of joy at partisan triumph, but each and all felt deep gratitude and thankfulness that what we earnestly and fully believed to be the right had won.

You must know, and I know that you will feel pleased, that the intelligent young men of the country took more interest than ever before in political affairs, and that a vast majority of that class favored your election. May I say, as one of that number who worked humbly but heartily for your success, that we believe confidently that your administration will make republicanism more than ever respected, and worthy of respect, and that the next administration will be one of strength, of intelligence, and of honor.

May I ask you to present my compliments and congratulations to Mrs. Garfield, and that you will grant me the honor of calling myself,

Your very sincere friend and supporter.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

ST. PAUL, November 7, 1880.

. . . I have great faith and hope and belief in the State and in the town. It is your State emphatically. The people are for you now as they always have been, and that is a great capital in the start. Then I know a great many people here, and they are very kind to me. The town is growing most rapidly. It is the legal centre of what is destined to be a great empire. There is reputation to be won, money to be made, honor to be gained, and the thing that more will help me to-day than anything else is that I am from the East and have position and acquaintance there. Socially I am established, and I think that a social position every way helps a man. So I should be a fool indeed if I did not see that this was my chance.

One thing more. The way in which Maine has come back for Garfield

is magnificent for the State and for you personally. I did not think this year that you would have been elected, if nominated. I doubt it still, notwithstanding Garfield's victory. Spurred by your strength in the country, the Democracy would have shown more sense and fought a stronger campaign. But the fight took such aspect in Chicago that it became a Kilkenny cat quarrel. *You needs* kill yourself in defeating Grant. But I trust to time in all things. You may never be President, but I believe that the day has come for greater statesmanship in this country than ever before — that graver questions are to be brought forward for legislation, and I know you will not be silent in your place. It is my earnest conviction that though we beat them, the last election teaches lessons of greater danger to our government than ever before. . . . I don't care a rap personally about the presidency, but I do count with all my heart upon seeing you lead in the great crises of politics and of legislation.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Theo. F. Randolph :

MORRISTOWN, November 18, 1880.

. . . You will believe me, I am sure, when I say that, like many Democrats, my philosophy would have been greater — very much — had the presidency fallen to you. Four years of federal administration by you would have ended the sectional contests.

From Walker :

ST. PAUL, November 30, 1880.

. . . I have started my office and am feeling some encouragement about success. The clients and the fees do not pour in very rapidly, it is true, but I shall not be discouraged, as I have only been in the office two days.

. . . Yesterday I went to Minneapolis to pay my parting respects to Mrs. Washburn who leaves to-day for Washington. She was very nice and very pleasant, and I enjoyed my visit exceedingly. . . . As to putting the mark high, I have set up such an ideal that to approximate it I shall be driven to spend all my days in Minnesota. I am not in danger of being satisfied with a moderate degree of success, you may rest assured.

December 9. . . . I have been blue with cold, and I think my spirits must have congealed with my toes. Such a cold winter the oldest inhabitant is put to his trumps to parallel, and I hope to live to be a very old citizen and never see another like it. . . . The papers here positively announce that father has been offered the Secretaryship of State and has not yet declined it. I wish, should he be so inclined — I won't say foolishly, for I don't know the reason — as to accept it, that Garfield

would make me Private Secretary to the State Department. It might be ruination, but it would surely be warmth. . . .

December 24. . . . I sent a little box of things home. They will at least serve to remind you all on Xmas day of my existence, and of the longing which I have and shall ever have to be with you; and if you would only make up your mind to be Secretary of State, and to make me Private Secretary to that official, I should be content, though my ambition might not be realized.

To V.:

AUGUSTA, December 3, 1880.

. . . I am left absolutely alone with my servants, every want anticipated, not a room in the house not at summer heat, sunshine and open fires vieing with each other. . . . Four horses and pony in the stable, sleighs and robes in abundance and the beautiful snow; every longing satisfied, with full salvation blessed—what can I need? My sins—that is, my sinners. First of all, I miss Mr. Blaine. I cannot bear the orderly array of my life. I miss the envelopes in the gravy, the bespattered table linen, the uncertainty of the meals, for you know he always starts out on his constitutional when he hears them taking in dinner. I miss his unvarying attention, and as constant neglect. When alone with him I am not my own—when others are in, go as you please is the rule, and the alternation suits me exactly. Then the boys—oh, how I miss them. They know all I ever knew—and I have forgotten much—they are fresh and untiring as the sun which never sets—they are loving and want sympathy—old enough to be companions, too young to assert their rights, taking everything as of grace, and of their fulness I am a partaker. Blessed relationship—the man child to his mother.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

ST. PAUL, January 3, 1881.

Mother wrote me some time since, under the strictest seal of confidence, that you were seriously entertaining General Garfield's proposition of accepting the State Department. I have been thinking it over, and I talked it over with Mons in Chicago. I see very well at the outset some of the difficulties and dangers that lie in the way. You have been eighteen years in the legislative department of the government, and your whole career has been spent in debate and legislation. It is then rather a grave change to leave the Senate and take charge of an administrative department. The new work you may possibly not like, but there will be the compensation of greater leisure and a less wearing life. . . . This is a consideration of considerable importance to you and to us all. But this is not the greatest reason why I desire this thing. . . . You have made a great reputation in debate—never having been unhorsed or overthrown; you have made a great reputation as a political leader and chieftain. I do not think you can greatly enhance it in either direction. Did your

going into the State Department simply mean that you were to be Secretary of State, I do not think any of your friends would greatly desire it. But your taking that position will mean—and the country will so understand it—that you are the head of the administration under the President, and the chief counsellor of its policy. The struggle which I thought inevitable in legislation between protection and free trade is postponed. The great question for our party is that of administration. One bad administration, one weak administration, has nearly bankrupted the Republican party, and if stupidity were not the leading coefficient in our Democratic friends' make-up, they might have beaten us in this election. If we can have a strong, a pure, and an intelligent administration in this country for four years, the Republican party will gain a long lease of power, and the country great prosperity. I think that the attitude of the administration towards the South, if wisely taken, will build up a strong Republican party in that section, and the executive branch of the government is the one in which reputation is to be earned. All these things, the added ease of life, the escape from disagreeable friction in the Senate, the field which is new and for the present wider, make me take this stand. I want you to make sure that there is a strong Cabinet, and that abroad we are represented as a great nation should be. I don't want above all things any jobbery in any department, and the items which I see in our papers that — is to be Secretary of the Interior, though I believe them not, do not please me. I have written you freely, perhaps foolishly. Whatever you may do, I of course shall believe is done for the best, but my inclinations you now see. You will judge for the best in all things. I hope that 1881 will be a year of unmixed pleasure and happiness to all, and that you will believe me ever

Your most loving son.

From Emmons :

CHICAGO, January 12, 1881.

. . . I am delighted to think we are going to build, but I am awfully afraid that father will build a cheap house. I hope he will not. I don't want him to ruin himself on such an investment, but cheap houses are not going to pay in Washington, and it will not pay him. I hope he will get a good architect and take advice in his plans. I don't think his own record as a builder is free from criticism, and this will be a thing that he can't revise or refix. But whatever it is, don't let it be a cheap, money-saving house. You never can sell one, and you never will like one if I know anything.

The Cabinet begins to grow on me more and more, and I am quite a diplomat already. . . . My first month has gone by and I have not yet seen the color of the company's money, so I must again come to the family exchequer. I don't want the money this week, but some time in the course of a fortnight, if the genial Thomas can elicit a check for about \$125, I should send it back with the warmest kind of an endorsement. As you said to Jacky apropos of Christmas, — "Think on these things."

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Emery A. Storrs :

CHICAGO, January 17, 1881.

There was something so princely and broad-gauged in your allusions to General Grant as recently published that I cannot refrain from saying to you, how gratifying your course in that particular is to all fair-minded men. Of course the spectacle of so great and commanding a figure in our history as General Grant, compelled to come down to a hand-to-hand struggle for a livelihood, is much more humiliating to us as a people than the necessity can be to General Grant himself, and the spectacle of his great competitor, so generously declaring his own position, must be most gratifying to every man who is proud of our great public men.

To Walker :

WASHINGTON, January 19, 1881.

. . . Dinner is over, and Alice, your father, Q., and C. A., after all sorts of *contretemps*, are off to hear McCullough in "Virginus." After they were in the hall, Alice had to go upstairs and change her dress, the dearest pater in the world objecting to a white dress and black cloak and red bonnet. I think his pipes were just the least little bit in the world previously put out by my not cordially coöperating in the lot on 16th street.

From Walker :

ST. PAUL, January 19, 1881.

I am immensely happy, as Mons is in town, having arrived this morning, and though he has been at work, and I have been busy during most of the day, still I have greatly enjoyed what little I have seen of him. . . . He looks as well and as handsome as ever, and that's saying enough. . . . Is father really going to build? I read a long description of the new house one day, and a denial upon authority in the next morning's paper. Hope that father will not so frame his action as to let Governor P. put anybody in the Senate for even an hour, though of course it is absurd to even hint by inference that he would do so.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

ST. PAUL, January 27, 1881.

. . . From what I can gleam from the papers Mr. Conkling intends to pronounce and announce himself in hostility to Garfield's administration, and to endeavor to build up a division in the party which will either bring Grant or himself forward in four years. This will of course be somewhat difficult for him to do, but as in Mr. Conkling's mind Republicanism and Conklingism are and must be synonymous, I think he will make the effort. It will add somewhat to Garfield's complications, and really seems to me the only cloud that can be seen upon the sky of the Republican party's future. I would venture two suggestions for what they are worth.

1. That you have as good a Cabinet as can possibly be made, and that no man be put in any position who will endeavor to use the patronage of a department for any personal ends, or the ends of any faction. The party's and the country's good ought to be clearly announced as above any personal considerations, and nobody should be put into a Cabinet position who will attempt to pull down Garfield, or build up anybody. Mr. Garfield is President, and his Cabinet should be composed of men loyal to the party, and to him. 2. It seems to me very important that somebody should be picked out for Secretary of the Treasury who will commend himself to the earnest confidence of all the business men, for, if the bubble keeps expanding, there will be a financial burst within two or three years, and panics are always detrimental to the party in power. The party certainly deserves success, and ought to, and can have a long lease of power, but it will demand good legislation and good administration to prevent overthrow, if the panic which seems imminent should occur. 3. I want you to arrange so as not to give P. the opportunity to appoint a Senator for even a single day, but so that the Legislature may elect at once.

January 31. The day reminds me that you have reached your fifty-first birthday, and I am now more than half as old as you, though still lacking greatly of attaining one-half your worth in goodness or in wisdom. I see by the newspapers that you are still as eloquent, as strong, and as convincing as ever in the Senate, though the "Scribbler" adds that your beard and hair are a little whiter than last year, but if on my fifty-first birthday you can only say one tithe of half the things that I feel, but cannot express to you, I shall be content to be as bald as the country's eagle, and shall regard my uncrowned poll as fit emblem of my pride.

That you may live to reap yet more and more honors which you deserve, and as the greatest pride and joy to all your children, is the sincere prayer of

Your most affectionate son.

From Emmons :

CHICAGO, February 3, 1881.

. . . I am sorry Dr. Barker is coming on, for I can already see father furtively putting new prescriptions in his pocket and preparing himself for another conflict with modern drugs. Don't let them be alone together for a moment. . . . Business is dull to-day. Not a soul has been near me except my fellow-clerks, who wander in now and then and indulge in a companionable yawn. . . . I wish you could understand the agony of having nothing to do and yet not being able to go out and look for anything to amuse one's self with. . . . Tell father I shall send him some stock points this spring. He won't follow my advice, but I shall have the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so."

To Emmons :

WASHINGTON, February 17, 1881.

. . . Your father gets up every day and goes downstairs about noon, cheerful, gay even, entertaining as no other man knows how to be.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Schuyler Colfax :

SOUTH BEND, March 5, 1881.

. . . After your stormy years of public life in our stormy era, with "lance" always in readiness, I think you will enjoy the calm and dignified and elevated career of the Secretary of State. And if the new administration can successfully grapple with and settle the questions grouped together in the President's remarkably successful Inaugural, the whole Republican party, as well as history, will give you all honor as enduring as the nation itself.

To Mr. Blaine, from Gen. O. O. Howard :

WEST POINT, March 8, 1881.

I do not know whether it is properly a subject of congratulation that you have been appointed Secretary of State. . . . But your friends rejoice at your appointment for the strength it promises to the government in its present administration. May the same kind Father watch over you and enlarge your vision—as you shall now more and more take in the whole world—as he has in past emergencies !

To Emmons :

WASHINGTON.

March 11. . . . Everything in the new situation continues to give satisfaction. The head of the department is in gay spirits, his secretary rapidly developing into an industrious and attentive officer.

March 14. Imagine what a family matter that assassination must have seemed when Alice came running to the door yesterday as I came from church to tell me of it, and when I saw Bartolomei himself sitting in my own parlor, and crossing and recrossing himself while he prayed devoutly before reading the despatches; for all the news there was for hours was contained in the telegrams to the Secretary of State. Poor emperor—dogged to his death at last. I think he must be enrolled among the martyrs.

March 18. Tuesday your father and I assisted at the requiem mass for the czar. I had never anticipated going into black for any of the European sovereigns, but with Mrs. Hale's assistance I did! She was here when I was dressing, and pinned my old black lace cape on to my old black chip, so that I went *en regle*.

March 24. The secretaryship grows more and more agreeable. . . . We have the plans for the house, and they are so huge and so expensive, that we are now engaged in striking out every pretty thing, to reduce the expenditure to the limits of your father's purse.

From President Garfield :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 27, 1881.

Just as we are starting for church, your note comes. It is like the current of the Gulf Stream conquering the Arctic Sea — and I thank you for it. Above all the worriments and contradictions of politics, arises my anxiety for Blaine's health. I cannot do good work with "the half of my surviving soul" prostrate and in pain.

. . . I will try to see him a moment on the way from church.

Your last paragraph comes like a benediction, for which I give you thanks.

To Emmons :

WASHINGTON, March 28, 1881.

I am writing in my room; present, your father, Alice, Walker, Tom Sherman, and a messenger from the State Department; subject, shall we send message, recognizing Charles as King of Roumania? . . . There are lots of things which hitch in our new position which make the situation interesting. Flowers have just come from Mrs. Garfield, and yesterday she and the President were both here. They hate the situation, but this is not to be spoken of, and I never want to be nearer the White House than I now am.

From M. A. Dodge :

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1881.

. . . Wednesday I went out to dinner with Postmaster-General James, but sat between Secretary Windom and the President, who said it was his first meal outside the White House. In the course of the evening I asked him if there was any foundation on which the Conkling men could build their assertion that he had promised not to appoint a New York collector until he had consulted Conkling. He said, none whatever — that Conkling was there two hours and he trying to consult Conkling's wishes all he could, relinquishing men who were personally objectionable to Conkling; and Conkling in a most offensive way told Garfield that if the anti-Conkling men must be recognized they should be sent out of the country, and he would hold his nose and go into the cloak-room when their names came up. After the two hours were over and Conkling rose to go, C. said, with a wave of his hand, "By the way, when are you going to clean out the Custom House?" — "Oh, we won't talk about that yet," said Garfield. He says that "yet" is the only sign of a promise — all they have to build on, and if any Senator raises a question of veracity between himself and that man, he will never forgive him. He spoke with great earnestness and feeling. . . .

April 25. . . . The President not only has not one spark of jealousy himself, but seems not to have any "realizing sense" that any one else can

have. At supper last night at the White House he spoke out as innocently as possible across the table to Mr. Blaine, "Do hurry back from New York. I shall be awfully lonesome without you." After supper a good many people called, but we came away early as Mr. Blaine took the 10 P.M. train. I went up to say good-night to the President, who was talking with General Sherman on a sofa, but the P. took me off by myself and made me sit down again, and when Mr. and Mrs. Blaine came up — which I fancy was the *raison d'être* o' the manœuvre — we had an interesting quadrilateral. It amuses me when there to see the President constantly, and I think unconsciously, trying to get off somewhere with Mr. Blaine.

April 26. Mr. Blaine wrote to the President to-day from New York that the feeling there towards the administration is very warm, strong, and cordial — full of hope and confidence.

From Mr. W. W. Phelps :

May, 1881.

. . . Didn't Mr. Blaine save me from folly, with his peremptory "Decidedly no"? How nice it is, when a man knows his own mind — even for his friends.

. . . I can believe the Dispatch dinner was dull. Did Mr. Blaine put on the look of Far-away Moses and refuse to look at the present and to talk of anything? We have seen him so before.

To M. :

May 17. Your father has lost one pair of glasses and I have stepped on the spectacles. I need not say who enjoys those still extant, so I write blindly, unable to discern one letter. . . . We had yesterday, with the rest of the world, the sensational resignations. They produce no excitement here, and I have yet to hear one criticism complimentary of Conkling, though I have seen all sorts of people and of every shade of cowardice. Mrs. Garfield is better, and if the doctors are not too much for her, she will get well.

. . . Just before dinner I walked out with your father to the "lot." They commenced grading yesterday, and we are to have it in December.

May 22. After church I walked around to the White House, where I had the privilege of seeing the President. . . . I am sorry to say that I have grave fears about Mrs. Garfield.

After hearing exactly how she is, I confess I am very uneasy. Still the doctors say she will get well, and if she does, I shall not be surprised if she comes to Maine and stays awhile with me. She has to go where she can be perfectly quiet, and you know, to use your own tongue, for that, Augusta takes the cake. Your father received a letter from Mr. Morton this morning, asking if he should engage passage for you, with them, on the "Amérique." You ought to have heard T.'s howl, "It has just spoiled my Sunday and I have been looking forward to it all the week." This brought your

father to terms, and he was very soon able to remember that General Hurlbut would be going over later and could take charge of your inconvenient self. . . . When this role is filled, we shall be ready to leave, though I have many misgivings as to the boy I leave behind me, or as Garfield would say, the dear one. I do not mean Walker, but your father. . . . Stocks have gone up tremendously, so we shall put the last inch into the house. You cannot think how much praise has been showered on Walker for his urbanity and efficiency these last days. Mr. Lamar says, no such young man has been in Washington.

May 17. Your father eating his breakfast this moment, and Walker talking to him on the new, original and striking topic of procuring places for female applicants. "Miss C.," Walker says, "is as nice a little girl as I ever saw, and writes a beautiful hand; we must provide for her;" and your father answers, "But I must first look out for Mrs. B. Get her a place, then the decks will be cleared for Miss C.," and to this enters a card from Mrs. Chandler, with of course a woman attached whom I am to see and help. I have had this morning a long and delightful letter from Mr. Phelps, sent from Queenstown, with agreeable mention of you, and we are this moment anxiously awaiting a cablegram from him, on the subject of house lots, for do you know your father, with that independence of criticism which makes him so delightful and surprising a comrade, has conceived a sort of disgust with the 16th-street place, on account of the vicinage of stables, and although he has had that immense tract graded, is not going to build on it, and fastening his affections on a lot on Massachusetts avenue, P, and 20th streets, comes upon the surprising fact that Mr. Phelps is the owner thereof; hence a cablegram and the waited-for reply. In my letter Mr. Phelps says, "While I was struggling with the hasp of my trunk, I told Hopkins, who was in the room, to buy that other piece of land for me." . . . His father said to me only yesterday, "I am just like Jamie — when I want a thing, I want it dreadfully." They are a pair of Jamies . . . after which Augusta, and summer and freedom and out of doors.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1881.

In your contest at Albany I beg you in no event to think of uniting with the Democrats. The other side may and probably will do that, but if Conkling should be elected in that way his worst enemy would pity him. If we should defeat him in that way he would at once regain power with and over the Republican masses of New York and the country.

I beg you not to entertain a coalition with the Democrats so as to give them one Senator, *in any conceivable event*. Republican candidates anxious to be elected may counsel differently, but I beg of you to take my advice in this matter.

As this is the only letter I have written you touching this whole controversy, I beg you to give it weight accordingly.

To G.:

MAY 29, 1881.

. . . I am writing fast and far, and I understand that there is a letter from you to me at the State Department, which Mr. Blaine and Walker have both read, and which they assure me has nothing in it. . . .

May 31. We are not to build on 16th street. Mr. Pendleton takes our rejected lot, and he and Mr. Robeson divide the residuum. Now we go out to Massachusetts avenue beyond the Stewart House. That dear Mr. Phelps had bought this land, though he didn't know it, and has cabled us that we may have as much of the land as we want, if we will make the dining-room larger. Isn't that just like him? A wonderful situation.

To M.:

June 6. Your father is downstairs and has been out driving, need I say in the direction of the lots, old and new. First we go to 16th street to look it over and say how little we like it, then to 20th street to admire. On the latter site they are grading to-day. With your father, Walker is now discussing the Fortune Bay award, which he has watched very carefully and been much interested in. I judge that he makes a great impression and your father is exceedingly pleased with him.

June 15. It is the day and hour when I expected to be in Boston, at this precise moment buying a Chuddah shawl, and here I am, for your father has taken it into his head to get well, and when an idea gets lodgment in that capacious brain, you know, it becomes a power and drives the weak body; so now we are on the high road to health, and all clumsy vehicles of notions, like going home to get rest, malaria in Washington, Bright's disease, etc., etc., must clear the track or be ridden down. If it were not for T. and Q. I should be content to stay on and on, but I deeply sympathize with those waifs. "Poor little children," Walker said, "I would give twenty dollars to console T. this minute."

June 22. Your father is perfectly well, but is unwilling to have us leave him or to leave with us. The President is away and the new house is starting. He likes to watch every spadeful of earth which he can snatch time to see thrown out. Meantime Emmons, who is with us, makes the delay bearable. Poor fellow, he came Saturday evening expecting to transact business for his R.R. and go Monday, and he found himself on Wednesday held back at arm's length by the red tape of the circumlocution office, with no immediate prospect of any capitulation. He has a great deal of pride, I think, in carrying to a successful conclusion this first business intrusted to him, and there is every prospect of his failing, so of course he feels a little blue. He has grown very manly during his stay in Chicago—the boy has gone—and he seems to be quite interested in his business.

From Mr. Blaine, to Mr. T. B. Searight:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 28, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The "maple molasses" came to hand and revived memories of boyhood days — and recalled many most pleasant associations with you. The flavor recalled the Fulton House and "Joe" and George Driver and the "Squires" most vividly. Every time I get a line from you I am quickened in my desire to visit the familiar scenes long gone by. You can have no idea how dreamy and delicious the pleasures and pastimes of that ancient era seem to me. They sometimes rise to my mental vision as a *mirage* on the sea will to the eye, excluding all things else for the time from the memory, the imagination, and the desires. You have passed your life near the old haunts, and have lived along with the changes and seen the ancient lines gradually effaced. But to me the country is still the land of forty years ago, with stage-coaches and wayside inns, and the "Louis McLane" and "Consul," and the college full of good fellows, and the seminary crowded with pretty, good girls, and the dances at Caldwell's tavern, and the sleigh-rides with John Steep for driver, and the sweet-hearts that we loved so freshly and so gushingly — and who are now mothers and some of them, alas, grandmothers, while you and I, separated by chains of mountain and a generation of years, still have hearts that beat warmly for each other.

To M.:

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1881.

I think that Walker, Emmons, and your father will leave with the caravan on Thursday.

July 3. Your father got up quite early yesterday morning, in order to drive the President to the station, and at 9.30 Tom, the boys, Alice, and I had breakfast. In the midst of it, the door-bell rang and Tom was called out. Then he called Walker; but as the house is besieged all the time, we, who were so fortunate as to remain unsent for, paid no attention to the prolonged absence of the absentees; but shall I ever forget the moment when Maggie, nurse, came running into the room crying, "They have telephoned over to you, Mrs. Blaine, that the President is assassinated." Emmons flew, for we all remembered, with one accord, that his father was with him. By the time I had reached the door, I saw that it must be true — everybody on the street, and wild. Mrs. Sherman got a carriage and drove over to the White House. Found the streets in front jammed and the doors closed, but they let us through and in. The President still at the station, so drove thitherward. Met the mounted police clearing the avenue, then the ambulance, turned and followed into that very gateway where, on the 4th of March, we had watched him enter. I stood with Mrs. MacVeagh in the hall, when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us — I thought I should die; and

when they brought him into his chamber and had laid him on the bed, he turned his eyes to me, beckoned, and when I went to him, pulled me down, kissed me again and again and said, "Whatever happens, I want you to promise to look out for Crete," — the name he always gives his wife. . . . "Don't leave me until Crete comes." I took my old bonnet off and just stayed. I never left him a moment. Whatever happened in the room, I never blenched, and the day will never pass from my memory. At six, or thereabouts, Mrs. Garfield came, frail, fatigued, desperate, but firm and quiet and full of purpose to save, and I think now there is a possibility of succeeding. . . . I came from the White House at two this morning and have been there all day, but not in the room. Emmons is here.

July 6. I must send you a line, if only to let you know that in these times, which are history, you are remembered and sympathized with. . . . After breakfast I went with your father to the White House, and finding that their arrangements for nursing were all made for the day, I came immediately away. It looks as though Mr. Garfield would live. He is now, six o'clock, still comfortable and has asked for beefsteak. They will not, of course, let him have it. Mrs. Sherman and Tom were there, who came to let the President and Mrs. Garfield know that yesterday the men of his order made their communion an offering for the President's recovery. Your father has stayed in and read and signed despatches and received callers, and now W. and your father have gone to the White House to make inquiries and thence to pay their daily visit to V.P. Arthur, who is on Capitol Hill. . . . When I was with the President yesterday, as I was all the forenoon, he looked up at me and said, "When I am ready to eat, I am going to break into Mrs. Blaine's larder."

July 8. Everything seems to be going as well with the President as the most loving heart can wish. All peoples and tongues vie with each other to do him honor. No danger now, no anxiety about paralysis, or bullet in the liver, and every prospect of a speedy recovery in all his parts. Arthur can go back to New York, and we soon to Augusta, and all the pain and love and anticipated peril will not be lost on the country. I have been to the White House this morning, but saw none but officials. Left your father there in consultation with the doctors. Emmons opened the door to me when I finally came home. His case is still undecided, and I think his hopes are low. Your father holds up wonderfully. Jacky keeps on the even tenor of his way; all days at the State Department, all evenings at the White House. . . . I suppose you have noticed that the President came here Friday afternoon. He sat with me an hour, waiting for your father, gave me his inaugural nicely bound with his autograph in it. Wanted to go to Augusta, but hated the long tail to his kite, on this trip. Finally your father came and they walked away together. Now it seems this Guiteau followed him to this house, waited to shoot him on his return, but not wanting to hurt Secretary Blaine, had to give it up that time.

July 15. This date reminds me that I have only once before stayed

as late as this in Washington. In 1870, on this very day, I saw Congress adjourn in palm-leaf fans and linen dusters, only your father, the Speaker, had on an alpaca. He sits here this blessed moment in another, and with him Emmons, in shirt-sleeves, lamenting the Solicitor's decision, which is against him. Tom is at the door, warding off one of your father's countrywomen. . . . Just at nine last night we received Walker's telegram from Augusta. Swing low, sweet chariot, and take me in next week, for all the doctors, male and female, cannot long keep the President on his back, and when he is pronounced out of danger, we expect to leave. I spent yesterday in reading "Don John" — found it very interesting; but think the author should have kept the clue for identification, for the satisfaction of the reader. She has no right to assume the prerogative of Providence. You should hear your father, to whom I have told the story, scold about it. I have not been at the White House for two days, but Emmons and your father were over last night. Found everything monotonously comfortable.

July 19. To-night I shall probably call at the White House—the least pleasing hour of the twenty-four, as I am obliged to content myself with a mere formality, when I long to be of real service.

From Walker to M.:

July 19. I was met at the station here by Mons, who goes to Chicago to-morrow morning, and goes, I fear, with a rather heavy heart. Father, mother, Mons, and I took a long and very pleasant drive, inspecting the house, which is coming on apace, on our way. I hope that we may all get away very soon and once more join you at Augusta.

From Hon. W. E. Chandler:

CONCORD, N.H., July 18, 1881.

I hope the official family are all happy and harmonious. Before the blow at the President furnished news from Washington which excluded all else, it had become a little monotonous to read only of what — and — were doing. But it always is so; the pretenders make the most noise. It was very kind in them, however, to relieve Mr. Blaine from all complicity with the star route frauds.

The beloved wrote me a sweet and evasive letter in which he intimated that I went away from Washington out of temper, and that he had delayed writing me because he wished me to recover. He was mistaken. I have been entirely amiable and calm. That he knows how constant my affection is for himself and you and your family, and takes advantage of it sometimes, does not destroy the sentiment on my part. Intellectually I perceive what sentimentally affects me not. . . . I am thankful to be allowed to believe that the President will recover. I have not been hopeful even; now I am very fearful. But

the indications continue so good that I ought to be more confident than I am. The whole country has been agonized about the President, and is almost deifying him already. This worship will make him all-powerful if he lives. . . . It touches the country to hear that the President asked whether it is worth while to struggle so hard for such a little span of life. . . . Please stop all these telegrams about the assassin's movements and conversations. As little allusion as possible should be made to him. . . . He has actually been allowed to give his views as to Arthur's Cabinet, to name his men and have them printed by leave of the Department of Justice. Cannot you stop this?

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, July 14.

. . . Garfield, I think, is surely destined to be much more speedily well and out than is generally thought. I differ from the doctors about the direction of the ball — have never believed that the liver was pierced at all — and think the event will prove that I am right.

To M. :

July 22. Your father saw the President for six minutes yesterday morning, the first time since that fateful Saturday. They had put him (the Prex) off day after day, till he would be denied no longer. He looked better than your father expected to see him, though his voice was weak. Mrs. Garfield told me yesterday, she considered him out of danger. Isn't it wonderfully good? Every night we drive out to the new house, which interests us immensely.

July 23. I do not know when we can come home. Your father does not feel justified in leaving, and he is not willing for me to leave him. How sorry I am, and what a summer this is! But petty disappointments must not be remembered. I am just home from the White House where I have been sitting for two hours. Saw Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, the Cabinet, Mrs. Garfield, and Molly. Every one looking very anxious and sober. Mrs. Garfield said the President did not mind much who was in the room with him to-day.

From Emmons :

Chicago, July 26. You can't conceive the uncertainty, doubt, and anxiety that have taken possession of me since the President's relapse. People out here seem quite hopeless. I do hope father is keeping up well under this strain and heat. It worries me dreadfully to have him stay, but every one else would worry to have him leave. An endless number of people have spoken to me of his bearing under the excitement, and the immensely good effect it had here on people.

To M. :

July 28. You can tell Mr. Homan that we are more confident of the President's recovery this morning than we have ever been. When we shall get away, I have no chance of knowing. Your father's stay here gives confidence to every friend, and while he stays, I must. I do not feel that this is necessary ; but he does, and I cannot unlearn the old habit of regarding his word as law. Walker, as you may suppose, is more than satisfied, and Alice will not listen to the proposition of going to Augusta, though I really think she needs the change. We are all bright again about the President, and I now feel a certain assurance as to his being carefully looked after, which I have not hitherto had. Drs. Agnew and Hamilton will keep a closer watch than before this fright.

To Mr. Blaine :

HAMILTON, July 28, 1881.

Is there any such book as *Debates on the adoption of the Constitution*? A man walked away up two miles last night, and I had it not. He is very intelligent, wants to get at what was the intention of the framers of the Constitution ; heard Weaver speak in Danvers, and thinks he was wrong as to his facts, — thinks Jackson was a hard-money man, etc. Is there any life of Hamilton or of Jackson that would help him? I can't see that Adams' Gallatin throws any light on any part of the subject.

From Mr. Blaine :

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 29, 1881.

Madison's reports of debates in the Convention that formed the Federal Constitution give the only authentic rescript of what was said there. These volumes, octavo, commonly called the Madison papers, were purchased from the ex-President by Congress at an incredibly large price, to help him out of the poverty in which he was thrown in his old days, partly by paying the gambling debts of a worthless son-in-law who ought rather to have had his neck wrung. The Madison papers are valuable, but like Macaulay's *History of England*, they require a good deal of antecedent knowledge to make them profitable or even intelligible reading. The debates that were held in the various State conventions to which the Constitution was submitted for adoption were very enlightening. None better than those in the Massachusetts convention, reported by Elliott, to be had in any public library in Boston. Jackson's opinions can be had at length in Parton's life, as well as in his messages to Congress ; Hamilton's in full in his famous reports as Secretary of the Treasury, especially that of 1789 and of December, 1792, so that is all you need for your friend.

All well at the White House and this house.

To M.:

WASHINGTON, August 19.

. . . Visited the house twice, where your father's activity caused me great anxiety, as he now mounts the ladders and overlooks the second-story floor. Was at the White House twice, and took quite a drive. Poor John! [the coachman of the State Department carriage] the clouds have returned after much rain, and neither the morning nor the evening is his day.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Thomas H. Clay:

LEXINGTON, August 15, 1881.

I send to-day by Adams' Express a picture of my grandfather, Henry Clay. The picture is a copy of a photograph taken in Philadelphia in the early stage of photography. The artist gave it a number of years afterward to Mr. Rufus King, of Cincinnati, and he and Judge Nicolas Longworth were so impressed with the likeness that Mr. King, after sending me a copy made by Judge Longworth, sent me the original to be copied here. It was much faded, and the outlines of the copy were retouched with India ink. The picture is not as perfect a likeness as I had hoped for, when I referred to it in Washington; yet, except for a certain immobility of the features, I prefer it to any picture of him I have ever seen. The full-face pictures of him are very few.

The frame about it is made of ash flooring-plank from the old house at Ashland. It was in those days dressed on one side only with the plane, and left hewed upon the other side, as you will observe by noticing the under side of the frame. The nails on the side near each corner are wrought, and were nailed in the plank when it was first laid at Ashland.

I send in the box, with the picture, my grandfather's manuscript of "Notes of conversations with the British Plenipots," made on May 11th and 16th, and June 7th and 9th, 1815, in London. These conversations were held by Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin on the part of the United States, and Messrs. Robinson, Goulburn, and Dr. Adams, representing the British Government. I regret the lack of my grandfather's signature, but for one who is as familiar as you probably are with his handwriting, it is not necessary. I send you these things because of my appreciation of the character of your public services, and because of your able defence of those principles (especially that of protective tariff) which Henry Clay thought so necessary to the welfare of our country.

To M.:

AUGUST 23.

I was at the White House last night. Miss Edson abandoned hope. Why, indeed, should that angel tarry longer by that bed when the poor sufferer has lost his own identity, praying to have that other man taken from him away, and to be relieved from that other man's face which

cleaves to and drags upon his? About ten, or perhaps later, we came home, when your father penned his bulletin to Lowell. We were just in the seclusion of our own room when a carriage drove up. Of course we think everything unusual means the White House, but this was R., who had come, as it were, to have his doom from our lips. Your father went down and let him in, but, alas! could give him no comfort.

August 25. . . . I suppose you can see as well as another that hope is over. Every night I try to brace for that telephone which I am sure before morning will send its shrill summons. The morning is a little reassuring, for light of itself gives courage. Your father I follow upstairs and down like a dog.

From Hon. W. E. Chandler:

WARNER, N.H., August 29, 1881.

. . . Of course I have no patience with the fault-finders, and I think Dr. — ought to be suppressed; but I wish the doctors had found out before, six weeks had passed where the ball went, and had kept opium out of him, which, combined with the extreme heat of Washington, is likely to prevent his recovery just as it seems evident that he might recover from the direct influence of the ball. . . . I do not feel as if I ever wanted to set foot in its streets again. I expect to see its effect in the changed looks and gray hairs of my friends who have been there during these anxious weeks. It is pleasant to notice the universal commendation which Mr. Blaine is receiving, both from the Democratic and the Republican newspapers.

From Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, September 6.

President left this morning at 6 o'clock. We follow in an hour. I tremble for the experiment and its success, but it was fatal to stay here. . . .

LONG BRANCH. The President holds his own. I wish I could say a great deal more, but I cannot, and I am overcome with dread of the final result. He is so greatly reduced; still, he has lived out seventy-one days, and that is a great thing. Was there ever a life so desired and so prayed for! May God look down in mercy!

From Mrs. Garfield:

MENTOR, O., October 3, 1881.

. . . Say to Walker for me that his tribute to the President is most beautiful, and I prize it, not only for the sentiment of loving-kindness shown, but for that which would have given the general so much delight,— the ability to speak so well. The general was very fond of both Walker and Emmons, as indeed of all your children, and my own admiration and love for them is made precious by this knowledge.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

WASHINGTON, October 3, 1881.

Reached here safely at 6.30 this morning. I found Mr. Trescott here at the department, full of sorrow. He says that there never has been since the country began any administration of the Department of State which in nine months could compare with this ; that the last thirty years put together can't show as much, and that if you stay until the report on foreign affairs is made, no President could possibly make the change.

From Mr. Blaine :

Walker went to New York last night to superintend the reception of the Germans. He is doing his work wonderfully well.

To M., in Europe :

WASHINGTON, November 6, 1881.

. . . I reached Philadelphia in time to lunch with your father, preparatory to his leaving for New York on the limited. I looked so good to him that he determined to go back to Washington with us, but Jackey's entreaties prevailed and the original plan was carried out. [Entertainment of the nation's guests.] Before your father left Philadelphia, he sent telegrams saying that you had sailed. Of course he took to himself all the credit for the final perseverance of St. Margaret — dear soul — who finds fault?

. . . Our early breakfast was for Emmons' benefit, who wants to get off to New York at 10.30 to attend the ball this evening, for which your father has telegraphed him.

From Mr. Blaine :

. . . This eve I dine with the Germans. Everything passes off delightfully — thanks to Walker, who has executive talent, a great deal.

To M. :

WASHINGTON, November 9, 1881.

. . . Your father and Jackey are still in New York, though I think it would be more sensible if Walker would come home, for Emmons says he is dead tired. They could not wake him up to go to the ball. . . . Your father stays now to oblige Arthur, who wants him to come over with him.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON.

I am sitting in prim waiting for the foreign guests, who will be here at one o'clock, and I am having a thousand and one things going on all around me. Walker did splendidly in New York ; made a most telling speech at the dinner.

To M.:

November 25. . . . Walker leaves next week. Mr. Trescott with him. They will be away the entire winter. Walker is both pleased and sorry. It looks good to him to stay here through the winter — at the same time, he will be glad to add to his travels and experiences, and perhaps reputation. . . . The dinner at Mrs. Hunt's was exceptionally interesting. Arthur is so social and fond of being away from his lonely habitation on Capitol Hill, and etiquette requiring every one to stay till he leaves, it becomes an interesting problem how to end a dinner before twelve o'clock — but we did get home from the Hunts a little before that hour.

November 30. . . . Your father, Mr. Hitt, Trescott, Walker, and Tom at the dining-room table — gas lighted — all diligently working on state papers. . . . Walker is to go Friday. What do you suppose I can do without him? But the embarrassments of the change of the administration he will be spared; also a society winter in Washington, which I consider no loss for him; also the risk of the loss of some of his pleasiest intimacies. . . . Your father gains constantly. He is now regaining his flesh, which does not give him apparently the satisfaction it ought.

December 7. . . . Will you please cultivate a plain hand? This morning's mail, coming before I was up, brought two welcome letters from you. . . . Your father, seizing them and my glasses, commenced reading with impetuosity, but at the first line he balked. I came to the rescue, and, by omitting all proper names, managed to get through them. . . . Alice is just starting for the trial; your father and Mr. Chandler are talking some Mexican matters, apparently of interest, as the former is fast lashing himself into a fury. . . . Congress is in session, so we are daily expecting your father's head to roll in the basket. I cannot but feel a little blue, though the person chiefly interested was never gayer or in better health.

From Walker, to Mr. Blaine:

ON BOARD REVENUE CUTTER, December 3, 1881.

. . . Good-by, dear father. I shall do my best to reflect credit upon you and to in all ways act as you would have me.

Affectionately and with great love to all the family.

From Mr. Blaine, to Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen:

WASHINGTON, December 10, 1881.

The President will, I presume, nominate you on Monday, and you will of course be confirmed without reference.

If you have any special desire as to the day on which you will take

possession of the office, I will of course adjust my concluding matters to your convenience. If you have no choice, I would be glad to have several days to get everything squared and leave no ravellings wherewith to trouble you.

If it be agreeable to you and Mrs. Frelinghuysen, it is the desire of Mrs. Blaine and myself to have a reception in your honor on the evening of the day on which you are installed, for the special purpose of presenting to you the members of the Diplomatic Corps with their families.

Would Thursday, the twenty-second, prove agreeable to you. If you desire an earlier day, I pray you to frankly name it.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Frelinghuysen :

NEWARK, N.J., December 12, 1881.

The proposal of Mrs. Blaine and yourself to present Mrs. F. and me to the Diplomatic Corps and their families is too kind and acceptable to be declined. The time will of course be fixed to suit your convenience, whether on the day of my installation or otherwise.

How long I should like it to be before you give possession and devolve the responsibilities of your office on me, it would not be wise for me to say. As to what time, under the circumstances, this better be done I will see you. Mrs. F. and I, before the receipt of your letter, had decided to visit Washington, for a few days, to see to our house, which we are overhauling, and I may see you on Wednesday.

To M. :

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1881.

. . . Frelinghuysen's name was sent in yesterday, and yesterday confirmed, and in a few days he will take the oath of office, and for the first time in twenty-three years your father finds himself out of public life, he entering the Legislature in '58. Of course he is extremely busy, getting ready to welcome his successor, so I cannot yet judge how the absolute freedom will affect him, but I have few misgivings. . . . Your father and I dined with the Hales Sunday evening, the first persons to eat at their board since they went into the Morton house. I think the house they are in charming, and we had a nice visit, your father being in one of his irresistible moods, when no man, I care not who he may be, can surpass him. Then, as Mr. Chandler says, I would rather hear him than eat. . . . I am so glad Walker is away through all these changes, as I find it easier to preserve my own equanimity, with no one in whom to confide my little asperities.

December 11. . . . I have been again to-day to the trial, the most interesting place, by all odds, in Washington; and after enduring the bad air and stifling companionship of the crowded court-room for three hours, and after gaping with the rest of the crowd at the van till Guiteau sprang

into it like a rabbit, I drove home to find your father still at the department. It is right and natural, and for the highest good of those most nearly concerned, that my three children should be away, but it is not a costless sacrifice. I pay dearly for Emmons' business, for Walker's opportunities, and for your French. . . . Last night we dined at the British Legation. Twenty-four at the table, representing thirteen nationalities — ourselves the only Americans. It was a pleasant dinner. The President has to-day telegraphed Walker to be *chargé d'affaires* at Chile, till Kilpatrick's successor is appointed. Did you ever know such luck as he has?

The President went into the White House Wednesday. . . .

To Walker:

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1881.

The bell is being pulled every moment, and at each tinkle I look up, hoping to see a telegram which shall prove to be from the isthmus. . . . Clarence Hale is here, trying to get an answer from your father for Mr. Rollins, from whose house he has just arrived, as to whether he will speak at the New England dinner, and Mr. Frye is here and Robeson and Gibson and Mr. West — these are all in, and there is a circle kept outside larger than this privileged one. Mr. Frelinghuysen's name yesterday sent in and at once confirmed. I cannot help feeling a little blue. Do you suppose a prime minister ever went out without a secret feeling that he was deprived of a right? Every day I see the wisdom of your timely absence. For instance, at —'s, it taxed all my equanimity to hear them calmly discussing your father's removal, without remembering to regret it, even to me. Not the shadow of a shade of complimentary allusion passed the lips of one. Everything that was kind was said of you, and with an air of proprietorship which, had they been nice in other directions, would have warmed my heart; but what care you, my dearest boy, what care I, for any other name than your father's? He himself says that you have more of a reputation than he had at your age, but you must remember that he was without advantage, while you are free born. . . . The first privilege we shall enjoy is the giving a party to the Frelinghuysens to meet the Diplomatic Corps, and I anticipate the luxury of choice in my guests. I miss fearfully the courtesy and consideration of my dear boy, though the darlings, T. and Q., devote themselves to my happiness. You ought to see your little sister eulogizing Jack. "He is pious — yes, Q. — he never upset a praying-stool in church, and laid it to his long knees."

From Walker:

ON BOARD "LACKAWANNA,"

PANAMA, December 13, 1881.

. . . On Sunday morning as I was returning to the ship from the railway company's office in Aspinwall, a man came up to me and introduced himself as Mr. Snow, a native of Maine, who had been for six years resident on the isthmus, and fifteen years residing in tropical climes,

returning every summer or two to Bangor. Maine is a very good state to hail from. You are sure to meet some man from that part of the world wherever you may be. . . .

. . . Poor Kilpatrick, how short his enjoyment! I recall his extravagant joy when he received the place last May, and now he's gone, leaving the little wife and the two children in Chile. . . . I am extremely complimented by the high honor which the President has paid in making me *chargé*. Mr. Trescott was, I think, extremely gratified, as it removes any embarrassment that might attend the success of the mission by a new man being sent. I hope, however, that some new minister may be sent pretty quickly, so that after we have ended our work, I may not be compelled to remain there very long. I wish if you see the President you would say to him how highly I appreciate the honor which he has paid. I have been gleaning what gossip I could about the Panama canal since coming here, and as I am just going on shore for the last time, will pick up some more. I send you a copy of to-day's paper. If we don't do anything in South America, you can at least hear that, like Napoleon in Europe, we are cutting up a — of a swell down here. Of one thing you may be quite sure, that this canal is going to be an extremely expensive thing for the French, and that it will be many, many years before they complete it, if they ever do.

To M., in Europe :

DECEMBER 14, 1881.

. . . Everything connected with the State Department is all right; most of all, the retiring Secretary, who went with me last night to an auction of water-colors, and amused himself by buying many pictures. . . . Do not feel uneasy about anything you may hear, politically. The Chile and Peru business should not give you the slightest concern. It is a decided policy, instead of drifting, as cowardly Americans only desire to do. Your father has asserted the rights of this country, as was his bounden duty.

To Walker :

WASHINGTON, December 16, 1881.

. . . The outgoing Secretary is still in gay spirits, and I think the best of health. . . . Everything is going stalwart way. D. came into the parlor to see me during my call last night, and butter would not melt in his mouth. He has all the generosity of the victor towards the dying — but their great trump is Guiteau. Day before yesterday he made, in court, an appeal to those who had "come into fat office through him, to send in contributions. If they are afraid to do it over their own names, let them do it on the sly; but do it they must, or I will call names."

Mr. Frelinghuysen has expressed to your father his hopes that you will remain in the department. He desires it on your father's account, and for his own, everything he hears of you making him anxious to have you near

him. . . . Mr. Christiancy having been interviewed by the "Herald," and stating that the first sentence or paragraph of your father's S. A. despatch to him, as now published, had not been on the original paper, your father wrote him, when he came down handsomely. His note will be given to the press to-day. . . . Emmons has had another R. R. offer of an \$1,800 place. He decides to stay in Chicago.

December 16. . . . Your father has just looked up through his glasses to say that he has bought Hitt's horse for \$180. I hail this as the beginning of a stable. It does seem absurd to have four horses and a pony in Augusta, and hiring a carriage here. . . . — have been in from the Guiteau trial, which they found extremely interesting, full of devotion to the family, and anxious to see their way to the advent of Senator Blaine. Needless to say that their would-be Senator takes no part in any plans of this kind. I had a lovely letter from Mrs. Garfield this morning; very simple, very effective, and affecting. . . . All the Stalwarts are going in, and though the mills of Arthur may seem to grind slow, they grind exceedingly fine; but whatever you may read or hear, always remember that your father is a very careful as well as able man, and that because the press criticise you need feel no apprehension; there often is advantage in the very criticism. . . .

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. John T. Morgan:

WASHINGTON, December 16, 1881.

I suppose that it will gratify you to know that the sentiments of the Southern people are very kindly towards you, and that they take a broader view of men and policies than they generally have credit for. The enclosed article from the "Selma Times" gives a fair view of the opinions of the people of Alabama in respect of your political course. You well know that you have not flattered them into such expressions; and they understand as well that they have not been coerced into an uncandid profession of great respect for you. Allow me, personally, to express my deep regret that the country is, for the time, to lose the advantages of your abilities and experience in its administrative councils, and that your friends will lose the great and valued opportunity of discussing with you, as is your habit, in a frank and free manner, all public questions that relate to the honor and welfare of our country. Wishing you happiness in your retirement from the cares of public service.

To M.:

WASHINGTON, December 19, 1881.

I am in the midst of punch-making, and Lewis has judiciously allowed a stick of wood to fall on his side, and your father surrenders the portfolio to-day to Mr. Frelinghuysen, and has now gone to the department with Secretary Hunt, and C. comes this afternoon, and to-night we give a reception to the Corps Diplomatique to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Frelinghuysen

or *vice versa*, and Congress has unanimously asked your father to deliver the oration at the congressional memorial exercises on the death of Garfield, and I am against his accepting as he is himself, though almost every friend he has insists that he shall do it, and how it will end I know not. One insuperable objection, it seems to me, is the emotion your father will feel, embarrassing him to an uncontrollable extent, I am sure. And the man is here about the flowers, and altogether it is a representative day in the Blaine family as it has hitherto flourished, though very likely this is the last of them. Well, to a good deal of this I can cheerfully say good-by. Welcome to go is the punch and all that part of it, and if your father does not miss these carking cares, as the starved Irishman misses the heart of the potato, I am ready to lighten the ship by throwing overboard all this old load. He says he does not, shall not, that he is not thinking of it at all, but that all his trouble comes from his business operations, of the neglect of which he is deeply ashamed.

From Walker :

NEAR CALLAO, December 21, 1881.

We hope to be in Callao at 9 or 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, after the smoothest and most charming voyage that you can imagine. There has not been enough roll on the Pacific to require guards or ledges on the table at any time since we left Panama. . . . I have read a novel and a history, studied a little Spanish, talked a great deal with Trescott, from whom I daily learn something, and for whom my respect and admiration daily augments.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

U.S. CONSULATE AT CALLAO, Christmas Day.

. . . Before we went we were offered a house in Lima, which we were obliged to decline, but on going to thank the owner, who is said to be the wealthiest man in Peru, we found quite a company of Peruvians assembled, and were forced to sit down about four or five to a most sumptuous lunch, and after that they insisted upon our coming back to dine, a most elaborate dinner being served at eight o'clock. While in Lima we had three carriages with drivers in livery, the best carriages in Lima, constantly at our disposition, and we had so many visitors that it was impossible to see anything of the town. I have just sent my books that were given me, referring to the situation, to the boat. Three sailors carrying them, and two others carrying boxes of wine which we were fairly compelled to take. I think if we had given a hint they would have presented us with fortunes. It was really embarrassing to avoid the attentions. I really think that they look upon us as a sort of saviors, and Trescott says it will be necessary to send a fleet to rescue us at the end of the mission, so little will the performance that we hope to succeed in correspond with

Peruvian expectation. I can assure you, however, that it made me proud to hear how, with Spanish extravagance, they spoke of you, and it is perhaps some source of food to one's vanity to be regarded as a great man by a whole city for even two days, as I found Trescott and I were. I played prince royal at the party last night.

I am of opinion that it was advantageous to go to Lima. For myself I think I understand things much better. I flatter myself and do justice to Trescott in saying that I think we made good impressions on both Chilians and Peruvians. . . . One thing perhaps I ought to say, that is, that in all this we acted quite unofficially, saying nothing and hearing everything.

To M. :

NEW YORK, December 29, 1881.

. . . My dearer self—and certainly he might apply the title with another significance to me—is looking up his sadly neglected stocks. The only question now is, are they worth taking any notice of. All that fine Fortunatus' purse which we held the strings of, and in which we had only to insert the finger to pay therewith for the house, has melted from the grasp which too carelessly held it, and we must look about for new investments, the comfort of which I find in the inference that there is still enough left to spare for investments. . . . Alice is always scrupulous in unexpected places, thereby atoning for the monstrous liberty your father takes with my correspondence—not only opening and reading my letters, but forgetting to mention that they have ever been; and often, weeks after, I find the poor ill-used things in his pocket. He says he is not even thinking of public affairs, while every issue of the press contains at least one *résumé* of his intentions and ambitions, the upshot of all being the presidency in '84. I am fast becoming content with the situation. As soon as people cease asking me if I am going to leave Washington, I shall be entirely so.

From Walker :

SANTIAGO, January 10, 1882.

. . . Chile has not overflowed with enthusiasm to quite so great an extent as Peru, but our reception has been most marked. . . . I forgot to mention that when the President had finished his speech the crowd cheered him, then Trescott, and when we were coming out, myself, which was rather pleasant, as showing a better state of feeling.

There is a great deal more excitement in Chile than I had supposed before coming. It seems to be the sole topic of talk here. It certainly is the one thing mentioned in the newspapers, and the reporters chronicle every little movement of ours with a persistency that is rather irritating. On Monday Mr. Trescott has his first interview with Balmaceda. I shall accompany him in all the interviews, and he has been most delightfully kind to me in every way in admitting me to full confidence in all his views and in taking me into advice and conference, so that I am really learning a little about diplomacy under the best master of the art in America.

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, January 20, 1882.

. . . Mr. Trescott has had three interviews with Balmaceda. . . . The position of affairs is about this. Nobody in Peru will, I think, sign a treaty of peace with cession of territory. Nobody here, without.

January 28. . . . Of course I am very sorry to see father say goodbye for a time to official life, but I had fully appreciated it before leaving Washington, and had to some extent discounted any feeling which the change might cause. . . . I wrote a little note to father last night, but forgot to say anything about his birthday. I would telegraph my congratulations, but it would still further bankrupt the family.

It would really not do for me to say how great lions the members of the commission are. Peru was almost at our feet, and every one in Chile is devotion itself. If we come out successfully I expect to have a statue erected both in Lima and in Santiago at public expense. . . . We are standing on our dignity. You have no idea how well known father is down here, — better than anybody, I think; nor have you any idea how they hate Hurlbut, but they say that they gave Kilpatrick the grandest funeral ever seen in Chile, government paying every bill, at a cost of more than \$10,000.

To M.:

JANUARY 28, 1882.

I do not know with what particularity the text of the Chile-Peruvian papers may be cabled to Europe, but as there is a great deal of talk on this side concerning them, I hasten to say, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Only on the publication of these State papers yesterday morning, in the daily newspapers, did your father know that his instructions had been altered and revoked, — and when I say *his* instructions, you must remember that they are officially the President's acts, he alone being responsible for them, — and it is he who has gone back on himself, for his friends must either admit that he does not know to what he signs his name, or that he is vacillating and doubtful to the last degree. In point of fact, the papers were all read to him, and he approved them, understanding distinctly that they committed his government to a positive policy. I suspect that — has kept from — the successive steps of alteration and recantation, and that the President himself is not intelligent on the matter. At any rate, he seemed completely unprepared for the charge of fickleness yesterday morning. You remember, don't you, that — told us about Arthur's two passions, as he heard him discussed at Sam Ward's dinner in New York — new coats being one, he having then already ordered twenty-five from his tailor since the new year came in; the other seeming to do things, while never putting his mind or his hands near them? Your father saw the President yesterday morning and had a courteous interview with him. What he, the pater, may do hereafter I do not know, but at present he has decided on the dignity of perfect silence; but he says he never wrote papers of which a man or his children ought to be more proud, and that there is not a single word in them he would have changed.

. . . Your father is well, and bright and busy, but feels that he has

been treated with indignity, and that the whole thing is simply a determination to break him down.

February 2. . . . Jacky was very wise when he foresaw that this dynasty might not settle itself into the saddle without an impulse to ride down your father. When you wrote advising a conflict with Arthur from the beginning, I thought you insane; but time, as usual, inclines me to an admiration of your judgment. Undoubtedly, the State Department intended the life of your father, which they expected to take with all due regard to the *convenances*, and with so much dignity on their own part, that nobody would know that any one was hurt, only by and by it would strike people that our dearest dear was forever silenced. . . . They revoked his instructions, — though they were Arthur's as well; they kept back his papers; they sent to Congress garbled despatches of Trescott's; they published private letters of Christiancy to be sent to Congress. . . . What does it all amount to? Your father will be vindicated in every particular. His policy is a patriotic one, and the people are going to recognize it. Not a selfish thought is in it, but it is, in all its ramifications, American. . . . Your father is going this afternoon to Baltimore to dine with Mr. Garrett. Last night we were at Mrs. Bancroft's. The President came up and asked me to do him the honor of walking through the rooms with him. Of course it was intentional. I complied, and we made a slow progress. . . . This attack has stimulated father, and he is as well as he ever was in his life.

From Walker:

FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

. . . We are awaiting a telegram from the Department of State which will decide a great many things, and our position here is at the present moment most cruelly awkward. I expect nothing now but mortification to the country, and to all of us personally as citizens of the country; but, Heaven be thanked! the responsibility will not rest upon any one of us. Had they left us free I really think we could have done something here; as it is now, I look forward to nothing. I don't believe that in my time the United States will ever get back influence worth considering with any one of these South American countries, and if the department had stood firm, we could, I honestly believe, have settled the question to the satisfaction of all and to our own (the country's) advancement. Of course I am writing you confidentially. As an officer of the department, I have no opinions; individually I may have, but it's best not to express them. You may judge how awkward the attitude is when I tell you that a telegram sent a week ago last Monday (January 23d), which it was imperative to have answered at once, has as yet received no reply, and when I assure you that at the last interview with the Chilian Secretary, when I was about to present the peace invitation he smiled blandly, and said perhaps I had better not present it, as he had received a telegram stating that the United

States had abandoned the proposed congress, and then went on to inform Mr. Trescott that the instructions given him by father had been published at home, and new ones issued modifying them seriously, and that the last had been published too. Of course we can't move a foot just now, and of course we feel cruelly our awkward position. This is all very confidential, but perhaps it will interest you a little. Anyway it is the thing which, just now, most interests me. . . . I should awfully like to have a congressional nomination and election, with just one chance to take a fling at this new (or old, which is it?) foreign policy of ours.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. John Jay :

NEW YORK, February 6, 1882.

Your suggestion about our government asking permission of the governments of Europe to deal as we like with American questions recalls the fact that President Grant, in November, 1875, did ask, if not their permission, at least their "moral support," for some plan of joint action for restoring peace on the Island of Cuba.

I made some comments on this strange appeal to European powers to interest themselves in an American question and to assist in deciding the destiny of a Spanish colony in the *New World*, in a paper on "The American Foreign Service," published in the "International Review," for May and June, 1877, pages 6, 7, and 8, at which I hope you may look. A part of the correspondence was submitted to Congress on the 21st January, 1876, including the letter to Mr. Cushing, number 266, November 5, 1875, suggesting that it may become the duty of other governments to interfere; but the correspondence on this subject with our minister at Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome was not given. My impression is, from the tone of some of the European papers, that our government was quietly snubbed by several, if not by all, of their powers, and that that was all it gained by soliciting the advice and support of Europe rather than the advice of the American people.

If the Senate or House would call for the whole of that correspondence, and any other with a foreign power involving the propriety of foreign intervention in American questions, light might be thrown on the extent to which we have been drifting from the spirit and true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine.

To Walker :

FEBRUARY 8, 1882.

. . . You would be delighted could you see how well and bright and happy your father is, dressed immaculately in one of his new Baltimore suits, — carefully trimmed, *quoad* hair and beard, and in the full exercise of a mental activity which makes — cry for the little dog at home, to know whether they be they. It would be impossible for me to post you as to the situation, which is so interesting, that I am half the

time breathless with excitement. Still I congratulate you that you are not here. Your position would be embarrassing, and if the State Department did not drop you, you would feel obliged to drop it. There can be no doubt, however, that a strong feeling is growing for your father's policy. It appeals to the *American* sentiment, and the friends of the administration have done the President incalculable harm by rushing to his defence with all sorts of wild assertions . . . which, proved to be true, would condemn Arthur out and out. . . . I must not forget to chronicle an adroit little trick of Mrs. —'s. We were all at a lovely party at her house last Wednesday evening, and it was not till Saturday that I discovered that all the other invitations, save ours, read, "To meet Secretary and Mrs. Frelinghuysen." Accordingly I asked your father if he would go to the B's to a party given to the F's. "Most decidedly not," he said. So I looked up our invitation and found, to my great satisfaction, there was no mention of the Frelinghuysens in our notes. Now it turns out that all the other invitations mentioned the Frelinghuysens. . . . So Monday afternoon, when I was making my party call on Mrs. —, I asked her about it. Why, the Frelinghuysen name was so long, that after writing out a good many invitations she concluded to drop it, and our cards came among the abbreviated ones! I assured her that her explanation was entirely satisfactory to me, but I asked as a special favor that she make the same explanation to Mrs. Frelinghuysen, at the same time telling her that our cards did not contain their honored name. This she solemnly promised to perform. But she looked at me scrutinizingly as she promised, no doubt deciding whether it would be safe to remember to forget. . . . But do not worry about anything. I am sure time will vindicate your father, and he will be everywhere recognized as a minister who had the interests of his own country in perpetual remembrance. Emmons is coming this noon. He will be a great moral resource to me. . . . He says he is going to Topeka, Kansas, and I have no doubt it is his destiny so to do — as, so often as he ends the negotiations, blind fate reopens them, and we know that what is writ is writ. He is a dear, delightful son. Business tells on him, and he begins to look careworn and more man than boy. Of course he lost no time in tasting the sweets of Washington Society.

From A.:

1882.

. . . I don't think Sec. F. has the least hostile wish or purpose against Mr. Blaine. Nor has Arthur. Both wish to be good friends. Mr. Blaine walking, met the President driving, and said the President's hat went up high. "No higher than yours, I hope?" I said severely, and he said, "No, indeed." I don't believe A. or F. to this day know exactly what all this row is about, but there is somebody behind them who does know, and who is greatly surprised to find that Blaine does not lie still after the vigorous down-pushing that they gave him.

From Walker:

FEBRUARY 10, 1882.

. . . I have nothing to write about unless I go into a full explanation of the position in which we find ourselves here, and I am so angry and disgusted that I don't like to write about it. . . .

To M.:

FEBRUARY 13, 1882.

. . . Since I wrote, Emmons has come and gone, and we miss him fearfully, as he fills a relation to his parents which none of the younger ones touch. . . . I am as usual writing in my room, which has now, as I have often told you, been converted into a sanctum sacred to Garfield, and here your father, who cannot bear to be alone, though he prohibits talking, is devoting himself to the most difficult portion of his eulogy—the long sickness with its fatal termination. For the second time this morning I see him taking from the drawer a fresh pocket-handkerchief with which he vainly tries to hide his tears, and this time, wholly overcome, he has beaten a retreat to the blue room. Oh, M., there indeed is a Douglass tender and true; but if the writing so moves him, how, with a great audience before him, is he ever to control his emotion? Two weeks from this very hour, unless the unforeseen prevents, he will be in the thick of it. Emmons comes back to hear it. It will not be eloquent, but it will be faithful. . . . Poor father! I wish he could come downstairs. . . .

February 18. . . . The eulogy is going to be good. Carefully discriminating, it is an authoritative utterance of the ability and work of Garfield, which, while it carefully ignores the author, shrinks from no issue which the administration of Garfield involved. . . . Speaking of foreign potentates reminds me that you are not to give yourself the slightest anxiety concerning your father's position, past or present. Whoever has explanations or back-downs to make, it is certainly not he. Serene in the consciousness of a policy, or policies, which looked out for the interests of America, and which time is as sure to justify as it is to come, he may well wait undisturbed. . . . I can imagine your amusement at the large place the eulogy occupies in my letters nowadays. When Q. was snubbed by his father the other day, he exclaimed, "Crushed by a eulogist." All the time I am writing, imagine the careful criticism of language going on—"the true prerogatives of his high office," reads your father. "Is that any better," says C., "than the true prerogatives of the presidency?" I join in the ensuing debate, and by and by we lay over that line for to-morrow's fresh reading, and by and by I begin to listen again—"He followed with quickening steps."

February 22. . . . This important document is now in the hands of Tom, who is transcribing it. . . . Nothing can equal the interest taken in the day; the pressure for seats and tickets is enormous. I am quite sure you will be satisfied. C. has gone over and over it, winnowing

out the chaff, criticising the construction and language and grammar, and your father has given to it all his best attention, and a careful selection of facts, for of course he teems with knowledge sufficient for half a dozen obituaries. In the midst of all this feeling, national and personal, your father is stemming the tide of misconstruction and false statement, emanating from the administration, its friends, and its newspapers. . . . — says the State Department is coming around entirely to all your father's policies. The whole back-down has been a "put-up job" to take the credit away from him, condemn apparently, then bring forward the same policy as a new measure by this administration. The plan, he says, is wholly —'s. It is a deliberate purpose, now partially executed. Really, and *au fond*, there is no change. They expect to dupe the people by high-sounding papers, but I doubt their success.

To Walker :

FEBRUARY 22.

. . . Last night we all went to the Art Club's reception of Mr. Corcoran. Your father gave the welcoming address, which was a perfect gem, and given in a manner which made moist eyes. I felt it deeply myself, but when Mrs. Story said to me that she felt like crying whenever she thought of it, I knew he had played on the harp of a thousand strings. It was a complete surprise to me, who had not before heard one word of it. Mr. Corcoran took me out to supper, and in every way in his power testified to his delight. Walker, you would have felt proud and tender, could you have seen the dear pater giving, in a voice which was a caress and a benediction in itself, the little address I enclose, — then see him step one side, and with a simple dignity defer to Mr. Corcoran — nothing better was ever done or said. Your dear little sister is reading out to Tom the eulogy, while he copies. She told me just now, after two steady hours of application, that she was extremely interested, that she had just come to the assassination. . . . I am afraid, dear Walker, that if you have depended on me as to the situation here, personal and more general, you have leaned on a broken reed. This morning I notice among the telegrams that you have resigned, because of the strictures upon your father on his South American course. I do not suppose you have done so, though your father for the first time seems aware of the importance of keeping you posted as to the public sentiment here. I am constantly writing family letters which I suppose have the happy faculty of touching on things of the least importance. I am truly disgusted with myself as the universal correspondent anyway, and I feel as though my children must long for the sight of another handwriting; but to repair past neglects, I send you a budget cut indiscriminately from the newspapers this morning. Do not for one moment imagine that your father is going down under this preconcerted attack on the part of the State Department and its friends. I imagine him very strong, and that the administration has lost its grip upon this policy, which is so American that it is forced to be the popular will. In short, dear Walker, use

your own good sense, and ask yourself if it accords with your father's past, that this attack does him anything but good.

From Mrs. Garfield:

CLEVELAND, O., February 28, 1882.

Mr. Blaine's advance sheets of his address reached us yesterday morning. Thronging emotions and memories made my heart stand still. It was the anniversary of the last day the general passed in our Mentor home. The paper I held in my hand was the tribute of a grand, loving friend to his memory. In one short year, hopes, ambitions, aspirations pure and high, and almost assured, all swept away — nothing left but tears and loyal, loving words to tell the story. I have tried to collect my thoughts and my gratitude into some fit expression to tell Mr. Blaine how satisfied I am with all he has said. It was such a true, unvarnished tale of his life. His summing up of the influences — those coming through the blood of ancestors, and those of circumstance which so richly dowered and so rounded out his character — was so just; and the final tribute to his work and worth so magnanimous. My dear friend, if the spirit of General Garfield is in the great universe, he must have been in that old hall, smiling upon his old friend a grateful recognition. Pray say to Mr. Blaine that the dear general's mother joins me in most sincere and heartfelt thanks to him; and in love to you all we all join.

These anniversary days are full of heartbreaks. One year ago this hour the fateful journey to Washington had begun which ended at Lake View Cemetery. How vividly the last hours at the home come back to me. After the final preparations for departure were all made, and the last friend had driven away, came the aimless wandering through the vacant rooms. By accident the general and I met in the little library, where he had sat through the long campaign and the busy winter. We looked through tears into each other's eyes. Choking them back, the general said, "Darling, shall we come back here again?" I remember the startled feeling it gave me, but I answered out of my hope, and we said good-by to the little room.

Pardon me for wandering back into memories; as dear — says, "*I have lost my life,*" and while I wait, my thoughts will go back to the life that was with me once." . . .

What of M.? Is she happy and contented so far from you? With your children so scattered, your heart cannot be wholly free from pain.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Beverley Tucker:

WASHINGTON, February 28, 1882.

"Once upon a time" my uncle, John Randolph, of Roanoke, after sitting for hours, listening attentively, and as he always did, critically, to Littleton Waller Fazewell's greatest effort at the bar, rose at its conclusion, and grasping the hand of his great contemporary said, with his peculiar, shrill

voice, "Fazewell, I thought I had heard something *perfect* at last, sir; but what did you say horizon for?" (instead of horizon).

Had the great orator and statesman been an auditor of yours yesterday, your exquisite address would have extorted a like compliment, without the *handicap* of even so trivial a criticism. Can I say more

To Alice, at Fort Leavenworth :

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1882.

Now that the eulogy is over and all the books sent back to their several libraries, and all the black-edged paper banished, and this formerly heavily freighted table cleared up, you cannot think how bare and empty the room seems. All the world may come into it now and find nothing out of order, and I miss the dear figure that for so many weeks has made it his studio. He is downstairs, however, for he cannot make up his mind to separate himself from his family, and I have this moment left him after a whole morning's talk with Mr. Elkins and Emmons on R. R's and coal. Well, Alice, the eulogy has been made, fine and tender and concise, and has been followed by an almost unbroken stream of congratulation. When I say that I could ask nothing more for it, both as to audience, subject-matter, time and place, delivery and reception, you will see that it equalled the unequalled occasion, for probably your father had not in that vast assembly a more exacting critic than myself. He has had the most delightful and warm assurances from his friends both by letters and word of mouth. The former I shall keep for a special scrap-book, and the latter I shall cherish in my heart of hearts. . . . From the first word I knew that your father had the ear of the audience. The attention was profound, and the interest untiring. Probably you will miss nothing to compare with it while away from us, and I am truly sorry that only Q. and Emmons, of all the children, heard it.

To M. :

MARCH 2, 1882.

. . . Our matutinal reunion was made delightful by a great number of congratulatory letters. A very feeling one from Uncle Homan, to whom your father had considerably sent an advanced copy of his eulogy, which he read, he said, to the neighbors and friends, at the same hour that it was delivered to the larger and more distinguished, but not more sympathetic and appreciative and affectionate audience. One from Mrs. Garfield which I shall hereafter send you, a truly beautiful letter, pathetic in its perfect simplicity. . . . I hope you will not tire of this theme, for really your father made a great vault. Now I hope to have your approval, for the orator has a high opinion of M.'s perception. . . . I do not think we are on good terms with the President, though all the onus of the unpleasantness, if such there be, rests on him. I saw him at the Corcoran reception, but he was embarrassed. Your father did not even know he was there.

From Walker :

U.S. CONSULATE, VALPARAISO, March 4, 1882.

. . . I have received all the papers from New York containing the full publications of the instructions and Mr. Trescott's confidential telegram. To our request sent a week ago asking for immediate instructions, we yesterday received a reply, stating that the President desired for the present that Mr. Trescott and I should remain here to report upon the situation and urge his views. The only views we have to urge are G. Washington's final address. . . . I cannot tell you how sick at heart and how disgusted I am. We have made ourselves absolutely contemptible. Nothing more humiliating than our attitude can be conceived, and I cannot but think that in the end the policy now adopted must be condemned. I hope father will let it go just as it will. His interview has been republished here in every paper, and the things that are said in the press are a little hard to me; but I can stand that. What I can't stand is to represent the government of the United States which has published to the world the confidential communications of its minister and thus put an end forever to diplomacy. There is one thing further, of which you must judge better than I. I shall stay down here until they order me home, doing the work that there is and holding my peace; but when I get back it may very well happen that it will be quite impossible for me to remain in the department. . . . I also think that they might make me M. C. from Maine, but I don't suppose they will so regard it, and in fact I shall be in such a meek and lowly frame of mind that I shall be content to break stone on the highway. . . . Balmaceda gave me a long talk this morning. . . . This action of the administration, which has been published and taken, as it seems to me, simply to break down father at home, has disgraced (I fear irremediably) the government of the United States abroad. It has made me sick at heart and ashamed, and I want to get away. But I think we might as well throw away scabbards. . . . I hope father will hold no more interviews. Wait until the whole matter comes out, if you wait a year.

March 18. . . . To-morrow I go to Vina del Mar to call upon Balmaceda. I ought to be in Lima during the first week in April, and am in hopes that the last of May will see me restored to my bereaved family. . . . Of course I am wild to get home, crazy for a talk with you all. I see that the attack on father is bitter and violent, but he has beaten them masterfully at every point. The letter was superb (the one to Arthur on the Peace Congress), but why somebody doesn't take up that clause in Frelinghuysen's despatch in which he says that to have a foreign policy implies an army and navy, and that is to tax our people for the benefit of foreigners, I know not.

To M. :

MARCH 24, 1882.

. . . Your father talking in the far corner of the dining-room in the window, with Mr. Parsons, on business plans. . . . Here enters Fagin

with the morning "Tribune," and Mr. Parsons at once loses all that was left of his listener. I have been answering notes, one to Mrs. —, who has invited your father to dine to-morrow with two charming ladies who wish to meet Mr. Blaine. Alas, I had peremptory orders from headquarters to decline, which I have done in honeyed accents, very different from those in which the lion refused to be bored; and one to —, who has asked us to dinner to meet —. There, too, I have sent diplomatic regrets, which should read in plain English, "I don't want to have anything to do with that gang." . . . I hope you will read and digest the interview of the pater yesterday. We all deprecate the necessity of coming before the public, but it is a question of self-preservation.

. . . Walker has left for Bolivia. Yes, dear, the administration may hope to snuff out Mr. Blaine, but to-day, with all their official power, as a Southern paper says, whenever Mr. Blaine pipes, they dance!

From Walker.

LIMA, April 9, 1882.

. . . I read in the paper yesterday that new instructions had been forwarded to Mr. Trescott in which the United States consent to territorial cession; but we have received nothing. We have, however, become accustomed to seeing instructions published before we received them, and are therefore not much surprised. I cannot tell you how disgusted, mortified, and humiliated I feel by the action of our government in Washington. It is disgraceful to our nation that men should be trusted with great offices who will so misuse the power thus given them. . . . For the love of Heaven and my own self-respect, get me ordered home and let me resign. There is one great satisfaction to me, and that is father's eulogy on Garfield, which I would rather have written than to have been President or Secretary of State, or any other thing possible. That did make me prouder than ever, I assure you. . . . I heard of poor Hurlbut's death when at Puno on my way back from La Paz. He died very suddenly, of angina pectoris. The demonstration here at the funeral is said to have been very grand and impressive. He was greatly liked and beloved by the Peruvians. It's very strange, and makes me feel almost superstitious to think of both Hurlbut and Kilpatrick.

To M.:

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1882.

. . . We had a tea company of eight gentlemen whom your father, unmindful of our limited help, and that the market was not open on Sunday, and that Lewis and Caroline were unwarned, invited in a batch at Mr. Sawyer's dinner-party which he attended after our arrival on Saturday evening. Everything went off, however, well and handsomely, the company proving distinguished, the supper bountiful and choice, and the host unequalled. . . . Breakfast is over, and your father, downstairs, is reading an old State paper of his on Guatemala to Emmons, in whose judgment he seems to have great confidence.

April 20. Emmons left for Chicago, with reluctance, Monday morning. Each visit home only seems to tighten the tie that binds this beloved son to his mother. . . . The chief of his clan is more and more devoting himself to business, till it is really assuring to note how little he cares for the Senate, the Cabinet, or any other elevation. I am delighted, because I have always regarded the hanging on to place as one of the melancholy inevitables of political life; so if now in the very zenith of his reputation your father can seek other skies in which to shine, is it not wiser for him, and better for us all? . . . He has been able through it [a Congressional Committee of investigation], in the most notable manner to get his S. A. policy before the world, and at last I believe it will be known and read of all men. You cannot imagine how grand he seems to me, — perfectly simple and natural, sleeping well and eating, and without one particle of pettiness or vanity in his whole composition.

From G. :

Observe that it is not Mr. Blaine who is running around trying to settle matters. Mr. Blaine is this minute sitting at his desk writing a letter to the Foreign Affairs Committee, protesting against their stopping the investigation here, when they had Shiphard up for weeks when there was any slander to be uttered against the State Department, but now that a great policy is concerned, they stop it in three days.

Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte :

BALTIMORE, April 24, 1882.

. . . I enjoyed this P.M. reading your evidence, or such scraps as the evening paper gave, and saw that you had not lost a tittle of your snap and vitality.

Of course, old Mulberry Shiphard's story only amused thoughtful people.

To M. :

WASHINGTON, May 1, 1892.

. . . I hope you will feel no less indignant than Emmons when you are in full possession of the reports of the examinations; but do not you regret them? There was nothing our beloved wanted so much as to get his S. A. policy before the world, and a great deal of it is certainly now where every one can read it. Moreover, all the diplomats evidently regard the late Secretary of State as the one formidable American, and the attention I receive when I go anywhere is very noticeable. In Europe, of course, your father's policy, which is decidedly American, you will see very much criticised, and you must remember that this is really greatly to his credit. A policy which European countries would applaud could not be very American.

May 8. . . . Your father returned from New York Saturday afternoon. He telegraphed me to meet him at the station, and from there we

drove to the new house, where we found everything progressing favorably; then to the Broadhead house, where was a kettledrum, the house cold, and I could not get "the beloved" soon enough away. By dint of pacing all the rooms to convince me how superior my own were, he managed to take exercise enough to keep himself warm. . . .

Mr. E. has been in and stayed an hour with me, and he and I agree that although Mr. Blaine professes himself wearied with the hollowness of New York society, he disports himself pretty actively in the hollow. But does not the publisher promise handsomely?

. . . The Maine Republicans are circulating a petition to your father to represent the State as Congressman at Large. Nothing would as yet induce him to go back to public life. To put the energy and time and temper into the House which it would require to secure and hold its control, he told me this morning would lose him a million dollars, which the same effort otherwise applied would make for him. "Oh, mother, mother Blaine!" he said, "I have so much to do, I know not which way to turn." — "Good!" said I. — "Yes," said he, "isn't it perfectly splendid?"

From G. :

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1882.

. . . Sunday we three met the President on the street walking. None of us saw him till he had nearly passed us. Then we bowed and saluted, and Mr. Blaine coming out of his brown study went up to him as smiling and cordial as could be, and he had to stop and turn back, and I will do him the justice to say he was embarrassed, and Mr. Blaine advised him to take long walks, etc., and look out for his health!

I have had a long talk with him, finding him very cheery and cheerful. He says there is only one position which he covets in the future. The presidency may go, but he would like to carry out his views of Statecraft, in 1885, as Secretary of State. . . .

To M. :

May 28. . . . Your father has now reached home, having left Cincinnati last night. His spirits are good as can be, so is his health, but you cannot interest him in politics. In business, he is immersed. Emmons leaves Chicago in two weeks, and goes to Cincinnati as Treasurer of a R.R. He also has a position on a second road, the two together giving him a salary of three thousand. I am so pleased for him. . . . Jacky we look for on Thursday. He will resign, I suppose, when he has straightened out his State Department business.

May 31. I came into the house Saturday afternoon. . . . I found Mr. Blaine still away. . . . While we were at lunch Sunday, came the well-known ring and tat-a-tap, followed, as soon as three could get the door open, by the beloved traveller himself, very dirty, but every cinder alive with affection and good spirits. He regards his trip as a most successful one.

June 4. . . . Your father comes forward "to my sincerest and best critic,"—yes, I say, the best left, "the best always, you are much more difficult to satisfy than A."—with his letter declining to run as Congressman at Large, to his petitioners in Maine, and I listen and approve heartily, but object to his "hence," which I consider an earmark; at which he laughs and says, "As I am putting my name to it in full—they will not have to look for the earmark, eh, Tom?" And Mr. Prescott, in a suit of light gray, which he says he has worn all through Peru and Chile, but which is as fresh as though it had just seen the light, comes in to turn over the ever-vexed question of South American affairs, and Walker, who has been telephoned for from the State Department to see Mr. Elkins, comes rubbing his hands with delight, saying, "The whole round trip through Peru, Chile, and Bolivia did not afford me as much pleasure as I have had to-day." . . . He is looking very well, and I am lost in wonder, love, and praise at having such a boy. For he has the whole South American business in his head, and he is a most devoted brother to T., and to his father an anxious and attentive son, and to you, M., all that even your exacting heart can ask. Your father came last night, and only when Walker opened the door to him did he know that he was here.

June 12. . . . Your father making his breakfast this hot, hot morning off baked beans; and Walker, in that summer suit of those summers gone, explaining the coffee and the coffee-making of South America. . . . Here comes your dear Walker announcing, with that irresistible lisp of his, "This is my last final appearance." He means that he is now going to tear himself away from his family for the State Department. He has in his hand his summer hat, and under his arm an immense envelope of despatches. . . . The last Clayton-Bulwer paper is Mr. —'s, and he is very proud of it, while your father thinks it an utterly untenable ground which he has taken. . . . I doubt if I have given the technical language, but I would give more for what lies within the frosty brow of my John Anderson than for all the brains of all the —'s.

June 19. . . . Walker is awfully interesting—and of Emmons too much cannot be said, but I spare you the impossible.

Augusta, June 29. . . . I am at home—and so busy,—for your father came with me to New York only, and he has promised to stay away till Monday, so that these intervening days are all that I shall have for preparing for the summer, now almost a month old.

Emmons met us at Boston, and with prompt energy hurried us across the city, possessed himself of my twoscore of checks, and before I knew it, I was on board the train. . . . The solemn stillness which all the air holds suggests forcibly the loneliness you must have felt last summer when you came home. . . . I miss the good society of my Blaine men—and then to-day has been so suggestive of a year ago; when Q. came home at a quarter past twelve and said that Guiteau would be hung in fifteen minutes it seemed to me there was a visible hush through

all nature, and by and by the old telephone sounded, and this was said into my waiting ear, — “*He* was hung at twelve thirty-five; he died instantly. His neck was broken.” Every servant stopped his work to say, “I’m glad he’s gone;” and even Mr. Homan could almost desire to give up his anti-capital punishment principle in favor of Guiteau. Oh, if he only could have died one little year earlier, the difference to me! Your father said the other day, as he drove by the State Department, “Here I fully expected to raise my Ebenezer for eight years.” But you must not imagine that he suffers from one regret for public life; quite the contrary, you could not at present drive him back. The love will revive, I doubt not, but now he is bound to try other paths.

From Mr. Blaine, to Walker :

HOME, Sunday.

The Creswell offer looks tempting, but it is a needless sacrifice to disfranchise one’s self, and give up the honors of public life; — even if your ambition should not lead that way, and even if opportunity should not offer, it is still a gratification to be gifted with the right and power. For that reason I incline to Chicago.

From Walker :

JUNE 30, 1882.

Enclosed you will find a letter so that you will see that I am out of office and a private citizen. Of course one doesn’t give up a place so agreeable without some regret, but I am fully assured that it is much better for me to be out of office. . . . A little coincidence that I should have gone in as almost the last act of Garfield before he was shot, and out the day Guiteau was hanged.

Enclosure: from Secretary Frelinghuysen to Walker Blaine :

JUNE 30, 1882.

. . . During the short time of my official association with you, I have learned, as every one else in the department had learned already, to entertain a high respect and regard for you. I very much regret the separation in official matters which your resignation occasions, and I hope you will believe me when I say that if at any time I can manifest the respect and regard which I have expressed by services to you, I shall be happy to do so.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

JULY 1, 1882.

. . . I thought it best to part on the best and kindest terms with everybody in the building. I don’t think I have left an enemy, or indeed any but a friend, behind me, in the lesser places, and they have certainly

ever since I have been there been most kind to me. . . . Should I take any place — even that one — for and by myself, would there ever be any force in that against you; could it ever possibly embarrass you? If it could they would use it, you know that well enough. My own cool view is that you should stand aloof every way from this administration, saying nothing and leaving the people to judge. Now, pray don't let anything like this little matter in any way affect you. I would rather scrub for my living or live on my parents than do that.

July 7, 1882. Cresswell was appointed counsel to-day. Mr. F. mentioned Cresswell as wishing it,¹ which to me was very pleasing.

From Mr. Blaine, to M.:

AUGUSTA, ME., July 22, 1882.

I am anxious to have you take the tour of Scotland with the Rollinses. When you get back to Liverpool you must rely on the aid of Consul Packard to get you back to Paris. I will write him and see that agreeable arrangements are made to ensure your getting back at the right time and not too soon. We are glad that you are so greatly enjoying your trip. We are very quiet at home. Emmons is with us; has just started on a yachting tour to the York County coast with the Richards. Jackey is in Washington, where he has just been appointed assistant U.S. Counsel before the Court of Alabama war claims.

I hope after your return from Scotland you may have some good opportunity to visit Ireland. By all means you must see Wales — especially South Wales and Cornwall. The most charming views in the United Kingdom are there. When you visit Burns' birthplace — as you will — be sure to sail from Ayr to Glasgow by the Firth of Clyde. Don't go both ways by rail. It is splendid. See all you can. Enjoy all you can. Learn all you can.

With love as deep as the ocean that divides us,

Mother and I send much love to the Rollinses. *Père et fils et filles — or Phil.*

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1882.

. . . 1st. The resolution directing that the investigation should be closed was introduced on Friday last by Mr. Rice and adopted unanimously by the committee. Its object was to end the investigation. . . . I don't think you realize how dead this whole investigation is, and how sick and tired of it everybody is. It has had its day and is really a corpse. . . . So far as matter of policy is concerned, that this committee will not touch. On that you must take a popular verdict, and I am sure that the country will sustain you. So far as this investigation concerns your

¹ Walker's appointment as Assistant Counsel on the Geneva Award Distribution, which was made the next month.

honor, you may be sure that the report will do you full justice. . . . Next week you will have a report; the week after, the public will forget the whole matter. Next year you will get, so far as policy is concerned, most ample justification.

July 25. . . . I am greatly delighted at the unanimous action of the committee. What I feared was that the statement might be admitted by the vote of the Republican members, the Democrats on the committee opposing. . . . I called yesterday morning upon Barrios, the President of Guatemala. He is very anxious to see you, saying many most flattering things, among others that he had your picture in his house in Guatemala. I told him that you had retired from public life, but would be most happy to call upon him should you be in New York, where he has gone.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. W. Rice :

WASHINGTON, July 30, 1882.

I have not felt like writing you until my work in the investigation where you have been so prominent was ended. I want to say to you now that, in my judgment, the more they investigate your action as to Chile and Peru, the better you will stand with the people of the country. I have learned more than I ever knew before of the utter unreliability of newspapers. But truth sometimes prevails, despite them.

I do not know whether the report will be modified any by the full committee, but as it leaves our hands it is a quiet but absolute vindication of you. I wish we could have made it more outspoken, for you deserve it in this case, but the terms of the resolutions were somewhat restrictive. I think, however, we have guarded all points sufficiently. I presume that Belmont and Blount will non-concur.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. L. P. Morton :

SAN MORITZ, August 11, 1882.

I have awaited the report of the committee on F. A., wishing to leave you in a position where you could say that you had had no communication from or with me, except the official correspondence, before expressing my appreciation of your friendly incidental reference to me and to the merely business character of the contract made by Morton, Bliss, & Co. with the Credit Industriel.

I fancy some people thought at the start of this campaign that there had been collusion and scheming between you and me! I congratulate you, as I do myself, upon the result of this long, disagreeable affair.

XVII.

YEARS FROM 1882 TO 1888.

AFTER the summer rest and the fall elections, which brought victory to Maine, but great overthrow to some other Republican States, Mr. Blaine devoted his time to writing. Over all the ruin of his patriotic plans and his personal expectations, he uttered no word of lament or regret, but went forward to the next practicable thing. He tried to think that money-making would gratify and satisfy him. He liked to exercise the foresight and devise the combinations which make great fortunes, but he had not patience to watch the issue. Business opportunities were pressed upon him from coal mines and iron mines in Pennsylvania, from silver mines in Colorado and Nevada, from lecture-fields promising more than gold or silver, from railroads, and from newspaper offices; but literature, to which he had often looked forward as the resource of his later and leisure years, proved to be the only occupation which could engage his permanent attention. Ever after tracing Cæsar's journeys and surveying his battle-fields in Europe, he had confessed historic doubts regarding the Cæsarean record. Though generally referred to in jest, he hoped one day to set forth these doubts in earnest. The war of 1812 he considered of more importance than had generally been attributed to it. He thought that its consequences had never been measured, or its motive and end fully comprehended by the American people; and he cherished it as one of the studies of that care-free old age which he promised himself, — which, at least, he liked to talk about; but when at length he settled upon his theme, it was the twenty years of Congress, from Lincoln to Garfield.

Meanwhile the new house which he had begun in the spring of 1881 was completed. Its supervision had been a relaxation and diversion during the heavy days of President Garfield's

illness. It had been planned for the Secretary of State, and was too large and too costly of maintenance for the private citizen. Mr. Blaine furnished it and lived in it through the winter of 1882-3, greatly enjoying the work of his hands, the wide outlook, the nearness to woods and country walks. Every day, often two or three times a day, he delighted to stroll over the hills of Kalorama, and in the sunny winter weather, relieved from heavy responsibility, full of the joy of life and love and congenial work, his rich imagination, stimulated by contemplation of the past, looked into the future far as human eye could see, and made the capital city, already beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth. With a free hand he would stretch its parks among the woods, its avenues along the river, rear its architectural glories, and garner its intellectual wealth. The old idea of founding a great university in Washington had been one of his dreams of the presidency. When the new library building was decided on, he watched it as one stone was laid upon another, closely as he had watched the going up of his own house, and found nothing too beautiful or too costly for the adornment of the city, which represents the loyalty of the people to the government of the people, by the people, for the people.

Before he was quite ready to give it up, his house had recommended itself to larger purses than his, and the next winter he rented the Marcy House, on Lafayette square.

For the handling of his theme — “Twenty Years of Congress” — he was so thoroughly furnished that he wrote with great rapidity, consulting books chiefly for confirmation, seldom for information. In 1876 Mr. W. S. Hartley, of Pennsylvania, who had been in college with Mr. Blaine twenty-eight years before, and had never seen him or corresponded with him since, went with Mr. Montgomery, of Oregon, to call upon Mr. Blaine. On the way Mr. Hartley among other reminiscences recalled that “when Blaine left college to go to Kentucky, along with several others, I sat up in his room until the stage was ready to start on the Old National Road. The negro porter who was to carry young Blaine’s carpet-sack failed to come. Blaine expressed impatience, and I said, ‘Blaine, I will carry your carpet-sack if you will give me what you promised to give the negro

porter. What did you promise him? — ‘A levy,’ said Blaine; so I carried the carpet-sack and he gave me the levy.” In the course of the visit Mr. Montgomery said seriously, “Mr. Blaine, a good many years ago something happened between you and Mr. Hartley that has left a sting; but I have brought him up here to see if, after mutual explanations were made, you could not be friends again.” Mr. Blaine smiled, put up his finger, and said, “I know what you refer to. You think I ought to have given Bill a quarter for carrying down my carpet-sack to the stage office, instead of a levy; but a levy then was as much as a quarter is now, and he was well paid!”

Referring to this again in 1885 when Mr. Blaine was writing his first volume, as an instance of ready memory, convenient if not necessary in historical writing, Mr. Blaine said to Mr. Montgomery, “I seldom talk of myself, but I will tell you what happened just a little while ago. Robert C. Winthrop was here to be present at the dedicating services of the Washington monument. He was speaker of the House when the cornerstone was laid, and took part in the ceremony. I invited Hannibal Hamlin and Mr. Winthrop to come to my home to luncheon. At luncheon the question came up, who in that Congress 49–51 were the Senators from the States? I repeated the names of every one without mistake.”

Delighting in his work, he was so engaged and joyous, so intellectually radiant and stimulating, that he was delightful to work with, well-affectioned toward the most radical criticism, and always buoyed up, even in hours of occasional lassitude, by the constant if underlying consciousness that his book would aid in the better understanding of popular government.

His first volume was finished, published, and launched upon the world, meeting an instant success both popular and literary. The man who does, outranks the man who writes about what is done; — “not because written speech is less of a force, but because the speculation and criticism of the literature that substantially influences the world make far less demand than the actual conduct of great affairs on qualities which are not rare in detail, but are amazingly rare in combination, — on temper, foresight, solidity, daring; on strength, strength of intelligence and strength of character.” Mr.

Blaine met both demands. He had conducted great affairs, and he now placed them in literature, arranging and discussing economical, constitutional, and international questions in connection with the exigency which caused them and the forces which controlled them. The people applauded with singular unanimity, but the Republican party entered his library and made good its claim upon him as a candidate for the presidency. He could not be indifferent to the greatness of the tribute, coming as it did after so many and so varied defeats, but he abhorred the processes of the candidacy. He uttered no word of assent and made no movement of accord; to so much he had a right: but he saw as well as others that political life was where he led; otherwise the party was drifting Arthur-ward either to failure, or to a success worse than failure, because it meant inaptitude and inaction, with responsibility. Mr. Blaine's plans had been arrested, assaulted, apparently overthrown; his ideas had been stayed for wider and deeper planting. Multitudes, to whom a systematic and organized peace with its corollary of Reciprocity instead of conquest made slight appeal, were captivated by the idea that America should be American. The American sentiment, once aroused, could not again be put wholly to sleep, and men felt that movement was more manly than stagnation. All this Americanism centered upon Mr. Blaine and no other. Leaders who had been his bitterest opponents in 1876 were now among his warmest advocates. Of a large majority in the convention he was the first choice, and of nearly all he was the second choice; and the nomination, hardly and vainly fought for by his friends in two conventions, came in 1884 not only practically without dispute, but with an unprecedented acclaim of triumphant affection. An eye-witness says that when the States were being called for nominations, "State by State," the clerk called out "Maine," and sank back into his seat awaiting the response which he knew would follow. There was an instant, clear, loud shout, the cheer rattling through the hall like a volley of infantry, then deepening as it grew in force like the roar of a cannon, then swelling like the crash of a thunderbolt. With common impulse the audience, delegates and spectators, sprang to their feet. From the stage to the end of the hall, a distance of an eighth of a mile, the

cheering, in dense waves of sound, hoarse and shrill, sharp and clear, became a wild tumult of applause. When Judge West, the blind orator of Ohio, was helped to the platform by two young men, the applause rolled again through the hall, and as the orator, lifting his right hand above his head, compelled silence, ten minutes of uproar and storm was followed by stillness in which a whisper could be heard. The clean-cut sentences, brilliant delivery, and confident manner of the speaker captivated the crowd. Point after point in his speech was greeted with echoing cheers. At last the supreme moment came :

“In the name of a majority of the delegates from the Republican States and their constituencies who must fight this battle, I nominate James G. Blaine, of Maine.” The magic word had scarcely slipped from the orator’s lips before audience and convention caught it up. Applause rose and fell, subsiding only to burst forth with increasing strength. A garlanded helmet with its snow-white plume was raised from the platform upon the point of a color standard. A long, loud shout signalled its recognition. Flag after flag was stripped from the decorations of the galleries and waved in the air. Men drew off their coats and waved them, and the band essayed in vain to drown the noise by playing its most tumultuous airs.

The nomination of the military hero, General Logan, for Vice-President, added to the enthusiasm. Outside the convention, “a hosanna went up from ocean to ocean,” says Senator Thurston, whose voice rang among the loudest in the pæan. From ocean to ocean the wires were burdened with “congratulations,” “intense enthusiasm,” “bands playing and guns booming,” “Cumberland Valley, the home of your ancestors,” pressing warmly to the front. Bangor jammed into her streets and then fired up a special train and went bodily to Augusta. California, which had brought her railway train festooned, and bannered, and blazoned, to Chicago, resolved to extend the little trip to Augusta, and the novel spectacle of a gala train bearing California to Mr. Blaine’s house in spontaneous good-will, added a touch of romance to the general satisfaction.

Mr. Blaine accepted the nomination, and after a very short indulgence in the luxury of woe in the privacy of home, arose

and laid out the ground on which the contest should be conducted, in a letter of acceptance on July 15, 1884.

The gratification of the Republican masses seemed to them to ensure the election. Leaders well knew that the fight would be close. The Republican party had been twenty-four years in power, and was bearing all the burdens which such tenancy accumulates. The old issues, though undecided, had lost their novelty. The new issues with which Mr. Blaine's name was associated had been arrested by the assassin's bullet, and assailed by the succeeding administration. There had been so little time for the development of the Garfield foreign policy that many derived their first knowledge of its existence from the attacks made upon it. Business men, especially in Eastern communities, who took their impressions from hostile distortion of facts, and not from the facts themselves, had no other idea of this incorporation of peace as a policy to be established by reason, friendship, and self-interest, than that it meant jingoism and war, and looked with timidity, if not with fright, upon measures whose accomplishment would be the unlimited enlargement of business; and while they were urging an assurance that there should be no war, the West was clamoring for an assurance that there should be no back-down from a spirited foreign policy.

Among the Irish were distinct signs of cleavage from the Democratic party. Mr. Blaine's Irish blood and Catholic affinities were in themselves prepossessing to the Irish. His stand against arbitrary arrests of Irish-American citizens in Ireland, and his demand for speedy and impartial trials, had fastened Irish attention upon him. His exposure and even ridicule of Irish-American fealty to English interests had borne fruit. Influential Irishmen stood ready to seize the opportunity. A divided Irish vote was second only in importance to a divided Southern vote. These new conditions, the old long-contested positions under new phases, and the banalities that drag in the train of real issues, Mr. Blaine set himself to meet in his letter of acceptance.

Perhaps there had never been a time when the American protective system looked more formidable to Europe. Hence, Mr. Blaine's candidacy was received with sharp hostility abroad.

London papers openly hailed the nomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democratic party as a result the most satisfactory they could desire. Mr. Blaine did not formally argue the question of protection, but he arrayed a few facts constituting the strongest argument, and he especially pointed out the vast area of our free trade among the States, and the enormous extent of our internal commerce which protection reserves for the American people, a market far greater than the foreign market, and one which the foreigner — especially the British foreigner — is hungry to break into. He pointed out the disaster to American labor of such foreign incursion, or of any policy that arrays labor and capital against each other; denounced the subjection of American labor to the unfair competition of any cheap foreign contract labor, and declared for such protection of labor and of trade as should enable a man by his earnings "to live in comfort, educate his children, and save a sufficient amount for the necessities of age."

He expounded the peaceful character and emphasized the peaceful aims of Garfield's foreign policy, pronounced judgment that it should be renewed and that it would at no distant day powerfully contribute to the universal acceptance of the philanthropic and Christian principle of arbitration. He enumerated the benefits to be expected from reciprocity between North and South America. "No field promises so much. No field has been cultivated so little. Our foreign policy should be an American policy in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, — a policy of peace, of friendship, of commercial enlargement." That there was still a Southern question he recognized with regret, but not without hope. He believed that prejudices were yielding and that violence was exceptional. His own personal relations with Southern men could but make him take an optimistic view, but he left no room for doubt that any consolidation of Southern States on issues that grow out of the memories of the war would summon the Northern States to combine in the assertion of nationality, and he deprecated all attempts of the Democratic party to urge such consolidation and thus waste in hurtful strife the energy that should be devoted to industrial development.

Free-traders in the Republican party hesitated to join openly

in the British campaign for Cleveland, but preferred to oppose protection, under the watchword of "spoils," in the ranks of civil service reform. "People of importance" in Boston promptly organized a "bolt" in favor of "a government free from jobbery, free from jingoism;" and while some took the more lenient view that there was nothing personal against the Republican candidate, they complained that he was "surrounded by all the rascality and riff-raff of the Republican party," and they desired "a candidate who should, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion;" and proffered themselves to the Democratic party in case Governor Cleveland should be its nominee. Mr. Blaine retained the position he had always occupied, — that the Republican party was itself the party of reform, of reform not only advocated, but in daily accomplishment, and that it should so continue. Corruption of the civil service he had always and utterly rejected as the basis of reform, and advocated only such constant re-formation as the constant growth of public business required and as the prevailing integrity and good sense of the people demanded. In 1882 he had publicly advocated definite terms of office during which no officer should be removed except for cause, specified, proved, and recorded. These official terms should "break joints" with the Presidential term, and thus prevent the annoyance and injury caused to each new administration by the necessity of distributing offices. But he was not in favor of a life tenure. In the critical position of a national candidate he refused to change his ground, but in restating his position paid at the outset a tribute to our much-maligned civil service, and a tribute which redounded to the credit of his opponents as well as of his supporters. He referred to his own experience, and suggested some changes which he had indeed already referred to in the Garfield eulogy, and which, therefore, could not be set aside as a "bid for votes" even by those to whom "politics" means only personal aggrandizement.

A bimetallic standard established by international agreement, the multiplication of land-owners against a tendency to consolidate large tracts of land in the ownership of individuals or of corporations, and especially of aliens, encouragement to American navigation, and, strongest of all, a free and pure ballot as

the foundation of government, were among the points presented for acceptance.

This letter of acceptance met an extraordinary welcome. Its prudence in practical details gave a homely confidence, but beyond and above this was something new,—a larger aim, a higher atmosphere. Of the trivial he selected its best tendency and dropped all else. In his mind the politics of a hemisphere lay mapped out as clear as the politics of a province. The shaping of a great future he touched with so easy and commanding a hand, that men gladly followed him away from the idle, malicious tendencies of the hour, away even from the iteration of past successes, into the region of hope and purpose and imagination—which is called creative, but which never creates, only combines and vitalizes.

The establishment of the “solid South” had the effect of securing to the Democrats, without effort, the electoral votes of sixteen Southern States, leaving all Democratic resources to be concentrated upon the two or three additional Northern States which might be necessary to national success.

Lists of names were constantly appearing of Irishmen of influence who had always voted the Democratic ticket, but had now declared for Blaine. Irish leagues and Hibernian associations east and west came over to him. Irish-American Blaine-Logan associations were formed, and publicly addressed him as the “champion of protection to the industries of the country and the resolute foe of a policy which, if adopted by our government, would destroy our flourishing manufactures and degrade the dignity and independence of American labor to the pauper standard of Europe. . . . We regard you as an advocate of the rights of American citizens at home and abroad. We watched your career in public life, and we have seen it to be guided by pure patriotism and honest purpose. We have studied your record, and we find it without spot or blemish. As a public man and a private citizen you have borne yourself among us without just reproach. . . . We address you in the ancient language of our fatherland because we believe that to you it will be a gratifying incident of the campaign to receive an assurance of friendship and regard conveyed to you in the language of the race from which your

mother sprung, and which has given to this great republic many of its bravest defenders and most devoted citizens."

But this threatened secession of the better element induced frantic appeals to the lower class. It was proclaimed that Mr. Blaine had been an apostate, a know-nothing, a persecutor of Catholics. He was even included in a rabble that had committed an outrage upon Father Bapst, in Ellsworth, Maine, twenty years before. Many members of the Catholic church contradicted over their own names the absurd rumor, but the contradiction was no part of Democratic campaign literature.

The labor question was stirring, and though the movements of masses are often blind, a deep and true instinct must be recognized underneath the movement. The eight-hour question was in dispute. Trades-Unionists and Knights of Labor were tinted, if not tainted, with foreign politics, and where their politics was American, it was chiefly Democratic; but under the politics were human beings. A strike was wide-spreading among the coal-miners in Illinois, another was brooding sullenly over Ohio. Strife between the Typographical Union and the Republican "New York Tribune" resisted all efforts at accommodation. Upon the crest of these waves Gen. Benjamin F. Butler rode with his wonted glee and with his wonted obliquity, lurching now towards one party, and now towards the other, till men declared that he had agreed to help Republicans in the East for half his campaign expenses, and Democrats in the West for the other half. If he meant to defeat Cleveland, they asked, why was he "hippodroming through the West and smashing around in Pennsylvania — strong Blaine sections?" If he meant to defeat Blaine, why was he making away with three hundred thousand Democratic votes in the Democratic preserves of Brooklyn and New York, where Blaine would have got only one hundred thousand?

After the State election in Maine Mr. Blaine, in response to much urgency, made a tour of six weeks' duration. Confidence in his wisdom as "safe," and in his presence as irresistible, had become a "cult." Wherever he appeared the gatherings were phenomenal. Special trains carried people a night's journey to hear him, and a night's journey home again after the hearing was over. More than four hundred popular assemblies he

addressed, often connecting some local or personal interest with the national questions, thus giving individual application and character to each address. This tour was a departure from custom, but he said, "I am not speaking for myself. No man ever met with a misfortune in being defeated for the presidency, while men have met great misfortunes in being elected to it. . . . I am pleading the cause of the American people. I am pleading the cause of the American farmer, the American manufacturer, the American mechanic, and the American laborer against the world. I am reproached by some excellent people for appearing before these multitudes of my countrymen upon the ground that it is inconsistent with the dignity of the office for which I am named. I do not feel it to be so. I know no reason why I should not face the American people."

At the Worcester County Agricultural Fair he pointed out that, contrary to the popular impression, there was not so dense a population in the most crowded parts of Europe as covered Massachusetts from Worcester to the sea, and that the county was tenth in the Union in mechanical and manufacturing industries, fifteenth in agricultural industry and product, and among the first in wealth and contentment.

To the students of the Michigan University: "During the war we used to hear much about the rebel yell. It was said to imply great vigor and determination, but it seems to me that the young men of Michigan University who do me the honor to appear here to-day could have terrified the whole army of Lee. . . . I wish to leave with these young collegians a problem: that is, to find out why so many college youths who are Free-traders at twenty become Protectionists at forty? I think the answer will be found in the fact that at forty they have taken degrees in the university of experience, which, after all, is much wider than the university of theory in which our college boys are taught. I was myself taught when I was in college the doctrine of free trade, but the United States stands as a perpetual and irrefutable argument and example of the value of protection to home industries in a new country. The responsibilities of an educated American are higher, and deeper, and broader than those of an educated man in any other land; and in proportion

as your opportunities are greater will you be held to sterner account in this life and in the life which is to come."

The Southern question was precipitated into the canvass by the South. To the old South, discontented, sullen, with face set to the past and voice set to discord, he had only opposition. For the new South, representing the awakened liberal and national sentiment, he had only encouragement. In Indiana, battleground between North and South, he asked a question which was answered ten years later: "The aim of the Democratic party is to conjoin the electoral votes of New York and Indiana with the electoral votes of the sixteen Southern States. Do the citizens of those two States fully comprehend what it means to trust the national credit, the national finances, the national pensions, the Protective system, and all the great interests which are under the control of the national government to the old South, with its bitterness, its unreconciled temper, its narrowness of vision, its hostility to all Northern interests, its constant longing to revive an impossible past, its absolute incapacity to measure the sweep of the present and the magnitude of our future?"

Attempts had been made to organize an anti-Blaine feeling among the Germans and combine them against the Republicans. It was quietly but emphatically reported that Bismarck did not want a strong administration at Washington, that a vigorous foreign policy, exercised by a republic of unlimited resources and the strongest financial credit, was a constant menace to German absolutism, and a menace in particular to German colonial development already fastening itself on South and Central America and looking askance at Cuba. German opposition to sumptuary legislation had been focussed upon the prohibitory laws of Maine, which they read Blaine, and the Know-Nothing party had been excavated for the purpose of fastening its responsibility upon Mr. Blaine. German mass-meeting delegations and addresses gave him the opportunity not only to show the folly of such lines of attack, but his familiarity with German history and character both here and in the fatherland. "My birth and rearing in Pennsylvania," he said to a large company gathered to greet him in Chicago, "made me familiar from childhood with the German character, with its steadiness, its industry, its

fidelity, its integrity, its truth in friendship, its loyalty to government. Pennsylvania owes much to her German population, to the Muhlenbergs, the Heisters, the Wolfs, the Snyders, the Markles, the Shunks, who have illustrated her annals, and with whom I am connected by ties of good-will, of kindly associations inherited through five generations of family friendships that are warm and cordial to-day."

In West Virginia he recalled his boyhood in the Monongahela Valley before he reminded his audience that while they had been a slave-holding State, they never had a bank-bill circulating in West Virginia that would pass current five hundred miles from home. "You have not to-day a single piece of paper money circulating in West Virginia that is not good all around the globe." Standing in the van of the new South he admonished them to break the seemingly impregnable barrier of the solid South,—"Solid on a prejudice; solid on a tradition; solid upon doctrines that separate the different portions of the Union,—take your part in the solution of the industrial and financial problems of the time, join in a great national movement which shall in fact and in feeling, as well as in form, make us a people with one union, one constitution, one destiny."

Mrs. Ewing relates a characteristic anecdote of his visit at Lancaster, Ohio. At noon of the second day, returning with him from a drive to Mr. Stanbury's place, she saw a carriage containing three men coming towards them. "I suspect," said she, "that carriage is coming for you, Mr. Blaine." "Yes," said he, "but that is not the point. The point is that there is a man on that front seat whom I have not seen for twenty-seven years, and I have got just two minutes and a half to remember his name in." Not another word was said till the carriages met, when Mrs. Ewing's anxiety came to an end by his jumping from the carriage with hand extended, and a welcome beginning with the remembered name—a spirit called from the vasty deep.

In Lancaster, political questions naturally gave way to recollections. "In 1841 I was a schoolboy in this town, attending the school of Mr. William Lyons. . . . He taught the youth of this vicinity with great success, with thoroughness, and with refinement. I know not whether he be living, but if he is, I beg to make my acknowledgments to him,

if these words may reach him, for his efficiency and excellence as an instructor. As I look upon your faces I am carried back to those days, to Lancaster as it then was. In that row of dwellings on the opposite side of the street, in one of which I then lived and am now a guest, resided at that time the three leading lawyers of Ohio, — Thomas Ewing, Henry Stanbury, and Hocking Hunter."

We have already had General Sherman's impression of "Jim Blaine and Tom Ewing," the two "bright and handsome thorough-bred colts," — though General Sherman adds that being himself a full-fledged graduate of the National Military Academy, and a commissioned officer in the Third United States Artillery, with a salary of sixty-five dollars a month, *all* in gold, he could hardly stoop to notice these lads.

It is interesting to see that to one of them the great general was then only "a tall and very slender young man, straight as an arrow, with a sharp face and a full suit of red hair, home from West Point," while his brother, the Senator, was but "another youth of this town — slender, tall, stately, who had just left school, when I came here from my home across the Pennsylvania line, and who had begun as a civil engineer on the Muskingum-river improvements."

On Mr. Blaine's return to New York he found a dinner arranged for him at Delmonico's, which he regretted as an unwise political measure, but which furnished him the occasion for a wise, strong word, thanking the "merchants, professional men, — leaders in the great and complex society of New York, — for receiving me as the representative for the time of the principles which you and I hold in common touching those great interests which underlie, as we believe, the prosperity of the nation," and reminding them that "New York is the largest manufacturing city in the world, with perhaps a single exception; that, of the \$6,000,000,000 of manufactures annually produced in the United States, this Empire State furnishes one-fifth — \$1,200,000,000; of which this Empire City produces \$500,000,000;" that important as the foreign trade is, representing the enormous sum of \$1,500,000,000 annually, "it sinks into insignificance and is dwarfed out of sight when we think of those vast domestic exchanges of which New York is the admitted centre, and which

annually exceed \$20,000,000,000;" reminding them that a change of government meant a change of policies, which meant disaster to this great traffic, and that the South American policy which had been so stigmatized as war, was peace. "This nation to-day is in profound peace with the world. But, in my judgment, it has before it a great duty which will not only make that profound peace permanent, but set such an example as will absolutely abolish war on this continent, and, by a great example and a lofty moral precedent, ultimately abolish it in other continents."

In Boston, on the 3d of November he spoke words better understood to-day than when they were uttered. "I close this canvass, Mr. Chairman, with a profound conviction that, intelligent as the voters of the United States are, accustomed as they are to give heed to the weight and tendency of the questions to be decided, the people of the United States have not yet measured, nor, as I believe, yet fully comprehended, what it would mean to transfer this government to the absolute control of the Southern States of this Union . . . I here now repeat, that to transfer the political power of the country to the Democratic party at this time would by no means be one of those ordinary transfers of the government from one party to another which the gray-haired men within my view witnessed more than once in the last generation. It would not be merely an instance of one party going out and another coming in. It would be rather a reversal and overturning of the industrial systems of the government, of the financial systems of the government; in short, a transfer of the sovereignty of the country, of far greater consequence than the ordinary changes of dynasty which occur in European governments of a different form from ours."

Mr. Blaine had been everywhere received with an enthusiasm inspiring to his own party, alarming to the other, which evidently feared that a Republican victory under Blaine would make the country Republican for an indefinite period. Ohio, with a close contest, gave the October election to the Republicans and made them confident of carrying every Northern State in November. After this victory, which was largely attributed to Mr. Blaine's "magnificent audacity and genius," it was estimated that from fifty to seventy per cent. of the total Irish

vote in New York would go to Mr. Blaine, and that the Irish bolters from the Democratic party were two to one of the bolters from the Republican party. This intensified the struggle.

The Irish defection to Blaine was based on the increasing understanding of his foreign policy and its interlacement with Protection, and it carried a demand that the American flag should fly from State Department as well as White House. "*Even in New Jersey*," exclaimed an astonished observer, "the feeling in Mr. Blaine's favor on account of this policy finds daily fuller and fuller expression." It seemed Mr. Blaine's fate to be an entering wedge, dividing all parties. A prominent Kentucky Democrat was urged to go over and speak against him in Indiana and Illinois. He replied, "I will attack Blaine's politics, but if you want me to attack him I won't do it. Slanders upon him? No; I will, on the contrary, take every occasion to deny them. I have sat in the House with him for years, and a loftier man never lived." He was not sent. Free-trade Republicans, calling themselves Independents, more bitter and unscrupulous than original partisans, found no arrow too envenomed to be used against the man whom they could not use, and they poured out, without cessation, a stream of unmixed scandal as foundation for their sole argument that a man about whom there was so much scandal should not be President; while other Independents protested that this perverse and unworthy misrepresentation did more to "vulgarize and to demoralize the public than all the bossism or machinery with which we have ever yet had to contend;" that the Independents were themselves the "authors of nine-tenths of all the scandals, and the only believers of the other tenth;" that the composition, proceedings, and general tone of the convention which nominated Mr. Blaine and of the party which it represented was "better, purer, more amenable to conscience, soberer, and actuated by higher purposes" than for a dozen years preceding; and that after years of trouble with the machine, "a statesman of conspicuous ability and the highest general character, who had been twice before defeated by the active opposition of the national administration, with the use of its patronage against him, while he had no machine, no patronage, both being persistently against him, had at last

been enthusiastically nominated by our best party in the most untrammelled convention in our recent history."

The carnival of slander became so reckless a riot, that Catholic and Protestant churches were equally riven. Catholic priests took occasion to say openly that those of the Catholic faith who made Mr. Blaine out a Know-Nothing, an apostate, and a persecutor of Catholics were the office-seekers of New England. Father Murphy, of Augusta, proclaimed that the "pleasantest relations had existed between himself and his predecessors and Mr. Blaine for almost a quarter of a century; that the esteem in which he was held was proved by the fact that more than half of our people who never before voted the Republican ticket voted for his interests in the late State election; that more than half our priests in Maine would be glad of his election with no object whatever but admiration of his character as being *facile princeps*, the best President, and that many of the most trusted Catholics in the country think well of him, not because they expect any favor of him, but among other reasons because they think he will not do them injustice in an underhand way." Mr. Blaine was, in ecclesiastical language, a member of an Orthodox church, in good and regular standing, walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless; but the three chief organs of the Orthodox churches in the nation not only opposed him, but opposed him with personal slander so vile as utterly to discredit the standards of Orthodox Congregationalism, — and the clergy could not hold their peace. Dr. Webb stood up in Boston, whence sprang the cabal which was characterized by the "Boston Advertiser" as "the most dastardly group of political assassins who ever disgraced this or any other country," and pronounced him "one of the noblest characters I have ever known. The manœuvres, bargains, crimes, and plots which have been attributed to him within the last few months might have been attributed to General Gordon, in Khartoum, with as much truth." Dr. Ecob, who had gone from Augusta to the First Presbyterian church of Albany, recoiled as violently from the slanders, and affirmed in the "Albany Evening Journal" that he had been ten years "pastor of the church in Augusta, of which Mr. and Mrs. Blaine are members. The satisfaction I take in his nomination is based upon such a

knowledge of him as only a pastor can gain. . . . I have been very near to Mr. Blaine, not only in the most trying political crises, but in the sharper trial of great grief in the household, and have never yet detected a false note. . . . His word has always had back of it a clear purpose, and that purpose has always been worthy of the highest manhood. In the church he is honored and beloved. His influence, his wise counsels, his purse are freely devoted to the interest of the noble Old South Church, of Augusta. In his house he was always the soul of geniality and good heart. It was always summer in that house whatever the Maine winter might be without. And not only his 'rich neighbors and kinsmen' welcomed him home, but a long line of the poor hailed the return of that family as a special Providence. . . . Those who have known him best are not surprised that his friends all over the country have been determined that he should secure the highest honor within their gift. It is because they believe in him. . . . I, for one, shall put my conscience into my vote next November."

His own city of Augusta, shocked, but self-possessed, confirmed the testimony of her clergy. "We have known him in every relation of life, closely and intimately, and in every relation of life, we say in the presence of his daily associates, Mr. Blaine has had a spotless career. . . . In personal morals, in habits of temperance and uprightness, in steadfast devotion to all ordinary as well as extraordinary duties, Mr. Blaine has been a pattern to our young men. His word is as good as his bond. This whole community will attest his absolute integrity and liberality. The necessities of a political campaign may tempt mud-throwers to assail Mr. Blaine's character; but against all such efforts we present a man who has the universal respect, confidence, and attachment of the neighbors who have known him throughout his whole career, and who know that he has been a centre of good and not of evil all the days of his life." His old friend, Governor Dingley, declared the personal defamation a burlesque to "those who intimately knew Mr. Blaine, the perfect purity and integrity of his private life, the nobility of his aims and purposes, the magnanimity and kindness of his nature."

Republicans who believed in the principle of temperance advocated the candidate, whose life, known and read of all men, was a model of temperance, and all whose influence had been on the side of temperance; but those who transformed temperance into a prohibition party platform chose a candidate of their own and threw all their influence for the Democratic candidate. Women were so interested that they held mass meetings for the election of Mr. Blaine. But it is a curious fact in political aeration that the women who made a party platform of womanhood went against the man who from youth upward had sanctified and guarded home with his "perfect purity," measured by womanhood's standard.

For all this opposition there was a common reason. Mr. Blaine never evaded a real issue, but he could never be forced into a false issue. He believed in temperance as a principle and a practice, but not as a party, and could not be induced to flaunt the party banners. Son of a Catholic mother, he was forbidden not only by largeness of mind, but by tenderness of heart, from all prejudice against Catholics. "I would not for a thousand presidencies," he had said in 1876, "speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion;" but he equally abhorred all political appeal to religious prejudice, "the introduction of anything that looks like a religious test or qualification for office in a republic where perfect freedom of conscience is the birthright of every citizen."

Against this opposition — large and small — his support went on gathering volume and vigor, and promised to overbear every combination and segregation. A weak word proved the fatal flaw through which all the carefully accumulated and well-stored energy was wasted. Moved by the false witness against Mr. Blaine, a company of more than a thousand clergymen, representing all Protestant denominations, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Quakers, gathered at his hotel in New York on the 29th of October to testify their respect and sympathy. He received them on the stairs, they standing partly on the stairs, partly in the corridor below. Among the many speakers one made the baseless classification, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." The obnoxious phrase was instantly caught up by the opposition, transferred from the unimportant clergyman to

the all-important candidate, and as the utterance of Mr. Blaine, was posted on the streets and distributed from churches. In New Haven, on November first, he publicly corrected the false report and demonstrated its absurdity; but all in vain. The ignorant Irish took the alarm. There was no time for their leaders to overtake them with the truth, and they rushed back like frightened sheep to the Democratic-British fold whence they had for a moment escaped. The Irish stampede made a closer vote in New York State than either party had apparently anticipated. The Democracy, better acquainted with the political Irishman than the Republicans, proclaimed at the outset a State plurality of 50,000 for Cleveland. The next day the figures came down to 17,000, then to 12,000, the next day still to 5,000, and at length dwindled to 456. To facile manipulators, these manageable figures offered a terrible temptation. The election was on the fourth. It was nearly two weeks before a decision was announced. Republicans more than hinted that the Democrats were waiting to see how large the fraud was required to be. General Butler openly proclaimed, and proclaimed as long as he lived, that the Brooklyn and New York vote for himself was counted to Cleveland. Mr. Vrooman, of the Republican State Committee, protested that they had "direct, positive, and official information of frauds being perpetrated and votes illegally counted in New York, St. Lawrence, Essex, Niagara, and several other counties in this State. Men were allowed to vote who had not registered, and votes cast for Butler and St. John were counted for Cleveland." "In one election district in this city we have twenty voters who are prepared to make affidavit that they cast their ballots for Butler. In this district not a single vote was recorded in his favor. They went to the credit of Cleveland." The Cleveland and Butler ballots were the same in shape and general appearance. It was not until ten years later that John Y. McKane was imprisoned for dumping into the ballot-box each year at Gravesend whatever fictitious ballots the exigencies of his party required. Mr. Blaine on the face of the returns, was beaten in New York by 1,040 votes. A change of 600 votes, even counting the fraudulent as genuine, would have given him to the presidency. A change of 5,000 in the national vote would have given

every Northern State to the Republicans. As it was, leaving out the protested vote of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, Mr. Blaine had a majority of more than 400,000, nearly 500,000, in the popular vote of the North. The vote of the South was not free and was therefore never reckoned on by the Republican party. Fraud is now affirmed and accepted, which was then only suspected and reported. A high Democratic authority in New York remarked after all was over, that "Grover Cleveland came near being *elected* President." The "Commercial Advertiser" of January 29, 1893, said that reliable Democrats asserted that they could name the very districts and the very polling-booths in which enough votes were taken from Mr. Blaine and given to his opponent to defeat the one and give the other the majority. Mr. Blaine did not at the time believe that fraud could be unquestionably proved. The inspectors were permitted by law to destroy the ballots as soon as the returns had been made. He believed that a contest would be hazardous, and dangerous to the public peace; and he counselled immediate acceptance of the declared result.

At Boston on the evening before election he had said, "I go to my home to-morrow, not without a strong confidence in the result of the ballot, but with a heart that shall not in the least degree be troubled by any verdict that may be returned by the American people." During the long waiting he was at home in Augusta, and while men's foreboding grew heavier of an event which had seemed incredible, old friends came to his house, some eager and restless, some simply lingering in speechless sorrow unable to stay away. Men drove in from the country and loitered on the sidewalk till they caught a glimpse of him at door or window, and then drove home again content that they had seen his face and that he was yet alive. To a telegram from Mr. Phelps ending with, "Are you fairly well?" he answered, "Never better in my life. Our special misfortune was the loss of both New Jersey and Connecticut, which now seems at least possible, perhaps probable. I class them both as easily preventable accidents. I was not sustained in the canvass by many who had personally a far greater stake than I. They are likely to have leisure for reflection and for a cool calculation of the small sums they were

asked in vain to contribute. If the country is lost it will be some satisfaction to realize that the class which permitted it to be sacrificed will feel the result most keenly. But I fear you may think me ill-natured if I keep on. I really am not, and feel as placid as a summer's day. Personally, I care less than my nearest friends would believe, but for the cause and for many friends, I profoundly deplore the result."

On the night of the 18th of November, after the decision had been announced and accepted, a great multitude assembled before his house, sombre and silent. When Mr. Blaine appeared at the door the whole scene changed. Clear, cheerful, strong, as if it were the voice of victory, his voice rang out on the night air. "Friends and neighbors, the national contest is over, and by the narrowest of margins we have lost." His tall figure stood erect in full relief under the lights, as he thanked them for their superb support. "No other expression of public confidence and esteem could equal that of the people among whom I have lived for thirty years, and to whom I am attached by all the ties that ennoble human nature, and give joy and dignity to life. After Maine, indeed with Maine, my first thought is always of Pennsylvania. How can I fittingly express my thanks for that unparalleled majority, of more than eighty thousand votes? — a popular indorsement which has deeply touched my heart and which has, if possible, increased my affection for the grand old Commonwealth, — an affection which I inherited from my ancestry, and which I shall transmit to my children." All who had marshalled themselves around him he remembered. With that definiteness which made his recognition valuable, he traced his support to its sources. "To the true and zealous friends in New England, who were nobly steadfast to the Republican party and its candidates, and to the eminent scholars and divines, who, stepping aside from their ordinary vocations, made my cause their cause, and to loyalty to principle added the special compliment of standing as my personal representatives in the struggle; . . . to that magnificent cordon of States that stretches from the foot-hills of the Alleghanies to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, — beginning with Ohio and ending with California, — where the Republican banner was borne so loftily that but a single State failed to join in the wide acclaim

of triumph; to the Republicans of the Empire State who fought against foes from within and foes from without, and who waged so strong a battle that a change of one vote in every two thousand would have given us the victory in the nation; . . . to that great body of workingmen — both native and foreign born — who gave me their earnest support, breaking from old personal and party ties, and finding in the principles which I represented in the canvass the safeguard and protection of their fireside interests," he rendered special gratitude; but with all grateful acknowledgment for loyalty to party and to himself, he repeated and accentuated the warning, which he had many times before given from other points, against the Southern force and fraud which had crushed out the political power of more than six million citizens and transferred it by violence to the white population of the North, thus enabling the Southern white to exert double the political power of the Northern white, — the Southern Confederate soldier to have twice the political power of the Northern Union soldier. These questions he discussed with slight reference to the present personal defeat, but chiefly as bearing on the national future, and closed with cordial good wishes to the successful candidate, especially "that his administration may overcome the embarrassment which the peculiar source of its power imposes upon it from the hour of its birth."

The effect was quick and powerful. Men went away not happy, but cheered and cheerful, and the party throughout the country took up his words as striking the key-note of future politics, marking a line of battle for the next campaign. From all quarters his opinion and advice were sought regarding past and future, and he gave clear, comprehensive, unimpassioned analyses of the chief causes of defeat, and the promising paths to victory, betraying no trace of despondency, no sign of bitterness, showing only the elasticity of his temperament, the buoyancy of his energy, his steadiness, and his strength. The wails of disappointment were instantly lost in the war-cry for 1888. Above laments over "the crass stupidity, the malignant credulity of the campaign" came the call for "the coming man." Even the chagrined Irish leaders from New York and Brooklyn wrote while yet their hearts were sore, "You will be renominated and elected. We are all for you, and with a good committee will

increase your Irish vote to ninety per cent." "The Irish-Americans who voted for Blaine and Logan are being reorganized in Protection Unions. We all want you in 1888." "I come as victor, not as vanquished! The solid Irish-American vote is shattered and can never again be concentrated by the Democratic party! I don't know one man, nor have I even heard of one, who regrets his support of you in the recent campaign."

It may be interesting now to read that in Honolulu the election was held with due formality on November 4th, only those being allowed to vote who would have voted had they been in the United States. A committee was appointed to announce the vote to Mr. Blaine, and reported that "the excitement throughout the day was intense; Mr. Blaine's majority was 309;" adding the hope and prediction that he "would bring these lands in closer relationships with God's country."

If the party was heartened by Mr. Blaine's sustained and commanding attitude, he was equally heartened by the steadfast and enthusiastic allegiance of the party in defeat. Never was a nobler brotherhood in American politics than the splendid band of strong men, from every State in the Union, who stood by him with unchanging friendship, with unselfish devotion, from beginning to end, — the beginning stretching along a tract of twenty years, the end always the same, — one premature sad day. The political ambition and purpose of these men centred in making Mr. Blaine President of the United States, and each national convention was to them but a stage in his triumphal march. Each defeat brought to them the stimulus of victory, because each struggle left a wider circle under the charm of personality which was not limited to personal presence, but won the devoted attachment of thousands who had never seen Mr. Blaine's face or heard his voice; because each contest made ever more conspicuous and more controlling the fitness of their leader to lead, not only along the honest and homely if sometimes humdrum paths of administration, but into the wider ways of national expansion and elevation.

The defeat of the Republican candidate did not transfer the American government to Democratic control, Congress still holding a Republican check upon the Executive. It was ten years before the Democracy obtained supreme command. The

two years of exclusively Democratic administration from 1893 to 1895 are the best comment upon Mr. Blaine's prescience and prophecy in 1884.

The campaign over, the election decided, Mr. Blaine went back immediately into his library and wrote the second volume of his "Twenty Years of Congress." Treating of men and topics nearer our own time, it is, perhaps, of more fresh and varied interest than the first volume. Its calm, almost severely philosophic tone, betrays no trace of the storm, the stress, the partisanship of the period which it delineates, or of that in which it was written. No sign of interruption or cynicism appears, while vast stores of memory and extraordinary powers of arrangement are brought out most fully in the swift and condensed yet clear treatment of the subject.

After the completion of this work, and in response to an emphatic demand, he gathered into a volume, "Political Discussions," papers and speeches, in which he had treated themes of permanent interest, or important unsettled questions. The national issues of the war, the great measures of reconstruction, all the forms in which the money question presents itself, gold, silver, currency, national debt and national honor, national tariff and interstate free-trade, the South American policy in all its phases of reciprocity, arbitration, commercial marine, and ship-building, the Peace Congress and the revocation of the Peace Congress, the English policy as shown in the Halifax award, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the Irish questions; the Hawaiian policy, the Chinese policy, the presentation of Webster in his true and noble attitude as an upholder of the national sovereignty against the encroachment of State sovereignty, debates during and after the electoral canvass, and other important papers, are arranged with regard to their importance to the future interests and influence of the United States.

In 1885 the Independents of New York, who had evidenced as plainly as their modesty permitted that it was they who defeated Mr. Blaine, made a bold stroke for proof and power; made, in short, a vigorous effort "to drive Blaine out of politics." A little intimidated by the magnitude of Independent claims, the Republicans sought to win them to the party ranks, and

nominated for Governor a man of unexceptionable character, who had voted against Mr. Blaine in the convention of 1884. It was forthwith proclaimed that New York had gone over to "the Mugwumps." Mr. Blaine's friends desired that he be invited into the canvass. Especially the Irish leaders asked it, on the solid ground that he was the one man who could accomplish the most important object of dividing the Irish vote. But the Independents would have none of Mr. Blaine. That would spoil their theorem. Mr. Blaine, they argued, needed only a change of 600 votes to win. The Mugwumps would give 10,000 votes, and victory was assured. They would not even allow their candidate to publish Mr. Blaine's congratulatory telegram on the nomination, or his letter immediately following, offering assistance. The result was, that the Irish developed themselves as the real "Independents." The whole "Mugwump" party and all their contingent — religious, political, pictorial, and senatorial, in violent activity — could not bring their candidate's vote in New York city within 15,000 of Mr. Blaine's vote, and the "Independent" candidate was overwhelmingly defeated by his Democratic competitor.

While prosecuting his literary work, Mr. Blaine was constantly in demand for public occasions. Of such appearance he was rather chary, but political assistance he gave freely. No weight of duties or of honors ever lessened the sympathy between his audience and himself. The pertinence of his facts, the straightforwardness of his reasoning, the directness of his address, could never lose force. He took his hearers into his confidence and they trusted him to the death. When General Grant died, Mr. Blaine's voice was first in sounding the long lament. In Portland he spoke for the Irish cause. He spoke on the labor question, and as he had sought in the late campaign to draw discussion up from trivial as well as debasing personalities, and from sectional strife to the altitude of great policies, so now in his dignity of tone, in the absence of all petty charge, or even criticism against the administration, men saw that he would guide debate away from the small irritations and revenges of labor, towards a discovery and application of the laws of its natural evolution.

In the autumn of 1886 he went to Pennsylvania with the

double purpose of helping to elect General Beaver to the governorship, and visiting his old home. His two younger sons accompanied him, and various friends joined him at different points. A private citizen, a defeated candidate, his whole visit was a royal progress. Wherever he stopped it was "Blaine's day." Especially as he approached Western Pennsylvania was his reception unique and thrilling. He was too deeply touched to speak much of it himself, but the coldest report represents the homage offered him as "little short of idolatry." Processions and parades, soldiery, and police marching like soldiery, clubs from all the surrounding communities, bands of music,—everything that could be done to show honor, the great State brought to her son. A vast throng of the most respectable and orderly in the twin cities of Pittsburgh and Alleghany waited upon his appearance, pressed upon his steps, squeezed the guard against his carriage and the four white horses wherever they stopped, and almost lifted the horses of the mounted escort off their feet, in their eagerness for a glimpse of his face, a grasp of his hand. "I have been a Whig and a Republican for fifty years," cried an old man crowded against the carriage wheel. "Such men as you die in the faith," responded Mr. Blaine. "I am sorry you lost your vote on me."—"God bless you, I did not lose it—any more than my sons who died at Gettysburg." "Blaine! Blaine! Blaine!" was the cry along the packed and well-nigh impassable streets, and the boom of cannon could not drown the shouts of personal welcome. Where he was to speak, the audience would wait for no introduction, but cried, "Blaine, Blaine! Give us Blaine;" and when he rose, for fully five minutes the crowd spoke first, ringing out volume upon volume of irrepressible cheers; but when he did speak, they said his voice was worth ten thousand men to the soldier candidate. After he had spoken, the audience climbed upon the platform so irresistibly that to avoid danger the meeting was declared adjourned, and Mr. Blaine was gradually withdrawn.

Into that crowd dared an old man who had passed his ninetieth birthday, with eye still bright and step still firm, Hon. John H. Ewing, who had come up from Washington to make sure that his beloved nephew should not slip by. But the nephew must needs pass through Brownsville, by way of Elizabeth, to look at

his "Savings Bank," as he called his farm there, beneath which lay his coal mines; and all along the way he was reviving memories, pointing out to his sons the old places, recalling incidents and anecdotes of the old time, stopping to speak to the boys and girls in the school-houses, who returned the compliment by laying pennies on the rails of the track to be pressed into souvenirs by the train that carried him away. A little black baby held up to him for naming, he called Abraham Lincoln, and at more than one small cottage he alighted to enter and to greet an infirm old woman too weak to move, who prayed to take his remembered hand once more.

Brownsville was reached, and Brownsville — I take her own testimony, using her own words — was "wild, delirious, frantic with delight. The entire population locked up stores and houses, and went across the bridge that spans the Monongahela to the railroad station, to meet its distinguished son. The quiet little streets never saw such a commotion before. Flags waved from every window. Every square inch of the narrow sidewalks was filled with the moving inhabitants, who overflowed into the roadway, and pressed close to horses and carriages. A running volley of cheers rattled all along the line of march, and if the impulse had not been resisted by some of the more decorous citizens, the horses would have been unhitched, and Mr. Blaine's carriage would have been dragged by eager hands."

The feet of material progress had trampled into ruins the house of his birth and the playground of his boyhood, but the palimpsest was clear to him. Five years before he had written: "I have nowhere witnessed a more attractive sight than was familiar to my eyes in boyhood from the old Indian Hill farm, where I was born, and where my great-grandfather, the elder Neal Gillespie, settled before the outbreak of the Revolution. The majestic sweep of the Monongahela through the foot-hills of the Alleghanies, with the chain of mountains but twenty miles distant in full view, gave an impression of beauty and sublimity which can never be effaced. . . . I shall always recall with pride that my ancestry and kindred were, and are, not inconspicuously, connected with its history, and that on either side of the beautiful river, in Protestant and Catholic

cemeteries, five generations of my own blood sleep in honored graves."

The river was there, the beauty of wood and hill and sky. The graves of father and mother were there, and old friends still in the living world to welcome him. From Brownsville to Washington over the National Road,—the same road on which forty-five years before he used to walk out as far as he dared, for the glory and the joy of riding home beside the stage-coach drivers, knowing well which ones would take him up beside them to that place of honor. But it is a good half-day's drive to Washington, and the jealous present sometimes thrust in even upon this thrilling past; and only the Washington committee of reception at Pancake interrupted a spirited but entirely inappropriate debate in Mr. Blaine's carriage upon relations between Russia and Turkey. At Pancake his happy uncle, heading the committee composed of old college students and the present college faculty, took him in charge and bore him triumphantly home; and after dinner the young students surrounded the house and conducted him to the college. There, on the pillared portico of the only building left from his youthful days, surrounded by classmates, he was presented by one of them, Mr. Alexander Wilson, to the new Washington that overspread the beautiful shaded green slope of the campus. In the evening Washington took its turn and addressed him at a general reception in the college building, and later, at another by the Literary Society, of which he had once been a member. They brought out the archives for his scrutiny, and he smiled down the pages, recognizing, "That is Tom Searight's," and "Blaine fined for non-performance,"—for the young man had always shrunk from the formal debate, and when it was assigned him, nearly always chose "fine" to "performance," though he was prompt when the task was a written essay, and entered readily—his schoolmates say brilliantly—into the miscellaneous debate which followed the regular performance.

He went to church on Sunday between rows of waiting people, and on Monday going with his uncle to say good-by to the college boys in the college proper, the two were presented by the President: "On my left is the oldest living graduate of Washington and Jefferson College. On my right is the most

distinguished graduate." He gave his youthful hearers a talk full of reminiscences tender or humorous, suggestions practical and otherwise, which the young fellows were only too ready to greet with "laughter and cheers," as occasion offered.

"In our preparation here I think we were drilled in reading, in spelling, in geography, and in English grammar, and I am sorry to say that a very great many modern college graduates do not spell with absolute accuracy, could not bound the United States in each separate State with absolute accuracy, could not take a blackboard and draw a map of the United States, fix the latitude and longitude upon it, and bound each State. That is a very good exercise; suppose you try it. [Laughter.] Do that on the blackboard once or twice, and you will never forget it. It is an exercise in which many of us were expert in this college thirty-five or forty years ago.

"If you should try me in the text-books of Latin and Greek I think you would find me deficient. I remember once when we were being examined in the *Agricola* of Tacitus, a graduate of Oxford University, an English rector, was present, and he turned over to *De Morebus Germanorum* and said: 'Read that.' A member of the class answered, 'We have not been over it.' 'But,' said he, 'it is Latin.' If you should ask me to read it at sight to-day I should repeat the excuse; but I presume every member of the senior class before me could do it readily."

He closed as he began, with a tribute of gratitude to the school and the teachers, which was not the mere compliment of presence, but the often expressed sentiment of his life.

This journey offers but one of many proofs that what was intended to curse Mr. Blaine altogether blessed him. The American people refused to be won away from him. They said he was like the impregnable stone wall that stood higher after it was overturned than when it was erect. His face was everywhere known, his presence everywhere honored. Ten years before, when, upon his entering the Supreme Court room, crowded at one of the sessions of the Electoral Commission, a member of the counsel had given Mr. Blaine his own chair, Mr. Hoar had pencilled a note to General Garfield, "Do you suppose there is any assembly in America that Blaine could enter, however crowded it was, that somebody would not instantly find a chair

for him?" This specialty of attention never failed. The nobleness of his face and figure, his distinction and his self-unconsciousness, could not fail to attract attention anywhere. "I cannot walk with Mr. Blaine," protested a friend in New York: "it is too conspicuous. All hats are in the air. With the policemen at the crossings, it is, 'Shall I take you across, Mr. Blaine?'"—and to the policeman at the crossing Mr. Blaine was as courteous as to the lady at his side. Sometimes more so, for with his close friends, even women, he would not unfrequently fall into a brown study that was blind to beauty and deaf to music; and they never misunderstood him, but amused themselves, perhaps, with signalling his abstraction across the table till he came back from his remoteness, and vowed that he had never been away. Friends, it may almost be said, he never lost. Yet he was not indifferent in friendship, he was simply and immeasurably magnanimous. He discerned and he prized sincerity, but he was pitiful to temptation. Never, until it was inevitable, and that was so seldom that it is hardly to be counted, did he terminate friendly relations. He understood much that he did not notice. Where there was honest love he remembered nothing else. Every one who loved him could laugh at him. His friends, his sons, his smallest child scoffed at his clothes, and he simply and stoutly defended his clothes. It was *de rigueur* to laugh at his hats. Postmaster-General Jewell, rallied one day on a railroad journey upon the faultlessness of his costume and his reputed contract with his hatter, said that he had changed that contract, and now instead sent his hat every week to the hatter. "And what would happen," asked his wife, "if you should chance to forget, and *not* send your hat each week to be brushed?"—"Why," said Mr. Jewell, gleefully glancing at Mr. Blaine sitting opposite, "it would look just like Blaine's!"

But no man could take a real liberty with him. Perhaps no man ever tried it. Absolutely free from small resentments, when he came to the parting of the ways, he was inexorable. No occasion could be availed of to force him into recognizing a man whom he had determined no longer to know. One who had lost in his esteem by a course which he was attempting with partial success to explain was pleased at finding himself not

repulsed, and said, "Then we part with the same friendly feeling as of old?" — "Certainly not!" was the unexpected reply.

As a woman once photographed him: we "were alone that stormy evening, daring to amuse ourselves with Hamerton and his platitudes, when the front door flung open to a man breezy as the north-east wind that bowled him in—a royal, rollicking, confident, yet somehow confiding creature who brought the sweep and swirl of all out-doors in with him, filled the little drawing-room with the spray vigorously and cheerfully shaken from the storm-besprent shag of his ulster, and began to congratulate 'two forlorn women' on their luck in having him come down upon them; ordered an open fire, took up the talk with the most delightful cordiality, set down one author and put up another with a word, disposed of a whole argument with an anecdote, and in a general way, not in the least conscious of doing anything noticeable or going out of his course, seemed quite heartily and wholesomely and naturally and adorably to pervade all space. That *adorably* shows Mr. Blaine." Sympathetic, sensible, trustworthy, in his companionship with women, he demanded, elicited, and gave the best, and he received his reward in friendships enlivening many joys, sustaining in great sorrows, lasting to the end.

During the autumn and winter of 1886 he interested himself in selecting a site and building a summer-house at Bar Harbor, on whose stone portals he inscribed the name that was dearest to him, — Stanwood.

In the summer of 1887, after the completion of his third volume, and before beginning any other work, he went abroad with as large a "town-meeting" as could be mustered, for rest, and for complete freedom from all complication in the presidential campaign of 1888. He was in London at the time of the Queen's jubilee, and he remained there some weeks enjoying London society. A trained observer wrote: "He could have been in no real doubt about the disposition of London toward him after the first half-hour at the Duchess of St. Alban's party. Everybody wanted to know him. It rained introductions. Such a face and figure and manner as his of course attracted attention. The question ran round the room, Who is he? It was put to a lady who was supposed to know every



STANWOOD, MR. BLAINE'S HOME AT BAR HARBOR, MAINE.

person worth knowing. 'I don't know,' was her answer, 'but he is somebody, and I am going to find out.' It does not take long for intelligence to circulate in a drawing-room. There certainly were people in that brilliant company to whom Mr. Blaine's name meant nothing, for it is not by a knowledge of American politics or personalities that London society, even then, was preëminently distinguished. But if the name did not always interest them, the owner of it did. The tall form, the singular charm of the face, the distinction of manner, the intellectual power of the face and head, the refinement of both, the alert composure of the expression, the sedateness of feature with which the vivacity of the eyes contrasted, and that indefinable air of being perfectly at home amid a throng of people whom he had never seen before—all this was remarked. . . . He had that cool self-possession and quickness of vision, and that flexibility of nature which are the conditions of social success. . . . He captivated people here as he did people in Washington or in Chicago." "That man burns like a flame in a crowd," said one who had asked that Mr. Blaine should be pointed out to him.

Of course he could not know what impression he made, but he retained impressions and made friendships that were pleasant and lasting.

In July he went to Kilgraston, of which he says: "'Kilgraston' is the castle of Andrew Carnegie. 'Bridge of Earn' is the neighboring village. N.B., North Briton, which I am surprised to find so often used instead of Scotland. We left London on the 7th of July, stopping three days in Edinburgh to witness the ovation to Andrew Carnegie in return for his gift of £50,000 for a free library. Senator Frye and wife happened there, and as Hale and wife were with us we had quite a home time. I got at last thoroughly fatigued by my 'season in London,' and I concluded if I were to realize the rest and refreshment for which mainly I came to Europe, I must get to the country, sleep o' nights, and have fresh air in the day. Hence I am here, within four miles of the city of Perth. The house is quite literally a 'castle,'—a great stone structure, one hundred and ten feet in length by seventy-five in width, with an innumerable array of rooms of all possible description. There

are fifteen or sixteen spare chambers after the family are all accommodated. July 27. — The life is most charming, and I have lost even the imagination of illness under its influence. No two lives could be more in contrast than my London life and the life here. . . . I am taking your receipt of open air at the rate of fourteen or fifteen hours a day."

From Scotland he paid a short family visit to Ireland, thence to Homburg for the waters. Then a run to Vienna and Budapesth and back to Paris, where, on the morning of December 7, President Cleveland's annual message to Congress startled him with a vision of victory for Republican principles. He could scarcely credit the meagre reports in the Paris morning journals, read before he had risen, but they were substantially correct. The message, leaving matters of departmental administration and harmonious policies, was a pronouncement for free trade by a political novice. The political expert, though absent from the country, sprang to the opportunity. The President had neutralized the power of his own party by inviting an issue which it had sedulously sought to avoid. In joy at seeing the country brought at last to a meeting in the open field on the question of protection, Mr. Blaine rose from his bed, took up the challenge, and in an interview with Mr. G. W. Smalley, the correspondent of the New York Tribune, laid out the ground on which the contest of 1888 was fought and won. The weak points of the message were seized, and their consequences defined, with the touch of authority. Facts and figures were marshalled at the Hotel Binda as readily, accurately, and effectively as if the reasoner had been arguing in his own library at Augusta. Some definite paths were outlined, which were followed to immediate success in the next election, and some general principles were enunciated whose non-observance has since then cost the country dear. "No great system of revenue like our tariff can operate with efficiency and equity unless the changes of trade be closely watched, and the law promptly adapted to these changes." "The Democratic party in power is a standing menace to the industrial prosperity of the country."

Before night the interview was telegraphed to the Tribune by Mr. Smalley. The President's message had been delivered

to Congress on the morning of December 5, printed in the newspapers of America December 6, of Paris December 7. Mr. Blaine's reply, which came to be called "Blaine's message," appeared in the New York Tribune on the morning of December 8.

On the Galignani despatches he had prophesied Democratic defeat, and having done his share to that end, he went out to meet a dinner engagement that night with great good cheer. A day or two after, he was at Havre to meet a friend from America. He visited the artists' studios and bought pictures. He went to the Chamber of Deputies. He met Clemenceau and Floquet, the Speaker, and Tirard, the Prime Minister. He talked with President Carnot, he visited Madame Carnot at the Elysée, and in the President's box at the Opera Comique enjoyed the gayety of the scene and the excellence of the acting.

The Republican party at home seem to have been somewhat dazed by the President's message. Mr. Blaine's voice was the first heard, distant, yet prompt, clear, and decided. The people saw the victory which he pointed out, but they instantly demanded that he should lead them to it.

From Paris he went to Switzerland and Italy. He also watched carefully all the signs of the times. Many have thought that if he had been at home he would have *felt* the popular current setting so strongly towards him that he could not have resisted. But the current he was most closely watching, and which seemed to him so important as to be the deciding one, did not set his way, and, to avoid party confusion and disaster he felt it necessary to speak openly. First, however, he spoke privately to a few friends. January, 1888, he wrote from Florence to Mr. Patrick Ford:

I am going to withdraw my name from the list of candidates for the Republican nomination. Ever since the result in 1884 I had my mind made up to run again, if called upon by an undivided and unanimous party, but not to run if a contest were required to secure my nomination. I did not take this position from any pique or pride, but because I thought unanimity was required to give me the prestige and power for a successful canvass. I cannot say that I ever expected unanimity, and therefore it is that I withdraw without surprise, and certainly without regret. I feel, indeed, a certain sense of relief that my party does not decide to devolve the task on me.

Sherman is a determined candidate from Ohio, Harrison will be equally so from Indiana, and Hawley will have the delegation from Connecticut. Indiana and Connecticut are pivotal States, and the candidate should not be one that they are unwilling to favor with their support. I know your friendship sufficiently well to be assured that this announcement will bring disappointment to you, but I am sure that, on full consideration, you will approve my position. Having once been nominated and defeated, I cannot consent to be a "claimant," appealing to the party to "try me again."

Jefferson and Jackson, after good runs the first time, were unanimously renominated. I came very much nearer victory than either of them in the first trial, and could not consent to accept a nomination save from a unanimous party.

All this is, of course, confidential. I certainly shall not put any explanation in my letter of withdrawal, save that the reasons are "personal to myself."

I cannot close, my dear Mr. Ford, without saying to you how profoundly I appreciate your unselfish friendship. The contest of 1884, with many things that were painful in it, was lightened and relieved by the acquisition of one such friend as you. Our joint interest in public affairs will, I am sure, continue. My kindest regard to your brother; my affectionate salutation to Austin; my devoted, unchanging friendship for you.

January 25 he addressed the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. B. F. Jones:

I wish through you to state to the members of the Republican party that my name will not be presented to the national convention called to assemble in Chicago in June next for the nomination of President and Vice-President of the United States. I am constrained in this decision by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago. But I cannot make this announcement without giving expression to my deep sense of gratitude to the many thousands of my countrymen who have sustained me so long and so cordially with their feelings, which seemed to go beyond the ordinary political adherence of fellow-partisans, and to partake somewhat of the nature of personal attachment. For this most generous, loyal friendship I can make no adequate return, and shall carry the memory of it while life lasts.

He wrote also to Mr. Elkins, giving a slight review of the political situation as it appeared to him, naming Hon. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, as on the whole the most eligible candidate, and giving the reasons why he considered him a good candidate, and likely to make a good President. This letter was afterwards spoken of as "nominating General Harrison for the presidency."

From Florence to Rome and Naples, and the dead cities; then, forsaking railroads, driving along the shores and hills of Amalfi and Salerno and Vietri; along Spezia and Sestri to Genoa and Savona, and San Remo to Nice, and by railroad again to Avignon and Lyons and Paris,—to find that his letters had not prevailed. As for eliminating himself from the political problem, he might as well have stayed at home. Men whose hearts had been set now for a dozen years upon his presidency, and men who had but just begun to desire it, were equally engaged in explaining away his words, pleading that they were not determinative, declaring that they should not be conclusive. He had taken a wide and absorbing personal part in the canvass of 1884. Now men wrote and cabled and wrote again that he should not write a letter or speak a word or spend a dollar or lift a finger. Circumstances had so changed that it was not necessary. They assured him that, once at home, he would see and feel the change. All they asked was that he should not lift a finger *against* it, but sit still in Bar Harbor, and see the salvation of the Lord.

His answer was the same. First, as before, he wrote to some friends privately:

With a heavy heart, for of all the trials of my life, the hardest is to dissent from the judgment of trusted friends and act contrary to their wishes and hopes.

But as in this world and in the next every man must, in the end, stand or fall to himself alone, I must announce to you that I cannot consent to be a candidate for the presidency.

My Florence letter was, in my own mind, a formal and final withdrawal from the presidency. It has been accepted as such by thousands of my best friends. Candidates have come before the people who would not have been there but for my action. I cannot now stop to take any subsequent developments and change of circumstances into account. I must keep my faith and pledge, as I understand that open faith and implied pledge to have been given, and by many to have been accepted.

It gives me the deepest pain to write these words—not on my own account, but because of the disappointment it will bring to my dear and cherished friends.

Pray do not differ with me; I act under the pressure of convictions irresistibly strong. Do not deem me ungrateful or insensible to the devoted friendship, the intensely cordial support, the affectionate help you have brought to me.

On May 17 he wrote from Paris to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, for publication:

PARIS, May 17, 1888.

Since my return to Paris from Southern Italy, the 4th inst., I have learned (what I did not believe) that my name may yet be presented to the national convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination of the Republican party. A single phrase of my letter of January 25, from Florence (which was decisive of everything I had personal power to decide), has been treated by some of my most valued friends as not absolutely conclusive in ultimate and possible contingencies. On the other hand, there are some equally devoted and disinterested persons who have construed my letter, as it should be construed, to be an unconditional withdrawal of my name from the national convention. They have, in consequence, given their support to eminent gentlemen who are candidates for the Chicago nomination, some of whom would not, I am sure, have consented to assume that position if I had desired to represent the party in the presidential contest of 1888. If I should now, by speech or by silence, by commission or omission, permit my name, in any event, to come before the convention, I should incur the reproach of being uncandid with those who have always been candid with me. I speak, therefore, because I am not willing to remain in a doubtful attitude. I am not willing to be the cause of misleading a single man among the millions who have given me their suffrage and their confidence. I am not willing that even one of my faithful supporters in the past should think me capable of paltering in a double sense with my words. Assuming that the presidential nomination could by any possible chance be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of these men the impression that I had not been free from indirection, and therefore I could not accept it at all. The misrepresentations of malice have no weight, but the just displeasure of my friends I could not patiently endure. . . .

JAMES G. BLAINE.

From Paris to London, then coaching with Mr. Carnegie for June weeks through the cathedral towns of eastern England and Scotland to Cluny, tracking the Roman roads, sleeping in the rooms of Tudor kings, lunching under yew-trees which might have been the ones that bothered Cæsar, under the oaks of Burleigh House by Stamford town, on the hills of the great White Horse or of the Lammermoors, in battle-fields of York and Lancaster, on the banks of the Tweed, and a little coldly in the damp of Delnaspidal.

The convention was assembling while Mr. Blaine was exam-

ining the gold-wire hair of St. Cuthbert in Durham. Mr. Blaine's elder sons were in attendance to defend their father's wishes, which, it need hardly be said, were not their own. "On the opening day," said Mr. Thurston, a delegate, "I rode to the convention door with Walker and Emmons Blaine; both strong, vigorous, splendid men." There was need of a firm hand, for the bent was all one way. "Boys," said Mr. Elkins to them in despair, "it *must* come." "It's no matter whether Blaine wants the nomination or not: we want him," was the popular voice in the convention.

"Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,
We've had him once,
We'll have him again,"

was the chanted shout outside. "Mr. Blaine has made the issue for the campaign; we are going to win on it. If he were here, if he knew the exact state of things, he would lead us. He must. No man is big enough to set aside the voice of the Republican party." It was with difficulty that the convention could be held from nominating him on Saturday and adjourning, leaving with Mr. Blaine the responsibility of rejecting the nomination.

This pressure was telegraphed to him in Edinburgh, but no one telegraphed that the "determined candidates" had withdrawn, and Mr. Blaine could make but the same reply. "To Boutelle and Manley, Chicago: Earnestly request my friends to respect my Paris letter;" and later in the day, as the importunity increased, to the same men, "I think I have a right to ask my friends to respect my wishes and refrain from voting for me. Please make this and the former despatch public."

These political allies and devoted friends would have done anything for Mr. Blaine except disregard his wishes. With heavy hearts they communicated their unwelcome tidings to the convention, and in the ruins of the palace at Linlithgow, where Margaret Tudor had cradled her Stuart son for his stormy throne, a despatch was brought to him announcing the nomination of Harrison.

At Cluny a short three weeks of stirring out-door life and pleasant July hearth-fires in the evening, then London, Liverpool,

and home. It might have been that Mr. Blaine's steady refusal of the candidacy should have been resented by those who had so warmly proffered it. But the vision of an intelligent people is often insight. They discerned instantly, instinctively his high-heartedness and met it with noble appreciation. From all parts of the country, in clubs, in delegations, in mass, the people went to New York to receive him, and gave him such a welcome home as only free men can give to the man they delight to honor. The "City of New York," in which he had sailed, was a new ship, and her arrival was delayed some days. Many were not able to wait over, but though some were thus disappointed, in the crowd no one could be missed. Mr. Murat Halstead reported to the Blaine club of Cincinnati, August 18:

"I had the honor to be your representative at the reception of James G. Blaine in New York harbor and city last week, and of presenting to him your address of welcome. . . . You will be glad to know that Mr. Blaine's personal appearance contradicts in the most satisfactory way the sinister stories that have been industriously and continuously circulated about his health. He is not a man you would think fitted for immediate service as a rail-splitter or in a railroad iron rolling-mill, but he is erect, bright, quick, alert, crisp, and sparkling. I have never seen his eyes shine as they did when he sprang from the shadow of the British to that of the American flag, clearing a space of about four feet in doing so. He is a man of singular combination of strength and delicacy in his physical organization, and it is to this rare association of qualities, giving at once sensitiveness and endurance, that we are indebted for the faculties, the capacities, that make up the man whose influence has been so remarkable, and whose popularity is a phenomenon. He is of fine responsive sensibilities. There is nothing on earth or in the air that does not tell him something. . . . He is like an instrument of music that a breath moves to melody, and is in tune for any breeze, and yet he is tenacious, goes on with patient strength, and wears like steel. There never was a more delightful family reunion than that of the Blaines on the "Laura M. Starin," the boat that met the splendid steamer "City of New York" just as she came in sight of her namesake city. The three sons had not met their parents and younger

sisters for fourteen months, and in their tender and joyful greetings they forgot the surrounding multitude, and heard not "Home Again" by the band, and the wild acclaim of the fog-horns. There was soon a rush for the cabin, and there the president of the Blaine club of New York made an eloquent address . . . and there never was a more sympathetic audience than that which crowded the boat. Mr. Blaine's reply was in conversational tones, and his short sentences were spoken with the perfect ease and simplicity with which a gentleman gives his opinion to three or four friends; and each word was recorded by a score of busy pens, and all civilized men have read them, for the wires that are now wound about the world convey daily messages to all the nations, and Mr. Blaine's words had a meaning for all men."

They had a delightful meaning to Walker, wild with the long waiting after long absence, and the completed joy of meeting; for in all the commotion his father found space to say, "We will never be separated again." And they never were.

Mr. Blaine entered upon election work even before going home, and continued it in Maine till after her State election; then in the West. At the height of the campaign he wrote:

ELLSWORTH, Me., Sept. 1, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. PHELPS AND MY DEAR MR. HITT:

It is reported in the Washington despatches that the Republican members of the Foreign Affairs Committee will support the bill giving to President Cleveland all the power he asks in his message to enable him to embarrass the commercial intercourse between the Canadian Government and the United States. From an expression of Mr. Phelps, quoted in the New York Tribune, I infer that this is to be done on the theory that you will keep loading President Cleveland with power to right the wrong of the fisheries, with the confident expectation that he will oblige us by making no effort, and thus will fall more and more under popular disfavor. Are you quite sure of your ground? Pray look at the situation.

The popular tide is at present running heavily against him. The uprising on behalf of protection threatens to distance him in the race. He seeks for a new issue. He is ashamed to use the powers of retaliation, which he has neglected for a year and a half. He wishes to discredit them, to make the people believe that he has never had any proper power of retaliation in his hands, to convince the people that the Republicans have been humbugging on the fishery question, and have only given him the semblance and not the substance of a retaliation measure, and that now

he asks for a real one, and, of course, if the Republicans sustain his demands they confirm all his condemnation of their own previous measures, to the discredit of their entire past. Moreover, it is not to be doubted that if he gets the power in his hands, which this new retaliation will give him, he will use it to the extent of stirring up an apparent row with Canada and with England, just enough to unsettle the entire Irish vote, certainly enough to enable the Democratic Irish to reclaim a large proportion of the eighty thousand Irish who voted the Republican ticket in New York in 1884.

In his present position, the President is open to the keenest of political weapons — ridicule. I have been on the stump, continuously, since his message, and can testify that the disapprobation of his position by large audiences is absolutely unanimous, so far as I can judge. Nor do I mean by this simply on the part of Republicans. The Democrats are more embarrassed by his somersault than I could easily describe. If he be left just where he now is he will be inevitably beaten badly in November. If the Republicans in Congress approve his position, by giving him the legislation asked for, his prestige and power before the people will be enormously increased. It will effect thousands of votes in this State if it should be proved that the Republicans in both Houses of Congress are ready to respond to the extraordinary demand of the President, and destroy our railway trade with Canada. If you are not ready to oppose the bill altogether, why not put this amendment: That the new power of retaliation shall not be used until that already granted shall be proved, by trial, wholly ineffective, and that, in any event, it shall not be used until six months after notice is given to England of the formal abrogation of the 29th Article of the Treaty of Washington.

I do not suggest these amendments as desirable, but they will be far better than to support the bill, and as they would certainly be rejected by the Democrats, they might only be offered to fortify the logic of your position in opposing the main proposition of the President. At the same time, I think immeasurably the strongest ground is to treat the President's message as the campaign dodge of a candidate, hard-pressed on an issue on which he is beaten before the people, all the more disastrously beaten because he forced the issue himself. I think we have all the weapons in our hands for pushing him over the precipice, and if we steadily hold to the ground that the main issue is protection *versus* free trade, and that he has shown himself incompetent to deal with the fishery question and wholly unwilling to use any instrumentalities in his power to force a judicious settlement, that he has no right to ask for any other, and that the whole situation demands that nothing more be done on that question until after the presidential election, we shall inevitably defeat him. The fishing season of 1888 has gone by; there is no pending trouble, and before the fishing season of 1889 is open the new President, whoever he may be, will be in position, free from the pressure of an impending election, ready to act with cool head on the whole question.

Postscript in his own handwriting :

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

If the foregoing has some long, involved sentences, pray remember that that is the peculiar vice of dictation. But I hope you can spell out my meaning.

I deem the point of inexpressible importance. See Mr. Kasson's concurrence in my views on next page.

Mr. Hitt and Mr. Phelps were at one with his aim, made no mistake, and the undesired bill never matured to legislation.

A journalist of the other party, who was on the Western trip, says :

"In one sense, all the meetings of that trip were alike, because at all of them there was the same great outpouring of the people to see and hear and worship Blaine ; the same adoration on the part of his followers and admirers, and the same interest on the part of those who differed with him upon political principles.

"But it was in Indiana, perhaps, among the Hoosiers, who are born, raised, and die in an everlasting political maelstrom, that the most interesting scenes were witnessed, and that Blaine himself was seen at his truest and heard at his best.

"Whether at Indianapolis, Evansville, Jeffersonville, Green Castle, Lafayette, or at the historic battle-ground of Tippecanoe, Blaine astonished his hearers with his knowledge of the history and resources of each locality. It was this display of the knowledge of their own home affairs that so endeared Blaine to the common people, and made the inhabitants of each town believe he had made an especial study of their own home lives and industries."

The truth is that he always made special studies, caught the truth in things current, and presented it with a picturesque brevity that is the soul of wit.

To a great throng he began :

"I have carefully read, this morning, the speech delivered last night in your city by the Hon. Roger Q. Mills, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and reputed author of the 'Mills Bill.' And I can confess I was very greatly surprised, for I found that Mr. Mills was laboring all through his bill to

persuade his people of Indiana that President Cleveland and the Democratic Congress had been industriously working for eight months, just to get five per cent. off the tariff. [Applause.]

"Mr. Mills began his tariff crusade by declaring that protection was robbery—that is the doctrine of free-trade democracy—and he comes out to Indiana to tell you that the Republicans are in favor of forty-seven and one-half per cent. of robbery and the Democrats are only in favor of forty-two and one-half per cent. [Applause.] Why, these rascally protectionists have stolen forty-seven chickens, and we honest Democrats only got away with forty-two,—forty-two and a half. [Applause.] Joking aside, gentlemen, it shows that the Democratic party in Washington, when they had not yet heard from the people, were eager and anxious to destroy the protective principle, and now they are tenfold more eager and anxious to prove to the people of Indiana that they have not destroyed it."

"For three months," says another writer, "I was an inmate of Mr. Blaine's private car during the memorable campaign of 1884. I never saw such crowds before, nor have I since. Gatherings of fifty thousand were common. Hosts of one hundred thousand were not unusual. Acres upon acres of people would pack in together and wait with stolid patience for hours simply to see him. At his presence a cry would go up so wild in its frenzy of enthusiasm as to be always thrilling."

His speech at the Polo Grounds in September was published in pamphlet form, and with the Brooklyn and Madison Square Garden addresses was considered decisive as holding the essential Irish vote which had been already drawn from the Democratic column.

To M.:

AUGUSTA, July 5, 1882.

. . . A good fire is blazing in the sitting-room, but it is utterly inadequate to the demands of the occasion, which are met by the native inhabitants with coal-fires in furnaces. . . . Your dear daddy got home Saturday afternoon in his summer suit, thin shoes with stockings—old ones at that, and very shambling on the foot, and no gaiters. He called for woollen socks and thick shoes as he came up the walk, and when he stood up on his highest soles, the spirit of a man came again into him. He had travelled with a Pullman blanket wrapped all about him, on the first day of July, and yet all Augusta is seeking the seashore and the mountain air.

July 22. This blurred paper shows the excitement of your father over

the game buried cities. Your dearest dad, who is the bright particular star generally, paled his ineffectual fires, and on the lambent and attenuated pathway of a steel pen was fain to gaze upon those hidden cities whose names his ears were not quick enough to catch, so that all my beautiful "Augusta, Maine," paper I find written over with Shiphard-like testimony to this effect: "Thou art sour, O mediæval jackass!" — "O gambolling kitten, there's a rat! O gambolling kitten, catch that rat!" — "Stop this infernal music! Open — Hag, Enough!" I had the pleasure — and it was a pleasure, since it was for him — of packing, before breakfast, three hampers of lunch for Emmons to take on the "Circe" with him. . . . We found your father, who always rises to the occasion of an imaginary peril, wisely skipping the real ones, with Mr. Trescott and Orville in the library, the ex-envoy smoking, of course, all the gas lighted in that room and the billiard room, all the draughts quenched, but all three perfectly happy, and not aware of their stifling purgatory till I had moved them into the heaven of the pure air of the parlor, where they failed to find the thread of their talk, and wandered wretchedly to and fro. Mem. — Never to disturb people who are unaware of the defects of the surroundings. Full bowls will not bear moving. If you joggle the milk the cream will not rise. These are not Poor Richard's, but are worthy him. . . . I had a letter yesterday, written at Venice on the fourth, which I read to Emmons sitting with me on the porch, and to your father, sitting in the library. You can imagine the key to which my voice was pitched, especially as the lounge on which the pater was sitting brought his deaf ear outside. . . . I have been interrupted to listen to the article on S. A., which the pater is now writing, and which is very good, both in what it does and does not say.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. John J. Creswell:

WASHINGTON, August 1, 1882.

I am just in receipt of your kind note of the 28th ult., and now derive a new pleasure from the appointment of Mr. Walker Blaine to the position of assistant counsel on behalf of the United States, before the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, since I know that his selection is a source of gratification to you.

My intercourse with your son since his late arrival in Washington has been quite intimate, and I am already enabled to assure you, of my own knowledge, that you need not suffer a moment's anxiety with respect to his diligence or efficiency. He is fully competent, not only to meet my largest expectations, and to achieve an honorable success for himself, but, in addition, to render most important services to the government and the public.

To M.:

AUGUST 2, 1882.

You must not think that I cherish any antagonism towards Arthur. I do not in the least. He is light-weight, and I do not propose to sink the scale

with a lie to the contrary, — that is all. . . . Our dear Jacky has left us for the Geneva Award and Washington. I hated to give him up, as he is a delightful resource to me, and the most happy combination of devotion as a son, and a well-spring of knowledge as a man. My figure, I see, is slightly mixed, but never mind.

AUGUST 4, 1882.

. . . Your father, after enduring one round day of Augusta, after the boys — who were great company for him — had gone, spurred himself to an immense amount of work, with which he loaded the mails of yesterday, and in the afternoon got away himself to Rye, Hamilton, for a day, and perhaps Saratoga. . . . And I am the emblem of authority, the court, the *ratio d'être* of the house, the hostess when company chooses to come, and the mother of my delightful children.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

WASHINGTON, August 9, 1882.

I was in to-day for a moment to see Henderson, the Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, who seemed not a little annoyed that he had not received a reply to a letter which he had written to you some time since, with reference to your taking part in the political campaign.

The California people are extremely anxious that you should go out there, and a large delegation of citizens of Delaware were in town to-day and called upon Henderson. They are extremely anxious that you should make one speech in Delaware. . . . I told him that you had done more work of that character than anybody, and deserved your leisure ; but he was very solicitous, and I promised him to write you at once, and said I would guarantee a reply. Do send me a letter that I can show him, as soon as possible.

If, in October, you could make one speech in Delaware, and then go to California and make, say, four speeches, I am sure it would be a great favor to him. You could go by the Southern Pacific and return the other way, and you could arrange your speeches so as to have one day or more in California between each, and be back in a month. The trip would do you good. They would send you by special car all the way, I am sure, and I think it would really be a great thing for you to do, as you are now out of office, and have nothing personally at stake.

To M. :

AUGUST 27, 1882.

. . . I found the boys and your father off for a stroll over the Halloween Ledge, from which they came back tired and hungry, and bright. . . . Walker came Friday afternoon, a good deal disgusted at finding himself in Augusta, instead of at the Isle of Shoals. . . . However, by this time he finds that there is good living, and some folk worth

seeing, even here, and to-morrow he starts out on a speaking tour, and your father ditto. Can you imagine your father's going to a picnic at Hammond's Grove? Yesterday afternoon we went out to K. R.'s shanty and had tea. Your father was in a boat almost all the time, rowing about in the most reckless manner. It was perfectly delightful to see him, and after we had returned, the exercise and the open air making him drowsy, I covered him with newspapers, and while he slept, played solitaire, with Walker and Emmons overlooking me.

From Mr. Blaine, to Senator Brown :

. . . It would give me much pleasure to testify the respect I have always entertained for Mr. Hill's great ability as a senator, and my sincere friendship for him as a man. Though frequently opposed in debate, our personal relations were always most kindly, and never for a moment suffered interruption. After I had left the Senate, we had an interchange of personal courtesies of the most cordial character. He was a man of great gifts, patriotic in all his purposes, and capable of doing great good for his country.

To Mr. Blaine, from Senator Brown :

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, August 28, 1882.

. . . Coming from a political opponent by whom Mr. Hill has been confronted in Congress again and again, the discussion between the two being very able and exciting, your letter does great credit to your head and heart. And I assure you, it is very highly appreciated by me as the friend of Senator Hill, and by other friends to whom I have exhibited it.

To M.:

AUGUSTA, September 1, 1882.

. . . Walker is telephoning for a horse to take him to some of the Monmouths or Pittstons, where he is to convince a willing public that P. is a great fraud, who should be allowed to play out his farces in private life. For we are in the very midst of the campaign, and I almost hope you are so indifferent to politics that you will without interest see that the pater, having taken the stump, the despatches are once again teeming with his name. I myself went to Maranacook. Did you not go with us to that lovely lake? This day, changing the speakers and the company, was a reproduction of that. Caroline roasted the same chickens which Emmons cut up in the same efficient way in the car, and your father bobbed in on us from Bangor just in season to eat a second breakfast before starting. After all, there is something very pleasant in the Maine election to me. . . . Walker speaks every night, but as none of his family has sufficient devotion to go and hear him, I can give you no estimate of his worth as a public speaker. I have an inward conviction, however, that he is a good one.

September 3. . . . I do not think that the opportunity now remains

for me to go abroad. We must go into the new house this winter. Awhile ago, when I proposed to go to Boston to-morrow with Emmons to look up my stained-glass windows, you ought to have heard the objections pitted against me. There was General Harrison, who was to speak here Tuesday evening, and who is very likely to be the next Republican presidential nominee — did I hear you sigh? — and your father would not but have him entertained in this house for the world, and it would be no entertainment if he and I were both away. And if all this war of words is kindled by a proposal of one day's absence, what would be thought, felt, and expressed if I should mention Europe? . . . Election day is to-morrow week, and as soon as they have voted, your father and Emmons leave for Kansas. The pater hates it, but Emmons holds him to his promise made in the spring, to speak at the fair in Topeka, in September. . . . We seem to have come into the newspapers, after quite a lull, your father's presence in the campaign having waked up large audiences. Walker goes back to Washington to his work as soon as election is over. Mr. Creswell, his chief, he likes much, and is quite surprised to find him an industrious, stalwart, and hard-working commissioner.

From Hon. Benjamin Harrison, to Mr. Blaine :

PORTLAND, ME., September 9, 1882.

As I go to Boston after the meeting to-night the hope of seeing you again is gone, and as I shall have no opportunity to urge personally my request that you will make some speeches in Indiana, I write this letter. We *very much* need you, and shall be much disappointed if you don't come. Please present my kind regards to your family, to whose kindness I am indebted for the pleasantest recollections of my visit to Maine.

To M. :

AUGUSTA, September 11, 1882.

. . . This is election day, and the polls are already long enough closed for me to have had a visit from Mr. Homan, assuring me of the gains in many towns, and now Walker telephones an enlarged list, and Joe Manley shouts over the wire, " We shall have a majority of over four thousand." This is cheering news indeed, for even so late as our 3-o'clock dinner Walker felt great uneasiness. I can quote only Walker, for your father and Emmons, after detaining the train till they could vote, left this morning for Kansas. They travel night and day. Your father never left home more reluctantly in his life of many farewells; but Emmons held him to his promise and fairly carried him off.

September 20. . . . The anniversary of the sad days at Elberon. One year ago this morning we were stranded on the hither side of Stamford, while Arthur was telegraphing your father that he should wait for him in New York before he proceeded to Elberon. Then came the breakfast at the Gilsey house, the special train to Elberon with the new President, the recep-

tion of the living, the still more solemn meeting with the dead, the funeral services over the poor remnants of the poor body, the journey to Washington, the marvellous impressiveness of the ceremonies there. . . . How it makes me feel to go over my evidence, as the old church used to say, and see how we have fallen from grace. Does it pay to be great and out of place, better than to be small and in a high place? Oh, yes, — a thousand times yes. Better a gem of purest ray serene, than paste in the crown of a queen.

October 5. You see, don't you, that you are in my own room, which is warm with sunshine and a wood fire? None of the cold elegance of a Parisian bedroom is here, but all is cordiality, and newspapers, and warmth, and bright talk, and communism, for your father is in bed, and Emmons, wrapped in blankets, sits in the arm-chair, and Dr. Brickett comes and goes, and Colonel O. is here, and Fred appears at the door with an old pair of tongs which he has hunted up in the cellar, and with a duck towards the bed intimates to me that "*he's* all right, madame, I tell'd 'em so down street" — for your father was taken ill Sunday at York, and the newspapers have iterated and reiterated the report till even strong nerves take the alarm. Emmons drove Jip to Lewiston to the State fair last Wednesday, returning Friday with a dreadful cold which seemed to settle into a malarial fever, with typhoid tendencies, so that I wrote your father asking him to come home, and, to my great dismay, got, instead of him, a telegram saying that he was himself sick, very much in the same way. However, he got home at 8 last night, in very good condition both in mind and body — thanks to the kindness of President Phillips, who sent him through in his private car; and now after traversing that old gallery about fifty times, going from one side room to the other, I have got them into the same room, and under my own wing, and I think they are getting better every moment.

To M.:

NOVEMBER 2, 1882.

. . . General McClellan wants to buy the old Washington house. At first your father utterly refused to entertain the proposition, saying it would turn him out of house and home for the winter, oblivious apparently, utterly, of the new house. All day I have been arguing with him to give up the house now, and let me go on and get a few rooms ready in the new domain for immediate occupancy. I am afraid of so much unremunerative property. One good thing which has come out of the anxiety and perplexity of the day is that your father, who has been moping miserably for a few days, has roused up and is now cheerful and peart as a partridge, conversing with Emmons.

From Hon. Pierrepont Edwards:

ST. PETERSBURG, November 29, 1882.

. . . I congratulate you and your husband on the result in Maine, the only doubtful State saved amid the general wreck, and the only one

except Illinois where the old Cabinet put forth its strength, and a representative. "Arthur," said a friend of mine the day that Blaine's resignation was accepted, "will regret this step, for Blaine is far more important to Arthur than Arthur is to Blaine." Prophetic words! they are already history. . . . I am disgusted with all that has happened, and await the fate of the patriotic and loyal party that has been dragged by the strong arm of presidential patronage to the brink of ruin.

To M.:

NEW YORK, December 6, 1882.

. . . You will infer, of course, that I am here in the interest of the house. It is so deplorable to have no home, and your father is so anxious to have a retirement in which he can write, that I am pushing all my purchases with vigor rather than discretion, though I am not reckless. . . . Do not feel uneasy about us. Your father said yesterday the presidency came no more into his calculations, but that his family had never seemed so dear to him, nor had he ever felt himself so devoted to them.

From Mr. Blaine, to his daughter in Europe:

LAST DAY OF 1882.

I sit in the front window of the new house looking out on a beautiful day, with all Washington out in gay attire for Sunday, and inside a happy family surrounded with the confusion and disorder of boxes, bales, pictures, paint, wall paper, etc. . . . Whenever you find the convent unendurable, come out; but the longer you stay, the more you will know.

From G.:

DUPONT CIRCLE.

. . . People seem to think Mr. Blaine sits here like a spider spinning a web; and so he does, but the web is his history, and not politics. . . . He glories in the gout because it is indisputable. Most of his ailments are mere fancies, which he gets laughed out of before he is comfortably settled down in them. His gout is an inheritance, not an acquirement. Never a man lived more simply. . . .

To M.:

MARCH 4, 1883.

Had your father remained in the Senate instead of going into Garfield's Cabinet, this day would have completed his first whole term. I have been talking with him about it, and he says he has not a regret anent his own decision, that he has now not only no desire for public life, but an absolute repugnance.

March 12. . . . All these trips of Emmons are always in the interest of railways, and by and by I am sure that he will alight on his feet a thorough business man. Your father says he is a bull always. Every-

thing he questions. He risks nothing, but this makes him a discreet counsellor.

You want me to write politically. I do not know what to say, for there is no situation at present. I know the nomination of '84 is not a *sujet défendu* exactly, for we all say whatever is in our minds. Your father is as little a candidate as though he had succeeded in '76 and '80. The one thing he perhaps does desire is to be once more Secretary of State.

March 19. . . . That I may disburden my mind of its most pressing need, I want you to come home by the first opportunity. It is impossible for me to go over. Your father is opposed to it, and that with me has always been a sufficient reason. I never can, I never wish to oppose him, and as we have done nothing but give out money for the last year ever since we began this house, even the slight additional outlay of a European trip might inconvenience him. There is nothing seriously out of joint with the bank account, but this house and land have proved a sort of sinking-fund which has to be considered. Still, if you could hear that dear pater of yours at this moment singing, as he works, you would see that his soul is not disquieted within him and that yours must not be. . . . Walker is worth his weight in love and gold, and can be relied on for a tower of strength in the tight places of dinners and teas. Last night he invited all the guests, arranged their seats at table, himself took out the only stranger, and generally stood between me and any anxiety, in a way which your father, dear and interesting as he has always been, never knew how to do. Then Jacky is very interesting. . . . Any difficulty but that of money I could perhaps surmount, but the unknown, and money is always to me the unknown factor, frightens me. Your father is writing a book, "Twenty Years of Congress." It will not probably be interesting to you and to me, but think of the many, many who will want to read and own it.

From V.:

APRIL 9, 1883.

Mr. Blaine went to Judge Strong's Saturday night to see about building a new Presbyterian Church up here; thinks it is "sort of heathenish" not to have or attend any church. . . . Quite a number of cyclopedia volumes came out at dinner—all to throw light on the Westminster catechism.

Driving with Mr. Blaine I asked him, "If any one should ask you what was your creed, what should you say?" "I should say it was a general belief in Christianity, modified by the Presbyterian Blaines on one side and the Roman Catholic Gillespies on the other."—"You don't know any more about theology than the squirrel running up those trees. Let me give you your creed. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with—"—"Oh! I know that."—"Never mind, listen—with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and the rest. Now say it over yourself. Say it." He repeats it obediently, and after a pause,

"Well, you don't know the difference between the Democratic platform of 1856 and 1852," and completes his revenge by rejoicing with the old Scotchman that I "meddle only with the things o' God which I cannot change, rather than with the things o' man where I might do harm." . . . Clarence Hale is in Washington on business before Walker's court; says the atmosphere of the court is redolent of Walker's praises.

From Mr. Blaine, to M.:

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1883.

First as to business. You will receive, a day or two after this reaches you, an additional credit for something over 5,000 francs, which I hope may square you off; but if you deem it necessary to go beyond that sum, you will not regard it as an absolute restriction, — though I wish you may find it sufficient for all your demands, — Worth and worthless. We are overjoyed at your expected return; you will come to warm hearts and open arms, and I persuade myself that, hard in many ways as the long separation has been to you and to us, it will, for all your life, be regarded as time most profitably spent. You will find changes, — my hair a little whiter. . . . Alice gone from us to a new home of her own, Jacky given up too much to society and to fashion, Emmons more serious and thoughtful, but all unchanged in deep affection for you, except that it grows deeper. We hope to remain in Washington till you come, though it is possible the heat may grow too intense either for your comfort or ours, in which event we shall hope for a reunion in the old home house.

To Mr. Blaine, from Col. John Hay:

JUNE 21, 1883.

. . . The book puts you easily and securely in the front rank of American men of letters.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker:

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1883.

. . . I have also been to see the P. M. General about Mrs. T. Gresham says he will give you a place if you desire it, but here is the embarrassment: They have been obliged to reduce the force in one of the bureaus recently by twelve (all women and all good clerks). Now, the Civil Service rules go into effect about the middle of July, and though these women are all good clerks, yet they could not, perhaps, pass the examination. If they are not given places before that, they will all lose their places, reform being absolutely heartless and mercilessly just — or unjust. Mrs. T. only wants a place for a short time, these other people want it for bread and butter — their only means of support; and when Gresham appealed to sympathy, I didn't know what to say. I finally asked him to leave the matter open for a day, which he said he would do. . . . I am heartily sick and tired of this place-seeking business, and nothing but sympathy for those for whom I seek could keep me up in it. I would not

take the bread out of the mouth of a poor woman, and I did not feel like pushing Gresham, who was really very kind, and who would, I think, have made the appointment, had I persisted.

To M.:

AUGUSTA, June 30, 1883.

. . . Your father, who arrived on the "Flying Yankee" yesterday, at 7.30, has spent the whole of it on the lawn, and under the apple-trees, with a billiard cue. He says he has taken more exercise than in the whole preceding six months. He was very homesick last night, but this morning highly approves Augusta.

To Walker:

JULY 10, 1883.

. . . You remember how sweetly your father and Emmons sang its praises in Washington. Your lonely condition seemed to them of no account. Well, here I am, with a house in beautiful order, excellent servants, bright skies, delicious air, and a sun rejoicing to run his race. Here are your two sisters; but where, oh, where are those nobler spirits who were so impatient for this elysium? Emmons, at the first petty temptation, went off after just one day's enjoyment of his family and friends, and that same afternoon what did your father — *pater nobilis filii nobilis* — but telegraph Payson Tucker to know if the "Flying Yankee" could be stopped at North Hampton. Of course it could; when was the *descensus* not made *facilis*? So at four o'clock behold him with remorseful visage and many self-reproaches, I own, kissing his womankind in the hall, while the Augusta House hack waited at the gate. Yes, Walker, the A. H. H., for we still have no horses, nor do I see why we are likely to have any. Charlie White, to be sure, has driven a pair around the "Heart" for our inspection, but when M. said, "Why, Mr. White, you cannot see them without looking over the dasher, can you?" he coolly gathered up the reins, remarking only, "They are not mine," and drove off.

From Hon. W. W. Phelps:

TEANECK, NEAR ENGLEWOOD, SUNDAY, July 22, 1883.

DEAR MRS. BLAINE: Only to hope that you are pretty cool, well and happy; only to hope that our M. I. isn't a Catholic; only to tell you that I spent Friday night at Elberon and there talked with, *inter alios*,

Childs,

Cornell.

Each was separate from the other. Said Childs, "Grant thinks your friend Blaine will be the next President." Said Cornell, "I think your friend Blaine is sure, if he can keep out of the fight till nearly the end, to win." Etc., etc. Whence it is plain that at Long Branch, and in the mouths of Grant and Cornell, our future is assured.

I do not think so, nor do you. But I thought you would like to know this incident of my Elberon evening. So I write this, and nothing more, except that I am

Cordially all of yours.

To Walker :

AUGUSTA, July 28, 1883.

. . . Thursday we had a circus here. In the morning Mons went down to inspect the grounds. As he was walking about, a flashily dressed man came from one of the tents, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Blaine. I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at the Hot Springs." Of course Emmons established your identity. I believe Mr. Davis — for it was the manager himself — credits you with originating his enterprise. At any rate, he seemed to entertain the liveliest recollection of your agreeability, and on parting presented your brother with four tickets. As M. had a little circus party that night, they came in very well.

August 7. . . . Only to let you know that this is our Emmons' twenty-sixth birthday. Your father, in a worse than usual hat, is sauntering under the apple-trees, while Emmons looks up Cowper from the bookcase — Islington and Edmonton being in dispute between his father and himself, he winning, of course, for your father's taste is not poesy. . . . He came from Rye Saturday morning, looking and feeling all the worse for his attempted flight at gayety. He was pretty blue that night, but Sunday he got up with spirits attuned to the day, which was bright, and yesterday, though not quite so peart, he did not go far back, and this morning he is again in harmony with the outside world.

August 22. . . . Your father once more in love with his book, and writing assiduously all the morning.

From Walker, to M. :

WASHINGTON, October 15, 1883.

. . . I went to-day to look over the Marcy house, and a very cheerful habitation it appeared. I can't say that I admire the third-story carpets, which, when new, must have looked like a green nightmare. Age has improved them a little. Moreover, an old man, bent in the middle like a rusty jack-knife, showed me about, and eyed me suspiciously as though my name was not what I professed; but despite carpet and caution, it seemed to me that it would prove to be a cheerful abiding-place for the season. Whether the season will prove a gay one or not I do not know. The house-renting would indicate it, but the elections have played such havoc with Republican hopes that the g. o. p. will not be very jovial. Did you know that at a lecture on the Senate which a man named French, who used to be sergeant-at-arms of that body, gave here the other night the whole audience rose and cheered when he mentioned father's name? and General Beale told me on the way to the farm that he regarded father as the only

candidate for the Republicans. That's pretty strong from such a Grant man. But I doubt much whether the Republicans can elect anybody. As for me, I'm hammering away and being hammered at in my court, day in and day out, and I get so tired of hearing about cruisers and high seas, that my mind is in a whirl all the time. To-morrow, for example, I have to face an attorney who has been talking nonsense all day, and if I express my conscientious opinion of his logic he will grow very indignant. As he has a tile loose in the roof, I don't know what he may do. If I don't express the opinion he will insult me. As it is, I think I'll polish him off with lavish compliments, which will so please him that he will never see how he is beaten, — not by the force of argument, but by fact, for he was a fool to bring his case in the beginning. . . . Don't you be disappointed about the house. You'll like Lafayette square just as well, and I'm going to devote myself to making the winter most delightful and agreeable to you. When is T.'s birthday? With love to all the family, and with the earnest entreaty that you will soon come on, for I pine for you.

Devotedly,
JACKY.

To Mr. Blaine, from Gen. O. O. Howard :

OMAHA, NEB., October 16, 1883.

I meant to have written you about some choice despatches you sent me in 1861-2. I have preserved them and every letter you have written me. I have taken the liberty of using two or three which concerned myself and expressed your patriotic kindness. I trust you will have no objection to this. I want to say, dear friend, that I have always felt a strong attachment to you, and deep gratitude for your kindness to me and mine.

To Mr. Blaine :

CHICAGO, October 28, 1883.

. . . He had the assurance to ask me the disposition of your mind towards the presidency, to which I answered that I could not possibly see how that could be of interest to him who had already advertised to the world his own convictions on that subject as regarded you personally. "Oh," said he, "I assure you I am not interviewing you, and anything you may choose to say I shall regard as confidential." Whereupon I told him that I had never heard you speak of it, which on after reflection I was pleased to find was the truth.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1884.

. . . What do you think? Three or four country papers in Massachusetts are out for me, including the Salem "Post." They are pitching into the Boston papers furiously. I am not in the least off my feet; but you had better hurry home and preserve the equilibrium in other members of

the household. I do not think I shall be nominated, but I am disturbing the calculations of others at an astonishing rate.

But two things in Virginia are worth seeing, — Natural bridge and Hampton roads. See them quick, and be done with them.

From Mr. Blaine, to General Sherman :

(Confidential)

Strictly and absolutely so.

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 25, 1884.

MY DEAR GENERAL : This letter requires no answer. After reading it carefully file it away in your most secret drawer, or give it to the flames.

At the approaching convention in Chicago it is more than possible — it is indeed not improbable — that you may be nominated for the presidency. If so you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility, and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate. You must not look upon it as the work of the politicians. If it comes to you, it will come as the ground-swell of popular demand — and you can no more refuse than you could have refused to obey an order when you were a lieutenant in the army. If it comes to you at all it will come as a call of patriotism. It would, in such an event, injure your great fame as much to decline it as it would for you to seek it. Your historic record, full as it is, would be rendered still more glorious by such an administration as you would be able to give the country. Do not say a word in advance of the convention, no matter who may ask you. You are with your friends, who will jealously guard your honor.

Do not answer this.

ST. LOUIS, May 28, 1884.

HON. J. G. BLAINE :

MY DEAR FRIEND : I have received your letter of the 25th ; shall construe it as absolutely confidential, not intimating even to any member of my family that I have heard from you ; and though you may not expect an answer, I hope you will not construe one as unwarranted. I have had a great many letters from all points of the compass to a similar effect, one or two of which I have answered frankly ; but the great mass are unanswered. I ought not to subject myself to the cheap ridicule of declining what is not offered, but it is only fair to the many really able men who rightfully aspire to the high honor of being President of the United States to let them know that I am not and must not be construed as a rival. In every man's life there occurs an epoch when he must choose his own career, and when he may not throw the responsibility, or tamely place his destiny in the hands of friends. Mine occurred in Louisiana when, in 1861, alone in the midst of a people blinded by supposed wrongs, I resolved to stand by the Union as long as a fragment of it survived to which to cling. Since then, through faction, tempest, war, and peace, my career has been all my

family and friends could ask. We are now in a good home of our choice, with reasonable provision for old age, surrounded by kind and admiring friends, in a community where Catholicism is held in respect and veneration, and where my children will naturally grow up in contact with an industrious and frugal people. You have known and appreciated Mrs. Sherman from childhood, have also known each and all the members of my family, and can understand, without an explanation from me, how their thoughts and feelings should and ought to influence my action; but I will not even throw off on them the responsibility. I will not, in any event, entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican convention, or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself. I claim that the Civil war, in which I simply did a man's fair share of work, so perfectly accomplished peace, that military men have an absolute right to rest, and to demand that the men who have been schooled in the arts and practice of peace shall now do their work equally well. Any senator can step from his chair at the capitol into the White House, and fulfil the office of President with more skill and success than a Grant, Sherman, or Sheridan, who were soldiers by education and nature, who filled well their office when the country was in danger, but were not schooled in the practices by which civil communities are, and should be, governed. I claim that our experience since 1865 demonstrates the truth of this my proposition. Therefore I say that "patriotism" does not demand of me what I construe as a sacrifice of judgment, of inclination, and of self-interest. I have my personal affairs in a state of absolute safety and comfort. I owe no man a cent, have no expensive habits or tastes, envy no man his wealth or power, no complications or indirect liabilities, and would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark anew, at sixty-five years of age, in a career that may, at any moment, become tempest-tossed by the perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty, or neglect of any one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President of the United States, not to say the eternal worryment by a vast host of impecunious friends and old military subordinates. Even as it is, I am tortured by the charitable appeals of poor distressed pensioners, but as President, these would be multiplied beyond human endurance. I remember well the experience of Generals Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, Grant, Hayes, and Garfield, all elected because of their military services, and am warned, not encouraged, by their sad experiences. No, — count me out. The civilians of the U.S. should, and must, buffet with this thankless office, and leave us old soldiers to enjoy the peace we fought for, and think we earned.

With profound respect,

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

To Walker, from V.:

AUGUSTA, June 4, 1884.

. . . There is a great and new feeling astir in Massachusetts. I perceived it as soon as I set foot in the State. It manifested itself along

the route. At Salem quite a crowd had assembled. While I was waiting at Ipswich, a telegram came from Newburyport saying that the people were gathering there and begged Mr. Blaine to let them see him. When we reached Newburyport the station was full, and a voice cried out, "Come out here, Senator Blaine, and let us show you that you have friends in Massachusetts." When he appeared there was an outburst of applause. The Augusta people telegraphed up for permission to give a reception, but I believe even M. considered that premature. There was a great throng at the station. You need not be informed that the people here are a little wild. Your Spartan mother is furbishing her drawing-rooms, however, with unhurried step, and trying with varying success to keep your father and M. from coming to blows. M. views his serenity with unconcealed disgust, and evidently considers that if he would telegraph to Chicago that his one object in life is the nomination, and that he proposes to slay every man who opposes it, success would be certain. She is as frank as a chicken in the exhibition of her wishes. You, I fear, are not sufficiently rural to take in the full force of that simile. . . . All are well, and in good spirits, except M., whose spirits depend entirely upon the telegraph wire. Dear Walker, whatever happens, be the brave and worthy son of your father, whose magnanimity is never more manifest than on these great occasions. Never a man was brought to severer tests, and never a man stood them more tranquilly. But let his family be to him a wall of strength. He is great, above and beyond all the chances and caprices of any convention. Heaven give you also strength to be strong, all alone as you are.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Sherman :

ST. LOUIS, June 7, 1884.

I am told that the proper thing to do is for rival candidates after the contest to shake hands, and for the defeated to congratulate the victor. I will now admit that I was a candidate before the Chicago convention, but am nevertheless willing to congratulate you on your brilliant success before the august body, and I honestly wish you success at the election next November. I also wish the same success to General Logan, who was an ardent, brave, enthusiastic general under me in many of his most brilliant achievements. For a time Logan was a bitter enemy of mine in Congress, reducing my pay and making it impossible for me to live in Washington in the Grant house presented to me, the taxes of which steadily rose from \$400 a year to \$2,250, — a thousand dollars a year more than the rent I afterwards paid for the house on 15th street. But Logan has spasms of generosity as well as hatred, and I will be only too happy to aid his canvass by being a full witness to his really good qualities. He was *not* with us on the "march to the sea," but was in nearly all the other campaigns of the Western armies, and as this "march to the sea" was recited in the convention, and in a biography printed here, I would advise him to correct it himself before it is tortured to his prejudice by a political enemy.

I thank you cordially for securing the nomination at Chicago, because spite of all I could do, certain injudicious friends were determined in case of a "break" to use my name, and I was equally determined to decline it, certain to give offence to the convention which construed itself the people of the U.S., whose mandate was the voice of God. I could not regard it in that light, and therefore I repeat, that your nomination without a "break" probably saved me from making a mistake which would have damaged my fame, as you say, as much as the disobedience of a lawful order when I was a lieutenant in the army. All my family were made happy last night by the good news, and I assure you that I wish you all honor and success.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. W. Phelps:

WASHINGTON, June 9, 1884.

Back here in Massachusetts avenue, clean, in my right mind, but tired and determined to do no thinking for two or three days, except this: To put off much booming until we have our Democratic opponent; to think Lucian's praise of Cæsar as, viz., *Nil reputans actum, si quid manaret agendum*; and so forgetting the past to press forward for the prize, etc.

. . . Reid and Elkins and I never for one moment admitted fatigue or discouragement to each other. And Tom Platt, like a little hero, in a remote parlor upstairs, without any recognition or summons to caucus or council, organized his forces, paid his own bills, and made victory possible. He had neither recognition nor promise, but did, in the opinion of all on the inside, much the most valuable work done; and that was heroic, for he had to learn from outside of what was done by councils where all his enemies and contemners were running the machine with all its power and galore.

. . . Tell that great lady that I did not spend two minutes away from the work I went to do. . . . What an ovation I had! Everybody in person, by letter, by telegram sought me to say, "They were always for Blaine." Big tears came into good old S.'s eyes as I said, "Mr. S., I should as soon have thought of my own defection from Mr. Blaine as yours." And generally I had a delightful debauch of *malice* and love. But I'm too tired to tell it all.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. John Roach:

NEW YORK, June 12, 1884.

. . . I have carefully watched and studied the policy of the so-called Independents, and have come to the following conclusion as to its meaning: It is simply a movement in the interest of free trade, and they attack the man rather than the platform. By this means they hope to carry their point. . . . And indeed this is the only weapon left them since their blunders on the tariff during this session of Congress.

Regarding your South American policy, — we were producing not only a great surplus of breads, meat, cotton, oil, etc., but we were rapidly

producing a large surplus of manufactured articles of all kinds and needed a foreign market. You were the only man, occupying a prominent position before the public, who saw that in the near future, with our best resources and the inventive genius of our people, we should need a market for our surplus products. This market could not be found in European countries, where they already produce more than they can sell. You saw it in South America, and had you been permitted to carry out your plans you would have succeeded. Yours was not a policy of blood or the destruction of life, but it was one in the interest of the American farmer, manufacturer, and mechanic. England, of course, saw this, realized her danger, and influenced the press of New York to torture your policy into a desire for war, or as likely to result in that. I doubt, however, if any fair-minded man in this country could see anything wrong in pursuing a policy that would bring the representative men of South America to our city to discuss a policy that would, no doubt, be mutually beneficial. England now sees in the Chicago platform, and in you as its standard-bearer, the handwriting on the wall, and will leave no stone unturned to defeat you. She sees that with your election she is likely to lose her hold on the United States market, and then with your South American policy carried out, the markets of Brazil, Peru, Chili, River Platte, and others lost to her. Do you wonder that she is interested? This accounts largely for those attacks on your private character and your public policy.

From Hon. H. M. Watts :

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1884.

The news of the great event at Chicago has already run around the globe with electric speed, and your noble husband is now the most conspicuous figure on earth. Mankind, at home and abroad, are measuring his strength and studying his character with a view to their future relations. It is not, therefore, surprising that the nominee of the great and heretofore triumphant party should reply to the committee announcing, "I am impressed, also, I am oppressed, with the labor and responsibility which attaches to my position."

You may not know why our extensive family in Pennsylvania feel an especial interest. It carries back our memory to the beginning of this most eventful century. My earliest impressions are of Middlesex, three miles east of Carlisle, where the widow of Colonel Blaine resided. She was the cousin of my mother, and they stood in the same relation as grandchildren of Joseph and Ursula Rose. Joseph Rose was an Irish barrister, and emigrated from Dublin Bar to Lancaster, and was greatly distinguished for his erudition as a classic scholar and lawyer. Benjamin West, before his elevation as President of the Royal Academy in London, was one of his protégés, and he painted several pictures of his daughters, one of which, of my grandmother, I now possess; and one of Mrs. Postlethwaite, now in the possession of the family of the late Dr. Stephen Duncan, of Natchez. The large brick house in Carlisle, in which my father lived

and died and in which thirteen children were born, was built by Colonel Blaine. In the law office of this house were many students who made their mark in life, . . . within my recollection, a group of such gentlemen as Henry M. Campbell, Samuel Lyon, Ephraim Blaine, and others. I have a distinct recollection of Ephraim Blaine, the father of your distinguished husband. He was the inheritor of the Middlesex estate and reputed to be rich, and was a dashing beau. He set the fashion in our country town of driving horses tandem, and my elder brother imitated him. There was another tie that, perhaps, bound the families. Your husband's grandfather and ours were officers of the Revolutionary army, and both Colonel Blaine and Gen. Henry Miller rendered important military and civil services. I could write a volume of eulogy which might greatly interest the numerous descendants of these remarkable families which to this day are held in grateful remembrance, but whose glory is lost in the shadow of ages, and, we are happy to say, is now wholly eclipsed by the rising sun.

To Mr. Blaine, from Emmons :

CEDAR RAPIDS, July 1, 1884.

R. is very anxious you should issue your letter for publication so as to hit the Saturday morning papers. Says that you will have a Sunday morning in the country that "alone will be worth the price of admission." Methinks the point is well taken.

From Hon. W. M. Evarts :

WINDSOR, Vt., July 4, 1884.

. . . I was at the wedding of Judge Hoar's daughter on the 12th of June, and was glad to find, as I expected, to be sure, that he was "solid" for you, and shared my opinions of the great step now, at last, taken in our politics by the nomination of a political leader as well as a public man trained in the service of the State. To reach this I have struggled against the corporate spirit of placemen, the disorganizing influence of chieftains, the weakness of "favorite sons," and the wretched policy of impromptu statesmen. Perhaps your attention has been called to two of the most remarkable political speeches that ever were made. They are both in "Troilus and Cressida," scarcely the play in which such eloquence and wisdom were to be looked for. They are both very applicable to our politics. One marks the remediless disaster where the best is not in the enterprise, and the other shows that the capacity of leadership will not secure it, unless it be kept in the eyes of men. I wish our accomplished and consummate scholars would read and digest these speeches. The papers say you occupy yourself in everything but campaign talk, and you may find refreshing reading in Ulysses' speech to Agamemnon, Act I., Scene III., and his other speech to Achilles, Act III., Scene III.

To Mr. Blaine, from A. H. Walker :

HARTFORD, July 17, 1884.

. . . Professor Stowe, though now eighty-three years old, and seldom leaving his house, has already engaged me to take him to the polls next November to cast one more vote for a Republican President. It will doubtless be his last. I well remember the old man's ardor when I took him in my carriage to vote for Garfield. I regret that such time-honored men as Beecher and Curtis are not with us this year, but Harriet Beecher Stowe has been far more influential and far more widely honored than both in the grand history of the Republican party. She has no vote to give, and her pen is now weary with labor and with age, but I know that her heart and her prayers will attend the Republican campaign.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Elliott F. Shephard :

LONG BRANCH, July 21, 1884.

Your admirable letter accepting the nomination for the presidency is to our Republican forces like the arrival of Sheridan on the field of Winchester. . . . The great solid blocks of fact which you present will not fail to be considered by, nor to greatly influence, the American people. . . . The Republican is the party of moral ideas. . . . It substantially represents the Christian sentiment of the country, and that sentiment is the backbone of the nation. The reflective classes understand this, and want a leader who recognizes it.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Daniel Dougherty :

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1884.

. . . Let me say that while political opinions compel me to vote and ardently work for the election of Mr. Cleveland, I do this at the sacrifice of my personal feelings, because I entertain for you a sincere regard.

Citizens need make no apology for differing on the vital issues connected with a presidential struggle, but the campaign should be conducted with the courtesies of parliamentary debate; and therefore be assured I have no sympathy with those who personally attack one of whom as an American we should all be proud. From my heart I wish you all the good that can be wished, not wronging the cause I serve.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. A. S. Barnes :

LAKE WINDERMERE, ENG., July 23, 1884.

. . . I trust no influence will be so strong as to prevent you from occupying that high position for which you are so eminently fitted. I was glad to notice my old pastor, Richard S. Storrs, D.D., had so decidedly expressed his views on your nomination.

From General Sherman :

ST. LOUIS, October 13, 1884.

I understand there is a possibility of your visiting St. Louis. If so I beg you to make use of our house, which is spacious, and you know how welcome you shall be. I could meet you at the depot, or after the whooping and yelling, of which you must be tired, you could take refuge with us.

To G. :

AUGUSTA, October 15, 1884.

. . . How do you suppose it seems to me to be called into the library because Mr. Blaine wants to speak to me, and when I get there to hear Tom say through the telephone, "Mr. Blaine will be in in a moment, but Joseph Manley is here!" Then Joe says, "Mr. Blaine is out speaking and Walker is with him." After a little he came. Last night his second question was, "Are the plumbers out of the house?" To-night I asked him, shall I give Miss A. a C? Instantly came back, "Do you mean one hundred?" Yes. "Certainly, with pleasure."—"His day has been fatiguing. West Virginia has gone solidly against us. What do the papers say about Ohio?" . . . Mr. Blaine is telegraphing this moment. You must write him to-morrow at South Bend, Ind. He says he has made thirty speeches and ridden two hundred miles to-day, and has been talking with me an hour.

To Mr. Blaine, from Rev. Egbert C. Smyth :

ANDOVER, November 3, 1884.

Allow me the pleasure of expressing the profound admiration with which I have followed you in your journey since you left Augusta. The tact, variety, and eloquence of your addresses are something wonderful. I confidently anticipate your election, though not wholly ignorant of the adverse forces. I anticipate, as well, that your administration will rebuke your slanderers, and open the eyes of honest men who have been deceived.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Howard :

OMAHA, Neb., November 4, 1884.

This is a day of double interest to me. It is Mrs. Howard's birthday, and it is to be, I trust, the day of your election. Guy and I cannot vote, but Jamie and Chancey have voted for you already before ten o'clock. Chancey formed a club of young voters who in marching, talking, drilling, visiting outside meetings, etc., have done loyal service in this region. . . . John cannot vote for two years yet. He has done marching and talking, however, to balance. . . . I know that the results will be manifest before you see these lines. I simply wish to say, whatever be the issues of the conflict, may God bless and direct you! Of course mud has been thrown, but it has not even spotted your garments.

To Mr. Blaine, from Rev. Cyrus Hamlin :

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., November 17, 1884.

. . . I ought not, perhaps, for such a trifle to intrude upon your time, but I will take this opportunity to express my profound grief and disappointment at the results of the election.

The waves of defamation swept harmless by, but the madness and folly of the Prohibitionists struck their own cause and their country's a fatal blow. I feel now that in this State admiration accompanies sympathy, and that in the esteem of all good men you have risen immeasurably above your opponents and defamers. May Divine Providence still guide your life to great and noble ends!

From Hon. George F. Hoar :

WORCESTER, November 20, 1884.

. . . I wish to put on record my sense of the great strength that the Republican cause derived in the late campaign from its candidate. I do not think you said a word that any supporter of yours could wish unsaid; and your speeches and letter of acceptance were a contribution to the campaign worth all others put together. I thought beforehand, as you know, that in the existing divisions of the Republican party another candidate would have been stronger, especially for Massachusetts. But I am now very strongly inclined to think I was wrong in that opinion, that we should not have done so well in the country under anybody else.

At any rate, neither you nor those who supported you have anything to repent of.

From Mr. John G. Whittier :

DANVERS, November 28, 1884.

. . . I am awfully vexed by the result of the election. Our candidate made such a splendid canvass and would have been triumphantly chosen over Democrats and Independents, but for the miserable John-Johns.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Edward F. Waite :

NEW YORK, January 28, 1885.

I have just learned, to my great gratification, that you are an honorary member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity. It was long a tradition of the Fraternity that such was the fact, but as the last catalogue, issued in 1879, did not contain your name, I, in common with others, concluded that the tradition was but a pleasant myth. I remember that we used to sing, "There's Blaine and Banks and Burnside, Foote, Taylor, and Burlingame," etc., and we didn't stop singing it that way when we began to doubt whether we could rightfully claim you; we took the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Porter says you were elected by the Bowdoin chapter in 1856. It has recently been discovered that Nathaniel Hawthorne was elected by the same chapter, and that his letter accepting the election

has long hung upon the wall of the Bowdoin chapter-house. So little pains was taken by the chapter to make this fact generally known in the Fraternity that it has but recently come to light, and his son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who was a D K E at Harvard, was not aware of it. Probably the doubt which has heretofore enshrouded your own election in the Fraternity at large is due to the same cause. The Bowdoin chapter must be admonished not to hide its candle under a bushel any longer.

From General Sherman:

. . . Tell Blaine that as a matter of course I have read his first volume with greedy interest, and that I await still more for his second volume, which must treat of the "Reconstruction," wherein lies the germ of his own failure to be President, the "Solid South," and other kindred evils, the end of which is *not* yet. Say to him that I believe in the course of his studies for his first volume he changed his mind, his estimate of men, Grant of the number. He used to say that Grant's great success as a general was the result of accident, but before his judgment crystallized and became "history," he saw that so many successes in war was a legitimate result of qualities, and not of accident. I think the better of Blaine for this honest change of opinion. Now, in his second volume his personal knowledge of the legislation and of the men who produced it will be simply immortal, if he can be equally frank and illuminative. His qualities are literary, not administrative. His oration on Garfield was worthy of a Pitt. But to be honest, I would not choose Blaine to command a regiment or frigate in battle. Many an inferior man would do this better than he. He was at his best as the Speaker of the House, and his true arena is the Senate of the United States. However, he has begun the political history of his time, and must finish that before he begins something new. During the war the armies and navies subdued the Rebellion, Congress aiding, and sometimes meddling. "*Inter arma silent leges*" was a maxim before America was discovered.

Congress declared the war, and after should have supplied the means, and remained silent, but on the theory that it still legislated under the Constitution it undertook, like the French Assembly, "to run the war," till it grew to such formidable proportions that they, Congress, became ignored. Then the armies went on from victory to victory till 1865, when the South, exhausted, humiliated, and defeated lay at the mercy of Congress. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln and succession of Johnson were the real cause of the subsequent *mistakes*, because then Congress assumed all the dictatorial powers of the government, ignoring Constitution, President, and the Supreme Court, *all* coequal in one complicated system. . . . In 1865-6 the Republicans could have taken into their party four-fifths of the young men who fought and were *mad* at Jeff Davis, Toombs, etc., who had betrayed them into Rebellion. . . . But in the end all will be right. Cleveland will have more than he can carry, must commit faults, and the Republicans, if wise, may profit by them.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., September 28, 1885.

DEAR BLAINE: I feel specially honored by the receipt of your kind letter of the 25th inst., with the first seventeen pages of your second volume, every word of which I have already read with thrilling interest and wonderment that in the great mass of events you have been able to keep a straight course towards the conclusion which we know.

My castle is well guarded against the Demons of the Press, and these sheets shall see no human eyes save those of my clerk, who is trustworthy, and it may be for occasional paragraphs shown to R., whose loyalty to you cannot be doubted. Each page as received shall be pasted in one of those convenient letter stubs ready to receive them, and deposited with my closely guarded "War Records."

Since Grant's death I have gone over my files, and find a large mass of his personal letters and notes, which I will bind in like manner with others, which will have historic value when men are ready to receive the truth.

. . . I feel a special interest in this your second volume, because I have honestly doubted whether the Republican party were wise in their reconstruction measures. I thought and believed in 1865 that this party might have had for the mere asking the united support of the young Confederates, who realized they had been misled by their selfish leaders, but who went off like a herd of buffaloes to the opposition because the Republicans insisted on investing with political power the recently enfranchised negro. But I assure you I will give absolute faith to your statement of facts, causes, and results.

With respect and affection, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Oliver Ames :

BOSTON, March 16, 1885.

I propose to invite Governor Robinson and his council, heads of departments, the Legislature, judge of the Supreme Court, and ex-governors of Massachusetts, our senators and representatives in Congress, and other leading citizens of Massachusetts, to my house on Tuesday evening, April 14.

I now write to invite you to be present on that occasion as my guest. I sincerely hope you will come, as I wish to have you meet the leading men of Massachusetts — from every part of the State — so that they may know you as I know you. It will do them good, and it will be a good thing for you.

From G. :

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1885.

Mr. Hale looked in a minute this morning. Said he went into the Interior this morning, a room not much larger than this, between thirty and forty men in it, filling every available nook and corner in it. Mr. Lamar, writing at his desk, looked up, — "Good God, Hale, I am glad to see you come here;" and then in an aside, "What do you think of this?" They say

he is the picture of despair — among all those office-seekers, and he a philosopher.

. . . To Madame de Struve's musical party invitations were informal. When Mr. Blaine went in, he said to Madame de Struve, "I don't know that I am invited." Said she, instantly, "You were born invited."

May 7. . . . There is to be a dinner here Saturday night, and Mr. Lamar is bidden. His note to Mr. Blaine has just come, and it would cast a damper over a funeral. He says he can't refuse the kindness that has asked him, so he is coming; otherwise he knows he is so broken in heart and spirit that he thinks it is an imposition for him to come. Strange that he should have been willing to give up his senatorship, which he might have for life, for the bother of the Interior Department, which never brings renown.

To M.:

AUGUSTA, December 4, 1885.

. . . Your father is doing a prodigious work on his book. He read us last night his chapter on the Fisheries, and then sat down and wrote to Mrs. H. and Mrs. H., who had written to him.

From Mr. Blaine:

AUGUSTA, December 3, 1885.

MY DEAR LADIES: "Wot a incomprehensible letter." I am as much bothered as was the younger Weller with all this "he-ing and I-ing." Are you starting out on a joint tour *à la* Robson and Crane, just to see how funny you can be, and how easily you can surpass the epistolary effort in the twenty-fourth chapter of *Pickwick*? Who would have dreamed of such embarrassment as you inflict? I could say so many things to either of you alone, and yet so few things to both of you together. I am in the condition of Josh Billings' hero, who found it so hard to devote himself lovingly to two women, and keep up a fair average. Mrs. H., for instance, has not the slightest idea how profoundly I admire Mrs. H., nor would I for the world let Mrs. H. know the things I have said of Mrs. H. Write me singly, and, as we said when boys, *give a fellow a chance for his white alley*. If each of you will write me, and swear in advance that neither will show the answer she receives to the other, — then, why then, I will be profoundly sure to distrust both of you. This is a sort of game that differs from poker: *one pair* is better than *threes*; and if you ask me how I will constitute the pair, and get rid of the third, my simple and direct answer is, that I will drop Mrs. H. and cling to Mrs. H.

With haste and hope.

From Mr. Blaine to Walker:

AUGUSTA, December 6, 1885.

. . . But you must settle the point for yourself. Were I situated just as you are, my mind would incline to Chicago. Wherever you go, I am sure you have all the elements of success in you. You have ability and

learning, — I think you have steady application when it is demanded. Wherever you may go, I am sure that you will acquit yourself well. My deepest affection will follow you, and the profoundest interest of my life will centre in you. I only want you to be equal to yourself, to concentrate your energies and stimulate your ambition, and in the language of Dr. Johnson, “not permit slight avocations to seduce your attention.”

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. F. D. Grant :

NEW YORK, March 6, 1886.

. . . I wish to thank you on my own account for the excellent picture of my father you have selected as a frontispiece. It is the one my father selected himself as the picture he wished preserved of him as President. . . . He received the first volume of your “Twenty Years of Congress,” and directed me to acknowledge it. He was much pleased with what you wrote in transmitting the book, and directed me to send you a copy of his work.

To Mr. Blaine, from Mr. Patrick Ford :

NEW YORK, April 10, '86.

. . . The regard I have for you does not consist in shows of civility. “I have that within me which passeth show.” My loyalty to you as the representative of principles and a policy that seem to me to be essential to the healthy growth and dignity of the Republic is deep and fervid, rooted in my convictions and sentiments. . . . You are not only my first choice, but my only choice. Outside of you I have not speculated at all. No other man in the Republican party, in fact no other possible candidate in America in either of the parties, has the hold on the Irish vote that you have, and if the Republican party fail to nominate you in '88, it will in my judgment have committed the greatest mistake in its history.

I hope and pray that the Republicans will do the right thing at that time. And for this reason among others: I want to see the “Irish vote” broken up. I want to see American citizens of the Irish race free — and they now, thank God, are free — to vote as they individually see fit. This has been one of the chief aims of my life. I don't believe in race elements or religious creeds resolving themselves into a “solid vote.” I believe it is bad for the country and bad for the element itself. The first links in the chain that has held the Irish in bondage to the Democratic party are now broken — they were struck off in 1884 — and your nomination in 1888 will complete their emancipation. . . . The labor element, by recognizing its just claims and without any demagogic appeals, can, I believe, be secured to us in 1888. . . . I am thinking of taking a run over to Ireland in a few weeks, and if I can arrange to go by way of Augusta I shall do so. In May next it will have been forty years since my father took me, with the family, from Galway town. I was then a child, a trifle over eight, and I have not seen the Green Isle since.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. D. Washburne :

MAY 2, 1886.

Several days ago a snug little package came by express addressed to Mrs. Washburne, but in my care, and with the curiosity of a *man* I opened the package, which proved to be the two handsome volumes of your "Twenty Years in Congress," presented to her with your compliments and with a very pleasant allusion to the friendship that has existed between ourselves for a period of more than thirty years. . . . As for myself, you can rest assured that my friendship for you has never wavered since I first came to know you in Augusta in 1854, when a green stripling I left old Bowdoin. I trust this friendship of so long standing may continue to the end.

From Neal Dow :

PORTLAND, Me., June 5, 1886.

The Boston papers say that I was absent from the City Hall meeting because I would not be on the same platform with you. I hope it is not necessary to assure you that there is not a shadow of truth in that. I have in no way changed my personal relations toward you since I gave my vote for you most cordially in 1884, believing, as I did, that with you in the White House the Republican party would recover the confidence and respect of the country which it had most gloriously won. It seems to me now that the Democratic party is doing its best to ensure for 1888 what barely failed in 1884.

From Mr. Blaine :

BAR HARBOR, June, 1886.

Not one day since my last have I even been off this hill. Here we are, H., M., and T. — and myself with carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, plumbers, cabinet-makers, paper-hangers, seamstresses (strong spell), and I know not what with us ; we have firm possession of the third floor, and disputing the second, while chaos and mechanics have absolute sway on the first. But we fight our way along. I have to be everywhere at once, and have done more actual physical labor for the past ten days than you ever did in the whole of your life. . . . Walker leaves this week for Chicago — to be launched at last on the sea of life.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. J. B. Foraker :

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,
COLUMBUS, September 17, 1886.

Only yesterday I wrote you urging you to accept the invitation of the Republicans of Chattanooga to address them some time next month, and now I am in receipt of a letter from the President of the Young Men's Blaine Club of Cincinnati, insisting that I shall write you urging you to

accept the invitation, which he informs me they have sent you, to attend the opening of their new headquarters on the evening of the 30th inst.

This club numbers something like four hundred or five hundred members. They are the most active of all the working members of our party in Hamilton county. You never made a prettier or more creditable little speech than the one you made to them at the Burnet House. They organized the same evening after you were nominated, as a temporary club for the purposes of that campaign, and organized as a permanent club the day after you were defeated. . . . Not only will they but all the other clubs and Republicans of Cincinnati and southern Ohio greet you and make your stay a pleasant ovation. Accept if you can.

From Mr. Blaine :

BOSTON, October, 1886.

I had the felicity of N.'s company, who dwelt at great length on the greatness and grandeur of my character. He intimated that compared with me Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were "small potatoes" — all of which in a car, and in a loud voice, with many people listening, may be called pleasant entertainment.

I had a charming visit, everything delightful.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton :

AMERICAN LEGATION,

BERLIN, November 8, 1886.

. . . I am pleased to see you have had such a gratifying tour through Pennsylvania, for though we have not always been able to agree in political opinion and actions, there has never been a time since we met in Congress when I could not offer you the most friendly congratulations on the manifestation of good-will and appreciation on the part of our countrymen towards yourself.

From V. :

AUGUSTA, December, '86.

. . . Dr. Webb met Mr. Blaine at the station. He had a little touch of gout before he left home. He thinks, however, that he did not show it or walk lame so that any one suspected him — though he says when he came out, it was like walking on your eye-balls. Nor did he suffer much trouble that night, but the next morning the foot was so swollen and painful that he could not touch it to the floor. I don't know how he got to the station, but I think he was carried in a chair to and from the carriage. Dr. Webb went with him. He telegraphed to Dr. Gordon, of Portland, who met him at Portland station with hot-water bags and morphine pills, and Mr. Manley went to Portland to meet him, and the morphine put him to sleep at once, nor has he got over it yet, but has slept much of the time since. Two policemen brought him from the carriage here up to his room. . . .

He is much pleased with his reception. . . . Dr. Webb's introduction of him was a bit of inspiration — quite spontaneous, Mr. Blaine says. Dr. Webb asked him how he should introduce him, and Mr. Blaine said, only as your friend and parishioner, nothing more; and Dr. Webb took the cue well. Rev. Heman Lincoln's speech was good, except the little snap at the end, which Dr. Webb says was in express violation of contract. He told Mr. Lincoln he was afraid he would get loose, and Lincoln promised he wouldn't. I don't suppose he thinks he did. Mr. Blaine was greatly pleased with President Robinson, of Brown. Dr. McKenzie was effusive. Pity he could not have effused a little a year or two earlier, and led the ministers instead of following them. When Mr. Manley wanted him to turn the tide of detraction a little, I remember his reply, that it was so long since he had known Mr. Blaine, that, etc., — and he did not do it. It is just as long now, and will never be any shorter. Did Mr. Blaine seem in good heart? He was pretty low down for two or three days before he went. We refused to admit for one moment the possibility of his not going, so did Mr. Manley, and I don't think even with all his gout he is sorry he went.

From Dr. Webb:

BOSTON, December 25, 1886.

DEAR MRS. BLAINE: I wish thee and thy "gude mon" a merry Christmas. Is he sorry that he came to Boston? I am glad as a girl when her love has been requited. And the club was glad. When they saw a man (and Blaine is more of a stranger in Boston than anywhere else in the country) delicate and gentle in appearance, with nothing about him that seemed to say, "I will exalt my throne above the stars; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation;" a man without a sword on his thigh, or a concealed dagger in his bosom; a man that one can honor and trust and love, — rise right up before them in modesty, grace, and goodness, they just broke loose; men swung their hats, and women — God bless them! — fluttered their handkerchiefs and half cried with emotions of gladness.

And now that the enemy has picked the meeting and the speeches all over, he finds a chance to hatchel Brother Lincoln a little — and that is all. I answered Brother L.'s letter a day or two since, and told him not to sleep less, nor write less, nor minimize his hope of heaven because of anything that the critics could say against him. Good man, he had rather cut off his hand than wound Mr. Blaine. Do you see — if such ubiquity and power were imputed to an angel in heaven, he would be a marked character — that the —— said next morning that Mr. Blaine is going to Europe next autumn: first, to visit Ireland and stir up the Irish for the sake of the effect in this country on his candidacy for the presidency; and then, second, to visit Germany to stir up the Germans so as to get their vote, and so, of course, make a dead sure thing of it?

Compass the world for an office! To tell them that the man would not

lift his hand for it, to tell them that he never drew his pen, nor uttered a wish for the last nomination, is to be thought daft.

I have many congratulations on the success of the evening. I sincerely hope that Mr. Blaine's coming did not cause his attack, and that before this he is all right again. Will you tell him for me, that notwithstanding his captivating address, and urgency of unwritten sermons, the best thing he ever did was the written eulogy of Garfield? So!

From G. :

AUGUSTA, January 1, 1887.

. . . Mr. Blaine went to the station with M., and "Toby Candor" fell foul of him and said he had been instructed to see Mr. Blaine himself and find out if the reports at Washington, that he was critically ill, etc., were true. He said he should report that he had seen Mr. Blaine in an open sleigh a mile from home at midnight, with the thermometer three below zero! which he thought would be answer enough.

To Mr. Blaine, from Walker :

CHICAGO, February 3, 1887.

I have just received your letter, written on your birthday, and have deposited the enclosure in the bank. . . . I can really look back in many ways upon the outcome of the election in '84 with pleasure, for I feel that with the responsibilities of the presidency, added to the necessity of finishing your book, the work would have been too great. As it was, the book took more than a year of hard work in the quiet of the country and of Washington, and will prove as valuable a memorial of your fame as a successful administration. But for the future I have great hopes and great ambitions, centred not upon the presidency, but upon your going back into public life. It seems to be an era of indifference and incompetency just now, and I am sure better things must come in the future.

Far more than anything else was I touched by your letter. I have never been able to imagine any home as pleasant as the one into which I was born, and perhaps having lived in it for several years past has made my present life rather more lonely than it otherwise would be. I am glad you think of having a home once more in Washington. With greatest love and pride in the best of fathers.

From V. :

F. wanted to be night watchman at the State House, and got recommendations from Mr. Blaine, all the congressional delegation, and most of the chief citizens of Augusta, Republican and Democrats. "What the devil do you apply for watchman for with these names? I should think you would run for Governor," said the head one of the State House, when F. presented his paper. On the strength of it, his wife borrowed ten dollars

of Mrs. Blaine, and F. appeared in a tall silk hat, better than I ever saw Mr. Blaine wear. Mr. Manley said that after Mr. Blaine gave F. his letter stating his good points, it was hard to make F. do another thing. He thought that was enough.

To G.:

AUGUSTA, June 5, 1887.

. . . Blainey ran away yesterday noon just as his dear grandpa was about sitting down to his last dinner. I galloped, T. galloped, we galloped all three, and the dear little culprit was found hunting his home in the Sturgis' yard. "I didn't run away, grandpa; I didn't go near the track."

EMS, GERMAN LLOYD LINE, June 14, 1887.

We got off Monday afternoon at three, and as the train swung along below the Governor's grave, there sitting on the green bank, waving to us, were Blainey and Jose, and the four girls,—and then and there my heart broke. *That* little figure in the Hitt hat, with its red streamers, waving to his grandma, I shall never see again. Q., and Emmons, and Walker, and R. came down to the steamship, and saw us pulled out into the stream, without any attempt at cheerfulness. . . . Mr. Blaine, who began with a perturbed stomach, a disbelief in his companions in misery, two overcoats, his old Pennsylvania gloves, and a yellow silk handkerchief round his neck, a steamer chair, and all the rugs he could persuade his womankind they did not need, being generally swaddled, and swathed, and feet put to rest by kindly strangers, is now perambulating the deck in one summer overcoat, kid gloves stitched with black, and a freedom of step, which is commonly supposed to belong to the heather, as alert, and bright-eyed, and gentle as he appeared to Dr. Webb at the Orthodox club dinner. . . . I so approved your Andover article, I brought it along for Mr. Blaine, and in reading it that first day out, he forgot to remember his woes and all his home joys. . . .

To Walker:

LONDON, June 30, 1887.

I am waiting for your father to dress him for Lord Rosebery's dinner. . . . Yesterday your parents and M. were graciously pleased to be present at the Queen's garden-party. . . . The beef-eaters told us how to go through the palace, and after we found ourselves on the terrace—this was all there was of it—like Niagara. The gardens are pretty as a dream, and there were thousands of ladies, gayly and beautifully dressed, and gentlemen by the hundred, in every shade of ugliness. . . . It was not an impressive sight to see all the ladies falling backwards before this little and old woman, like waves dying on the seashore. That they should be willing to do it, I found it hard to understand, for the courtesying amounted to obeisance. Some of the dress was very handsome, and the jewels; but the tone of the whole thing was gloomy, frigid, and totally unimaginative. Nothing here has surprised me more than the gloomy

character of English enjoyment as compared with the gayety of home. . . . Your father is reading the papers, and breakfasting in our own sitting-room. . . . After the Rosebery dinner he went last night to a great art reception.

From Mr. Blaine :

METROPOLE, June 30, 1887.

It is always the poorest of excuses to say you are so busy you cannot write, but I have been overwhelmed since I reached London. Invitations have come from all hands like snow-flakes, and I have been up to the eyes in hospitalities and social engagements. I cannot go into details, but a few things strike me, — first, that as a rule, the houses, such for instance as the Duke of — and Earl of —, are not so large, nor nearly so elegant, as many houses in Washington, and are immeasurably behind the great houses of New York.

We were all at the Queen's garden-party at Buckingham Palace yesterday. It was very fine; and all England of royalty, nobility, and fashion were there. . . .

Queen Kapiolani — looks just like old Caroline, the cook — walked with royalty, and gave a shade of color to the procession.

The nobility, civil as they are, . . . fear, hate, dread the influence of the Republic on their own position and privileges. I can see that feeling daily.

I look back homeward with a feeling and longing near akin to *homesickness*, and with a recollection of events that seem too delightful in retrospect ever to have been real. Do you know enough of my feeling to understand it? If not, come abroad and see how quickly you will comprehend it.

To Walker :

KILGRASTON, July 15, 1887.

. . . We came to it Monday, not knowing whither Andrew was leading us, so stupidly ignorant, in fact, of all the delights of this House Beautiful, that your father was almost ready to say he would not come unless the Hales did, and I, I confess, as bad, with a difference. And here we are enjoying, as only pilgrims and sojourners at hotels can enjoy, this oasis of home life, and day and night I bless the Providence which has set the solitary in families and moved him to hospitality. Yesterday we returned from an excursion of two days to Dunfermline. Colonel and Mrs. Hay are coming to-day to stop over Sunday, a splendid addition to the company. Your father is getting so much benefit from the open air, in which he spends his entire day — and think how long the days are in this latitude: it was half-past eight when we reached home last night, and the sun was just setting, and we were dining at half-past nine by its waning light alone, and your father could read the label on the champagne bottle without glasses; that he has discarded woollen socks and gaiters and one overcoat, and is getting really a color. Also he has danced the hay-

makers — which is our Virginia reel — on the lawn, and has played skittles. We breakfast every morning at nine, and as Mr. Carnegie would not sit down to the table without him, he gets up in good season — a great advantage over that long lying in bed which at home he so much indulges in.

To G.:

KILGRASTON, July 18, 1887.

It was on the queen's highway and this morning that Mr. Blaine and I stopped the mail carrier, and it might have been Henry Hall himself who unstrapped the pouch, so much as a matter of course did he seem to take it that Mr. Blaine's peremptory "halt" should be obeyed. . . . Where were we going? Nowhere; that is, I was not, but my other ego was bound for Kinghorn to do honor to Mr. Carnegie, whom all Scotland is just now delighting to honor. Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie had gone off on the coach to Kinghorn, — about thirty-five miles, — but Mr. Blaine against this long drive had protested so vigorously that he was allowed to go by train, though he had to give his word to coach back to-morrow. . . . Our most generous and hospitable host is very peremptory. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Hale went away yesterday after a week's visit, and Colonel and Mrs. Hay went this morning, and yesterday the C. P's (five) came. Mrs. Carnegie poured coffee this morning for sixteen. Scotland is a beautiful country, and I have enjoyed this oasis of home life in the midst of hotel life. . . . This beautiful Scotch day, which began in cold and drizzling clouds, is now, at eleven o'clock, beaming upon us with sunshine and cool breezes. Our hostess, Mrs. P., Lady C., T., and young P. have gone into Perth — for what? to buy a piano. So our autocrat of the breakfast, dinner, and lunch table has decreed. Young P. is a musical genius, and this old "grand," belonging to the effete nobility, whose purse is light, suddenly found itself condemned last night, after yielding up strains of sweetest harmony, I must say, to silence, and it was ordered that its successor should be installed in office before the evening of another day. Hence Perth, which is four miles off. . . . For instance, this morning at breakfast the talk had run into the expediency of building up the navy, when Mr. Blaine was delivered of one of the most interesting and masterly statements of what it was in his mind to secure through the Garfield administration that I have ever heard even from his lips. They all came back from Kinghorn in season for a half-past seven dinner Wednesday, the Carnegies having slept in a room at the castle once occupied by Mary Stuart, and Mr. Blaine in Cromwell's room. All the Blaines in Scotland were named by name at the banquet, and for the first time in that bailiwick women sat down to a public dinner. The P's have gone over incontinently to the Blaine banner, if that banner shall ever float again. . . . We think now we may leave for the Trossachs Monday, coming back here for our luggage. I hate to go out into a cold world again, but we have not really crossed the water to spend our summer with Americans. I sometimes ask myself why we came abroad.

Certainly I am not half as happy as I should be at Bar Harbor with Blainey, and all the others whom I hold dear; but I shall have attained, when I return, to something, without which I have always thought myself to have fallen short.

From Mr. Blaine :

LONDON, August 15, '87.

The people of Ireland seemed to me to be a discouraged or even heart-broken race. I could not, if called upon, fortify this conclusion by facts and illustrations, but the impression, which is about all a traveller gets, was all that way. *Their cause* is, however, progressing in England, not exactly for the kind of "home rule" which Gladstone enclosed in last year's bill, but still a substantial and valuable measure of local self-government, and which will still leave Ireland represented in the Imperial Parliament. In America, you know, we never considered any other form of "home rule" either practicable or desirable. They wished to give me a great banquet in Dublin, but I felt that to accept would simply be eating and drinking the substance of the poor. . . . One must come to Europe to see *how much* we have at home. I have lost sight of politics.

To Walker :

BROWN'S HOTEL, LONDON.

. . . We had too good a time at the Carnegies to enjoy anything which followed, and when the following was poor Ireland, it was a far from pleasing week,—saving always our visit to Cork and the Coppinger family, which was very satisfactory to us, and I hope to them. . . . This hotel seems much more satisfactory than the Metropole; but, alas! we must quit our haven of rest Monday to go and bathe in Germany. Three days in London, though, make one sooty enough to render any course of baths beneficial.

From Mr. Blaine :

HOMBURG, August 24, '87.

Trevelyan turned back when he saw that Liberal Unionism was Toryism in disguise, and especially when he saw that Mr. Gladstone was willing to modify his bill of last year on the points where he had made objections,—Irish representation in Imperial Parliament and the abandonment of the scheme of buying out the landlords at the expense, or *even possible* expense, of the British taxpayer. Trevelyan felt—so a friend of his told me—that he would be selling his birthright—as the nephew of his uncle—to separate from the Liberal party; and so he is back in triumph and the beating of drums. There may be an Irish bull in inheriting a birthright from an uncle, but you know my meaning. This place is gay and interesting, and a splendid health resort. I am so busy getting well and strong that I have no time for trifles.

To Walker :

HOMBURG, September 1, 1887.

. . . We are all well, though rather lost, almost every one we know having completed or cut the cure. The Fricks went yesterday and the Hales this morning and the Depews this afternoon. Mr. Blaine has been playing a cold and rheumatism anywhere, preparatory, I think, to the mortifying announcement that he was satisfied with a half cure. . . . We breakfast in our sitting-room, waited on by a German maid, who, when I complain of the rolls not being fresh, feels them all over with her fingers, to assure me that they are soft. . . .

September 23. . . . He found the F's, with whom he boarded twenty years ago, going on at the same old stand and delighted to see him, only it was the son and daughter instead of the father and mother. They were as fully posted about him as you and I, and his doctor is the doctor of twenty years ago.

To Mr. Blaine, from Colonel Hay :

WASHINGTON, December 8.

I must thank you for my share of the enjoyment of your counterblast published in the Tribune to-day. We were all lost in disgust at the . . . message, and not knowing just what to do with it, when, as we might have expected, but did not, came from over the sea the clear blast of the trumpet, declaring battle and bringing the fighting men into well-ordered ranks. You have given us our platform for next year.

Enjoy yourself and come back to us with your neck clothed in thunder. We need all the celestial help there is going next year. I can't help thinking of that awful German line, "Against stupidity the very gods war unvictorious." But we must not give up in advance.

From Mr. Blaine, to Hon. J. H. Manley :

SORRENTO, ITALY, April, 1888.

I beg you will not fail to continue your letters and make them more frequent. They are a great resource to me, away off, fifteen hundred miles from home. As I write this, Mrs. Blaine is sitting on a balcony from one of our windows that looks over a precipice three hundred feet high, with the Bay of Naples below, the city fourteen miles across the bay, directly opposite ; Vesuvius on the right, with a great volume of smoke issuing from the crater ; the island of Capri and earthquake-shaken Ischia on the left ; Pompeii distinctly visible with a glass she holds in her hand, and with another sweep of the glass she can distinctly see the island to which Brutus fled after the murder of Cæsar, and where Cicero visited him in his exile. A little beyond, in plainer view with a glass than the State House is from your home, overlies the city of Puteoli, where St. Paul landed and preached a week on

his way to Rome. He left his ship there and went overland. I have taken the glass, and I can easily see the pier where St. Paul put his foot. See the last chapter of Acts of the Apostles. I have visited all these places again and again, having been in the neighborhood nearly a month; and while I take great pleasure with these associations, I would not give one good look at Bar Harbor for the whole of it.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 30, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: Your cablegram was so prompt, so generous, and so stirring that I could not refrain from giving it to the press, which I did not doubt would be in the line of your wishes. My first thought was to send you by cable my grateful acknowledgments, but on reflection I concluded to use the mails, as offering me a medium for a fuller and more confidential expression of my feelings.

From your most intimate and trusted friends I had the assurance that in a possible contingency you and they might regard my nomination with favor. It was only such assurances that made my Indiana friends hopeful of success, and only the help of your friends made success possible. It will give me pleasure always to show my high appreciation of the efficient and conclusive support your very close friends gave to me in the convention.

I am now looking forward with great interest to the time when you shall return and give to the campaign the impetus that only your voice can give to it. If it suits your plans I would like to have an early visit from you, and Mrs. Harrison requests that you will bring Mrs. Blaine with you. You will, of course, know that this implies that during your stay we shall expect to have a great meeting and a speech from you. Our State convention meets August 8. I write in haste and amid constant interruptions. Please convey to Mr. Carnegie my thanks for his congratulatory message, and to your family my very kind regards.

Gratefully and very sincerely yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

(*Personal.*)

INDIANAPOLIS, June 30, 1888.

WALKER BLAINE, ESQ., *Chicago, Ill.*:

MY DEAR SIR: I want first to thank you for your very kind letter of congratulation, and for your assurance that my nomination would be very agreeable to your father. He has personally given me so many evidences of his confidence that I did not for a moment doubt that he would now give me his indispensable support in this campaign. His cordial and very hopeful telegram was a most auspicious beginning, and gave me a hospitable reception from his friends. I would have cabled my thanks to him, but in the hurry here I could not get his address. And, besides, I preferred a method of communication that would enable me to speak more fully and more confidentially. Will you be good enough to seal and

address to him the enclosed letter. I have also enclosed a letter to Mr. Carnegie, which I will also ask you to address and forward.

I shall be very glad to see you at my house at any time.

Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

P.S. — Since writing the above, Mr. Elkins has arrived at my house, and I have been able to send the letter to your father direct.

To Walker:

CLUNY CASTLE, July 10, 1888.

. . . Your father is perfectly well, in the best of spirits. Think of it: to-day he has driven in a soaking rain, in an open carriage, sixteen miles, and I have now just left him after his lunch, — roast lamb, cabbage, stewed rhubarb and cream, whiskey and water (the great English table-drink now), and crackers and cheese, — reading aloud. Tell Emmons I will be sure to have him well-dressed when he visits New York. The convention made no ruffle, and has left none on the bosom of his content. Not for worlds would he have the campaign on his hands.

From Mr. Blaine, to Colonel Hay:

CLUNY CASTLE, KINGUSSIE, N.B., July 17, 1888.

. . . "*Vidi multos homines et tenas*" since I left home in June of last year, but I am about to return doubly content with America, and willing to give bond, if need be, that I shall give stintingly of whatever time I have in the future to the effete monarchies. I find that every year makes my own fireside more attractive. The common experience to this effect still leaves it a novelty to each man as it comes upon him with unexpected force. . . . I have been deeply entertained with each successive chapter of your history. But, heavens! how you are (in the cause of truth) uncovering some cruel facts. . . . Facts are fearful things, especially if they suddenly rise from the grave, where you had vainly imagined them to be buried beyond hope of resurrection. . . . I am anxious to reach home to see how the political currents are drifting. Newspapers give little information, when you are beyond touch with the inside and real movements. It has seemed to me that Harrison has many elements, beside the one of geography, for a good canvas. It seems truly awful to contemplate the possibility of the Democrats securing another lease. I am longing for one good talk with an American who knows something. You are one of that kind, but as a man grows older, the number grows less.

From Colonel Hay:

AUGUST 3, 1888.

. . . I wish it were possible for me to be in New York next week, and mix my feeble life with that vast roar of welcome that awaits him. I fancy he will himself be appalled at the fury of affection and regard

with which he will be welcomed home. The country has had a year to think it over, and it concludes that it likes him, and is glad to get him back.

To Mr. Blaine, from General Harrison :

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 5, 1888.

I have by the kindness of your son had the opportunity to send you some oral messages, but I cannot omit to add in writing my cordial greetings to those of the multitude that will have the pleasure denied to me of meeting you when you land. I feel sure that no circumstance that could emphasize the affectionate good will of the Republicans of the whole country will be omitted, and you will not doubt that I feel very much gratified that it should be so. We would have sent a delegation from Indiana, but our State convention assembled on the first, and those who would otherwise have gone were needed here.

Emmons will tell you of the plans I have formed for you, and if they meet your approval, I will have the pleasure before long of seeing you again at my home.

From Mr. John G. Whittier :

CENTRE HARBOR, N.H., August 14, 1888.

. . . I was much disappointed by Mr. Blaine's letter of declination, but when I see the great heart of the nation warmed and stirred to meet him, I think he, at least, has lost nothing by his choice of a private station. This grand ovation is worth more than a dozen presidencies. What you have seen is only a ripple of the great wave of popular sympathy and love.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1888.

The meeting is said to have numbered forty thousand by competent judges. Father was greeted with cheer after cheer by the largest audience he has ever faced. It was a great sight. He went this morning to Tea-neck with Mr. Phelps and stays overnight. I am glad to have him go, as it rests him.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1888.

. . . Jacky and your father have just started for Connecticut. . . . After my long, and lonesome, and most uncomfortable ride from Boston, for every chair in the car was taken, and I was oppressed almost to vertigo by the air of the car, it was indeed reviving to see Colonel Coppinger's white moustache, which I was expecting, and to hear Walker's cheery greeting — a surprise. Your father looked extremely well and young, and his face was like that of one of the shining ones.



STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1888.

. . . Your father and Walker left the hotel at nine in the morning, so I had a long day before me. . . . Alice took me by the elevated to Mrs. Sherman's door, where she left me to seek a mass. Mrs. S. has changed. She has the look which long and endured suffering gives. Still she kept me; and when Alice came back, her religious aspirations unsatisfied, she made us stay to lunch. E. was there, and Mrs. E., L., and R., M's oldest boy, — a great family, you see, and a most delightful one, and the meal so good. Their dining-room overflows with hospitality. I made such an appeal to the general and Mrs. Sherman, that R. is going home with me on a very brief visit. It was very interesting, and no less touching, to see the abandon of E. to entertain and amuse her mother. After luncheon I had gone down into the office to see the general — you know he never has lunch. Word came down that a Mrs. Salisbury, an old Methodist lady, had called, and that Mrs. Sherman wished the general and Mrs. Blaine would see her, as it would gratify the poor body. Up went the general, and I followed. He was very much disgusted as Mrs. Salisbury insisted on telling her church troubles, which all hinged on the innovation of an organ into the meeting-house. The general snorted and gave audible vent to his impatience, which Mrs. Sherman hushed up, and Mrs. Salisbury kept on to the end of her tale, when the general ran impolitely out of the room. Mrs. Salisbury was E., and he had never discovered it. Then R. and E. danced to a little singsong which was very pretty, and afterwards R. played on the banjo, and she and E. sang old negro melodies, particularly those of old Shady. The sick mother, the distinction of the family, the motive of the entertainment, the tenderness and the talent of the two girls, both so young and pretty, and yet one the mother of four children, made a great impression on me. . . . The campaigners come back to-night. . . . I wish T. could have seen her father at Hartford. Poor, dear father, if he only gets home whole, and can be got into trousers unbagged at the knees, and will feel that he is warm in a cutaway coat, he will look ten years younger. There is no trouble save in his feelings. "He's all right," but he loves the confessional and the lay sister (me), why, I do not know, as I always shrive him out of hand.

November 3. . . . Father stands here overlooking and hurrying the fireman building the fire, for we have been driving in Central Park, and now have dinner before us, and your father, alas! a speech in Brooklyn. He threatens to go to bed, but he will not. Walker has gone to Poughkeepsie, where I hope he may cover himself all over with glory. . . . You would not be very proud of the beloved's clothes, but the real man is all right. He would not go on to the stand this afternoon, as he is not a candidate, and thought that place better filled by Morton and Miller. . . .

November 4. . . . Mr. Blaine made three speeches last night at Brooklyn, and has come out of the long campaign with more vigor, I think, than he carried into it.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Joseph Manley and Mr. Blaine and Walker are under the apple-trees looking at the sunset, and weighing the campaign in the balance. Apparently our hero is none the worse and much the better for its wear and tear. Alice is telling stories in true maternal fashion to Conor in the sitting-room, while in the distance Blainey, returning from the cemetery with Aunt Ellen, sends out a cheerful holloa to the philosophers in the garden.

XVIII.

AGAIN SECRETARY OF STATE, 1889.

UPON the election of Mr. Harrison, as on that of Mr. Garfield, Mr. Blaine was nominated as Secretary of State by the Republican party. His appointment seemed to the people a logical result of the election. His clear call from Paris, rousing the Republican party to hope and action, his insistent self-renunciation, his prompt entrance into the field immediately upon his arrival from Europe when the political canvass had been sluggish and was almost motionless, and his cheerful and ardent advocacy till it was closed with victory, seemed to demand this appointment. His designation of Mr. Harrison as the candidate, expressed more than a year before the meeting of the convention, and later at the crucial moment, gave a personal phase to the general desire, while his own wish to carry forward, as Secretary of State, the great work which had been wantonly arrested was well known. Opposition to him had not died out, but it had greatly weakened. Hardly stronger arguments against his appointment were brought than that he would "seek to dictate," and this was offset by Garfield's remembered testimony that "Blaine gave him less trouble than any other member of his Cabinet." This appointment was not made so quickly as that made by Garfield, and there was anxiety and much energetic correspondence, but on the 17th of January, 1889, the President-elect wrote him :

[COPY.]

INDIANAPOLIS, January 17, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE : I beg to offer you the position of Secretary of State, and very sincerely and cordially to request your acceptance of the office. Hoping to hear favorably from you at your early convenience, I am

Very respectfully and sincerely

Yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

TO HON. JAS. G. BLAINE,
Washington, D.C.

[COPY.]

Private.

INDIANAPOLIS, January 17, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. BLAINE: I have in a note which you will receive with this requested your acceptance of the office of Secretary of State. There are some further and more familiar things, however, which I want to say in this confidential note. It is quite essential, if such a relation is to be established between us, that the offer and the acceptance should both be in a spirit of the most perfect cordiality and confidence. I want to assure you without reservation that the offer is made in that spirit, and in the sincere hope that you will find it agreeable to accept it. Our long and friendly acquaintance gives me the assurance that you would take up the great office in the same spirit.

We have already a pretty full understanding of each other's views as to the general policy which should characterize our foreign relations. I am especially interested in the improvement of our relations with the Central and South American States. We must win their confidence by deserving it. It will not come upon demand. Only men of experience, of high character and of broad views should be sent even to the least important of these States. In all this I am sure you will be a most willing coadjutor, for your early suggestions and earnest advocacy have directed public attention to the subject.

As to our relations with European governments they will, I hope, be easy of management, and in the main formal. But three distinct questions with as many of the great powers will require early and discreet attention. I do not doubt that it would be your inclination as it will be mine to so deal with these questions as to bring about just and peaceful conclusions. Your familiarity with the origin and progress of these differences, and indeed with the whole history of our diplomacy, would, I am sure, give you great advantage in dealing with them.

I have another general purpose and duty in which I am sure you would coöperate with the greatest cordiality. It is to preserve harmony in our party. The continuance of Republican control for a series of presidential terms is, I think, essential to the right settlement of some very grave questions. I shall be very solicitous to avoid anything that would promote dissensions, and very desirous that the civil service shall be placed and conducted upon that high plane which will recommend our party to the confidence of all the people. This purpose is absolutely disassociated with any selfish thought or ambition. I will be quite as ready to make proper concessions as to ask others to do so. Each member of my official family will have my *full* confidence and I shall expect his in return. There are other things which I shall, perhaps, desire to talk with you about, but they can abide the personal conference which I hope to have with you at your early convenience.

Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

[COPY.]

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 21, 1889.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have your valued favor of the 17th inst., tendering to me the appointment of Secretary of State in your Cabinet. The tone and manner in which you extend the invitation convey to my own feelings a personal pleasure which far outweighs the public honor. Allow me, therefore (with my acceptance of your invitation), to return my most sincere thanks for the cordiality and confidence which mark every line of it. I reciprocate the feeling in fullest measure. It is only by a spirit of confidence at once mutual and perfect that my service in your Cabinet can be valuable to your administration, agreeable to you, or desirable to myself.

In becoming a member of your Cabinet I can have no motive, near or remote, inconsistent with the greatest strength and highest interests of your administration, and of yourself as its official and personal head.

I am glad to find myself in heartiest accord with the principles and policies which you briefly outline for your administration, and I am especially pleased with what you say in regard to foreign affairs. The State Department was designed in its original constitution to be at all times in close communication with the President. The Secretary is his certifying officer even for many things that more nearly concern other departments. The foreign affairs are in their inception and management exclusively executive, and nothing decisive can be done in that important field except with the President's personal knowledge and official approval. So entirely confidential has the relation of the Secretary to the President been held that questions relating to foreign affairs are brought to the attention of other members of the Cabinet by the Secretary of State *only* as directed by the President.

To hold such a relation, both personal and official, to the Chief Executive of the nation is in the fullest sense a high honor. I beg you will not doubt that I deeply appreciate its duties and its responsibilities in their broadest significance.

I am with greatest respect,

Your friend faithfully,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

GEN. BENJ. HARRISON,
President-Elect of the United States,
Indianapolis.

A very large part of the pleasure with which Mr. Blaine received this appointment was the gratification it gave to his friends, especially those who had been concerned lest it should not be made.

Though less intimate friends than Blaine and Garfield had been, the political opinions of General Harrison and Mr. Blaine

were in general harmony. In discussing some arrangements regarding the inauguration, Mr. Harrison wrote Mr. Blaine, "I am for harmony in little as well as big matters, as you know already, and other friends will find out."

The President was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1889, and Mr. Blaine at once took the oath of office as Secretary of State, not only with satisfaction, but with buoyant anticipations.

Mr. Hitt was no longer available for Assistant Secretary, he holding a position in Congress too important to be relinquished, and Mr. Blaine chose his son Walker for the position. His wide and subtile comprehension of affairs, his high ideal of politics, his deep interest in men, his courtesy and suavity of manner, all attested by his brilliant success in his Garfield secretaryship, marked him as eminently fit for the position, while his life-long intimacy and sympathy with his father made him such a helper as no other man in the world could be. They understood each other without words, but when words were necessary, Walker could speak them. Like most fathers it took some experience to teach Mr. Blaine that his "lads" were men, and held opinions with a man's independence and tenacity of reasoning. "Walker is very disrespectful," he murmured one day when Walker had firmly maintained his ground against his father's position. "Not at all," was the unflinching reply of his confidant, "I know nothing about the merits of the argument, but you consulted Walker as a man, and then you treated him in argument as if he were a five-year-old boy. It is *you* who were disrespectful." He smiled, rueful but pleased, and when Walker returned, his father held out a penitent hand: "Walker, I owe you an apology."—"Not at all, sir, I owe *you* one;" but probably neither would ever have thought of it after the encounter but for the chance presence of an outsider.

Years of the closest political, diplomatic, and social, as well as family, companionship had established Walker as his father's most trusted and competent counselor and agent, to whose skill he found nothing too complicated or too important to be confided. His winning address, founded on real and ready sympathy, softened the brusqueness of politics, increasing the pleasure of those who were gratified, and mitigating the disappointment of those who were not.

Unhappily the President felt himself constrained from making the appointment for the reason that Walker Blaine was the son of the Secretary of State. He was willing to appoint him to the solicitorship of the department, but he could not permit him to be First Assistant to his father. Mr. Blaine was equally unable to press the point. He felt that only two courses were possible, — either to accept the situation without protest or comment, or to resign. To resign meant to relinquish, probably forever, his great opportunity, to throw the Republican party into division and confusion at the beginning of an administration and upon an issue which he could not explain and which therefore could not appear other than trivial. Walker, though intensely chagrined, advised strongly against resignation. He took the solicitorship because it would keep him near his father, and he continued to give him all the assistance possible, sometimes he feared to the disadvantage of his own office, a result which he sedulously strove to avoid. Mr. Blaine remained in the State Department, but he never ceased to feel the blow, and he went crippled all his remaining days.

The foreign relations of this country upon the accession of the Republican administration were in a condition that demanded the concentration of attention, courage, promptness and wisdom—a broad outlook in the present, a clear forecast of the future. They struck every note in the gamut of human interest from the liberty of man to the traffic in hogs.

Our interests in the Pacific engaged the early and serious attention of the new administration. Samoa, one of the only two important island groups in the Pacific not absorbed by European powers, was in a position which compromised the dignity of the American government. More than fifty years ago Commander Wilkes, who afterwards took Mason and Slidell from the British steamer *Trent* to the great delight of the people and of Congress, but to the ultimate official dissatisfaction of the President, had established an American relationship to these islands by surveying and exploring them and framing laws for the people. This “moral suzerainty” had been continued. Citizens of Great Britain and Germany acquired large interests in Samoa, but the United States stood always for justice and progress to the Samoan people. During

President Hayes' administration, Samoa sent two envoys hither. One was an American resident, the other the native Minister of Foreign Affairs who had been educated by the missionaries in Samoa, and had learned a pure English from the study of the Bible. The Samoans had been so won by the kindness and fair dealing of our government that they wished to secure closer commercial and political relations with the United States, even to the extent of a protectorate or a cession of territory. They dreaded the encroachments of Europeans which threatened to be supported sooner or later by the British and the German governments. The President and Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, received them favorably. The Navy Department had long urged a coaling station in the Pacific; public opinion had not reached that point, but the envoys were content to cede their finest harbor, Pago-Pago, for a naval and coaling station, asking nothing in return but our good-will and friendly intercourse. Europeans were quicker than Americans to perceive the advantage given to Americans, and they began a series of movements against it. Disturbances were fomented, if not created, by foreign adventurers. In July, 1881, a treaty of peace between warring Samoan chiefs was celebrated on board the United States steamer Lackawanna in the presence of Commander Gillis and of the representatives of the three treaty powers, the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. A neutral territory was established in and about Apia, and a government provided which for three and a half years was acknowledged throughout the islands and was remarkably successful. Malietoa, the king, and Tamasese, the vice-king, lived together at Mulinuu and performed their separate official duties undisturbed. At the end of that time troubles again arose, not from hostility of the natives, but from the rivalry of foreign interests and the irregular action of foreign officials, and Germany claimed paramount interest and influence in Samoa. On June 1, 1886, Secretary Bayard suggested a conference at Washington consisting of the British minister, the German minister, and himself to arrange for the reestablishment of order by the election of a competent native chief by the Samoans to be upheld by the three powers. The suggestion was accepted by Germany, but before the conference opened,

rumors had become rife in Samoa that Germany meant, in case she should not secure what she wished in the conference, to take possession of the island, set up Tamasese as king, and organize a government. Malietoa prepared to defend himself. Secretary Bayard, in accordance with the British Foreign Office, instructed Mr. Harold M. Sewall, Consul-General to Samoa, to keep Malietoa from fighting, on the assurance that the conference would arrange Samoan affairs for the best interests of Samoans. The king, who was able and eager to crush the rebels before the German ships arrived, yielded to Mr. Sewall's representations "out of his great respect and love for the government of the United States." Six German war-ships arrived at Apia. The American flag was hauled down. Tamasese was installed under German guns. Malietoa was driven to the mountains, where his people gathered around him sending down hourly to Mr. Sewall to learn news from the conference.

The conference was opened at Washington, June, 1887, and after much discussion on July 26th adjourned for further instructions, but no word went from it to help the waiting king. Instead, Germany without any previous intimation notified the government of the United States that she had declared war against "Malietoa personally." Martial law was established by the German authorities in Samoa. American citizens were subjected to the indignity of minute and offensive police inspection by the German navy, which demanded Malietoa dead or alive. To save bloodshed, he surrendered himself and was carried a prisoner on a German war-ship to the deadly Cameroons.

Startled by the indignation aroused in this country, Germany proposed a renewal of conference, but in Berlin instead of Washington. Secretary Bayard accepted the proposition, and thus affairs stood on the 4th of March. Secretary Blaine instantly renewed the acceptance, but emphasized the fact that it was the old conference on the old basis, and not a new conference under the new conditions which had been created by Germany, but which did not change our obligations to Samoa.

But though the conference was old the conferees were new blood. Mr. Kasson, who had been minister to Austria, Mr. George H. Bates, of Delaware, whom the preceding administration had sent as commissioner to Samoa and who had studied

its history and institutions, and Mr. William Walter Phelps, were men fortified for the emergency. Mr. Sewall, ex-Consul to Samoa, accompanied them as secretary. Thus the conference on the American side was furnished with experts, two of whom had been Democratic office-holders, but were ardently Republican in their way of conducting their offices. Their instructions, furnished on April 11, were that the United States government desired a speedy and amicable solution of all questions, but would steadily maintain its own full equality of right and consideration as much for the purpose of fulfilling its obligations to secure to the Samoans the conditions of a healthy, prosperous and civilized life, as of protecting the rights and interests of its own citizens. With pointed reference to our great and growing interests in the Pacific and to the early opening of an Isthmian transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific (under American protection), all of which required the possession of a naval station which had been granted in Pago-Pago by the lawful Samoan authorities, the government firmly declined to "accept even temporary subordination" as inconsistent with that international consideration and dignity to which the United States by continental position and expanding interests must always be entitled. If intervention of the three powers were absolutely necessary, it must be temporary and avowedly preparatory to the restoration of autonomy in the islands, and while it lasted it must be on terms of absolute equality. Germany was to be informed that the President was painfully apprehensive that the forcible removal of Malietoa, — who was without doubt the preferred sovereign of the Samoan people, — and the failure to restore that condition under which alone a free choice could be made by the Samoans, would not only seriously complicate but possibly endanger a prompt and friendly solution.

Stress was laid upon the necessity of defending the natives against the robbery of their lands by greedy foreigners and against the demoralization of the alcohol trade. The subjection of American citizens in Samoa to martial law was assumed to be the rash mistake of German naval officers, and was only mentioned to avoid misconstruction and to be overlooked as one of "the trials and indignities to which they ought never to

have been subjected, and to which, I trust, the result of this conference will make it certain that they shall never be subjected again."

The negotiations were delicate; the situation was not without peril. Once the committee cabled to the Secretary the conviction that they must compromise; that Bismarck was angry, and that without yielding somewhat they feared everything would be lost. Mr. Blaine cabled in response that "The extent of the chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights." He could be irritable himself on occasion, and he knew for how little it counted. The negotiations were brought to a happy conclusion. In constant close communication and entire sympathy with the Secretary, the commissioners by their skill and patriotism secured the treaty of Berlin. All thought of war was banished. Malietoa was brought back to Samoa amid the general rejoicing of his subjects, — a wreck of his former self, but free, and a king once more. The land-claims were satisfactorily settled. A gentle and trusting people were saved from the extermination of abandonment. Our rights to the finest harbor in the Pacific were confirmed, American citizenship was protected and national honor vindicated.

The Germans grumbled a little that they were forbidden the desired predominance, and complained that the United States had the best of it, but wisely consoled themselves that it might have been worse, and that there was no humiliation in yielding since no force was exerted, and the long friendship of the two nations which had withstood all the strain of our internal troubles remained unbroken.

In England the wholesome moral was openly drawn.

"The United States is becoming the greatest nation of the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, and the idea of incurring the enmity of such a power is appalling."

The question of the Seal Fisheries, our most valuable property in Alaska, became under the Harrison administration very embarrassing to England, because on the one side Canada pushed her pertinacious little claims with the persistence of a spoiled child regardless of the larger interests of the mother-country or the international complications which it might cause, and

because on the other side stood a continent clear-eyed to its own right, aware of its own power, and bent on maintaining the one to the full extent of the other.

The immediate question at the time of Mr. Blaine's incumbency was the destruction or preservation of the seals. The United States had come into possession of the sealing grounds through the purchase of Alaska, and considered herself to have bought all the rights that Russia owned. The sealing was let out to companies, and the protection of their property was secured by regulations as to the time and place of sealing, so that the increase and even the existence of the herds should not be sacrificed by indiscriminate slaughter. When Mr. Blaine came into office, Great Britain had already withdrawn from its agreement to enter the treaty which Mr. E. J. Phelps had submitted to Lord Salisbury. Canadian poachers, caring only for immediate profits to themselves and improvident of the future, defied the regulations and slaughtered the seals at will, with brutal and destructive recklessness. The United States ordered the capture and confiscation of their vessels, Canada complained to Great Britain, and thus the three-cornered contention which had been dragging along for years moved at a swift pace. August 24, 1889, the British government reported that it had heard rumors of seizures in Behring Sea, and desired the United States government to take stringent measures to prevent them, reminding Mr. Blaine that Her Majesty's government had received very clear assurances from Mr. Bayard, when Secretary of State, that, pending discussion, no further interference should take place with British vessels in Behring Sea, that the British minister would be prepared on his return to Washington in the autumn to discuss the whole question, and that Her Majesty's government wished to point out to the United States that a settlement cannot but be hindered by any measure of force which might be resorted to by the United States. Mr. Blaine had the honor to reply on the same day that he had heard the same rumors, "probably based on truth;" that the President earnestly desired an adjustment of difficulties and believed that responsibility for delay of such could not properly be charged to the government of the United States, which learned with much gratification that Sir Julian Pauncefote would come in

the autumn prepared to discuss the whole question, and that the government of the United States would endeavor to be prepared for the discussion, and believed that a prompt adjustment could be secured on a basis honorable to both countries.

On September 12, the British government, which could endure Canadian slaughter of American seals more patiently than it could endure American prevention of such slaughter, asked *when* the instructions would be sent to Alaska to prevent the possibility of the seizure of British ships in Behring Sea. September 14, Mr. Blaine supposed that Sir Julian Pauncefote's official instruction to proceed immediately after his arrival in October to a full discussion of the question removed all necessity of any preliminary correspondence touching its merits, and that, moreover, instructions sent, even immediately upon the date of the original request, August 24, would have failed to reach the vessels before their proposed departure. October 2, Lord Salisbury could not admit that any American measures for the protection of seals could justify the seizure of vessels which were transgressing no rule of international law; but he admitted, however, that the matter was of importance, and that an agreement upon it is even more important, but that he was hindered by objections raised by the Dominion of Canada. Meanwhile under Mr. Blaine's pointed inquiries, Mr. Bayard's "very clear assurances" had faded into "an unofficial assurance." Mr. Blaine inquired in what way this assurance was "unofficially communicated" to Her Majesty's government. The British Legation thought it had been so communicated in a letter by Mr. Bayard to Sir Lionel West; but upon further inquiry the legation learned that this was not the assurance wherewith Lord Salisbury was assured, but that the assurance which he had in mind was communicated to himself in London. The assurance thus seemed to remain not only unofficially, but undemonstrably communicated.

When Mr. Blaine settled to the work, he took it out of the trivial details in which it had been entangled, and cleared up the whole history and philosophy of our rights in Behring Sea. Sweeping away the obsolete precedents of the English Foreign Office, he established our contention on the eternal principles—national or international—of right, equity, humanity, to be formulated as new conditions require. "The

Canadian vessels arrested and detained in the Behring Sea were engaged in a pursuit that was in itself *contra bonos mores*, a pursuit which of necessity involves a serious and permanent injury to the rights of the government and people of the United States. To establish this ground it is not necessary to argue the question of the extent and nature of the sovereignty of this government over the waters of the Behring Sea. The weighty considerations growing out of the acquisition of Alaska, with all the rights on land and sea inseparably connected therewith, may be safely left out of view, while the grounds are set forth on which this government rests its justification." "The Canadian poachers are not only interfering with American rights, but are doing violence as well to the rights of the civilized world. Does Her Majesty's government seriously maintain that the law of nations is powerless to prevent such violation of the common rights of man? Are the supporters of justice in all nations to be declared incompetent to prevent wrongs so odious and so destructive? The forcible resistance to which this government is constrained in the Behring Sea is, in the President's judgment, demanded not only by the necessity of defending the traditional and long established rights of the United States, but also the rights of good government and of good morals the world over."

This was the head and front of his argument, but he fortified it from American and English history and with an amplitude of resources that left nothing to be defended.

JANUARY 22, 1890.

It can not be unknown to Her Majesty's government that one of the most valuable sources of revenue from the Alaskan possessions is the fur-seal fisheries of the Behring Sea. Those fisheries had been exclusively controlled by the government of Russia, without interference or without question, from their original discovery until the cession of Alaska to the United States in 1867. From 1867 to 1886 the possession in which Russia had been undisturbed was enjoyed by this government also. There was no interruption and no intrusion from any source.

This uniform avoidance of all attempts to take fur seal in those waters had been a constant recognition of the right held and exercised first by Russia and subsequently by this government. It has also been the recognition of a fact now held beyond denial or doubt that the taking of seals in the open sea rapidly leads to their extinction. . . .

The fact had also been demonstrated in a wide sense by the well-nigh total destruction of all seal fisheries except the one in the Behring Sea, which the government of the United States is now striving to preserve, not altogether for the use of the American people, but for the use of the world at large.

The killing of seals in the open sea involves the destruction of the female in common with the male. The slaughter of the female seal is reckoned as an immediate loss of three seals, besides the future loss of the whole number which the bearing seal may produce in the successive years of life.

. . . After the acquisition of Alaska the government of the United States, through competent agents working under the direction of the best experts, gave careful attention to the improvement of the seal fisheries. . . .

The entire business was then conducted peacefully, lawfully, and profitably—profitably to the United States, for the rental was yielding a moderate interest on the large sum which this government had paid for Alaska, including the rights now at issue; profitably to the Alaskan company, which, under governmental direction and restriction, had given unwearied pains to the care and development of the fisheries; profitably to the Aleuts, who were receiving a fair pecuniary reward for their labors, and were elevated from semi-savagery to civilization and to the enjoyment of schools and churches provided for their benefit by the government of the United States; and, last of all, profitably to a large body of English laborers who had constant employment and received good wages.

This, in brief, was the condition of the Alaska fur-seal fisheries down to the year 1886. The precedents, customs, and rights had been established and enjoyed, either by Russia or the United States, for nearly a century. The two nations were the only powers that owned a foot of land on the continents that bordered, or on the islands included within, the Behring waters where the seals resort to breed. Into this peaceful and secluded field of labor certain Canadian vessels in 1886 asserted their right to enter, and by their ruthless course to destroy the fisheries and with them to destroy also the resulting industries which are so valuable. The government of the United States at once proceeded to check this movement, which, unchecked, was sure to do great and irreparable harm.

It was the cause of unfeigned surprise to the United States that Her Majesty's government should immediately interfere to defend and encourage (surely to encourage by defending) the course of the Canadians in disturbing an industry which had been carefully developed for more than ninety years under the flags of Russia and the United States. . . .

Whence did the ships of Canada derive the right to do in 1886 that which they had refrained from doing for more than ninety years? Upon what grounds did Her Majesty's government defend in the year 1886 a course of conduct in the Behring Sea which she had carefully avoided ever

since the discovery of that sea? By what reasoning did Her Majesty's government conclude that an act may be committed with impunity against the rights of the United States which had never been attempted against the same rights when held by the Russian Empire?

So great has been the injury to the fisheries from the irregular and destructive slaughter of seals in the open waters of the Behring Sea by Canadian vessels, that whereas the government had allowed one hundred thousand to be taken annually for a series of years, it is now compelled to reduce the number to sixty thousand. If four years of this violation of natural law and neighbor's rights have reduced the annual slaughter of seal by 40 per cent., it is easy to see how short a period will be required to work the total destruction of the fisheries.

The ground upon which Her Majesty's government justifies, or at least defends, the course of the Canadian vessels, rests upon the fact that they are committing their acts of destruction on the high seas, viz., more than three marine miles from the shore-line. It is doubtful whether Her Majesty's government would abide by this rule if the attempt were made to interfere with the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, which extend more than twenty miles from the shore-line and have been enjoyed by England without molestation ever since their acquisition. So well recognized is the British ownership of those fisheries, regardless of the limit of the three-mile line, that Her Majesty's government feels authorized to sell the pearl-fishing right from year to year to the highest bidder. Nor is it credible that modes of fishing on the Grand Banks, altogether practicable but highly destructive, would be justified or even permitted by Great Britain on the plea that the vicious acts were committed more than three miles from shore.

. . . This government has been ready to concede much in order to adjust all differences of view, and has, in the judgment of the President, already proposed a solution not only equitable but generous. Thus far Her Majesty's government has declined to accept the proposal of the United States. The President now awaits with deep interest, not unmixed with solicitude, any proposition for reasonable adjustment which Her Majesty's government may submit. The forcible resistance to which this government is constrained in the Behring Sea is, in the President's judgment, demanded not only by the necessity of defending the traditional and long-established rights of the United States, but also the rights of good government and of good morals the world over.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

No. 10.

Sir Julian Pauncefote wrote to Mr. Blaine:

WASHINGTON, February 10, 1890.

. . . that it might expedite a settlement of the controversy if the tripartite negotiation respecting the establishment of a close time for those fisheries which was commenced in London in 1888, but was suspended owing to various causes, should be resumed in Washington.

On May 22, 1890, the Marquis of Salisbury replied challenging Mr. Blaine's three points, that the indiscriminate slaughter was *contra bonos mores*, that the United States had been in undisturbed possession of the seal fisheries, and that such slaughter tended to the extinction of the seal.

The first argument it was not to be expected that Lord Salisbury should discern, and he did not discern it. The third argument he dismissed with the remark that abundant evidence could be adduced on the other side, but he did not adduce it. The second, since "Her Majesty's government cannot but think that Mr. Blaine has been misinformed as to the history of the operations in Behring Sea during that period," he attempted to meet by a rash and random lunge at American history.

Mr. Blaine at once descended upon this tidbit of titular history, and resolved it into its original atoms.

"Lord Salisbury contends that Mr. John Quincy Adams, when Secretary of State under President Monroe, protested against the jurisdiction which Russia claimed over the waters of Behring Sea. To maintain this position, his lordship cites the words of a despatch of Mr. Adams, written on July 23, 1823, to Mr. Henry Middleton, at that time our minister at St. Petersburg. The alleged declarations and admissions of Mr. Adams in that despatch have been the basis of all the arguments which Her Majesty's government has submitted against the ownership of certain properties in the Behring Sea, which the government of the United States confidently assumes. I quote the portion of Lord Salisbury's argument which includes the quotation from Mr. Adams :

"After Russia, at the instance of the Russian-American Fur Company, claimed in 1821 the pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishing from Behring Straits to the 51st degree of north latitude, and not only prohibited all foreign vessels from landing on the coasts and islands of the above waters, but also prevented them from approaching within 100 miles thereof, Mr. Quincy Adams wrote as follows to the United States minister in Russia :

"The United States can admit no part of these claims; their right of navigation and fishing is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times throughout the whole extent of the Southern ocean, subject only to the ordinary exceptions and exclusions of the territorial jurisdictions."

“The quotation which Lord Salisbury makes is unfortunately a most defective, erroneous, and misleading one. The conclusion is separated from the premise, a comma is turned into a period, an important qualification as to time is entirely erased without even a suggestion that it had ever formed part of the text, and out of eighty-four words, logically and inseparably connected, thirty-five are dropped from Mr. Adams’s paragraph in Lord Salisbury’s quotation. No edition of Mr. Adams’s work gives authority for his lordship’s quotation; while the archives of this department plainly disclose its many errors. I requote Lord Salisbury’s version of what Mr. Adams said, and in juxtaposition produce Mr. Adams’s full text as he wrote it:

“[Lord Salisbury’s quotation from Mr. Adams.]

“The United States can admit no part of these claims; their right of navigation and fishing is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times throughout the whole extent of the Southern ocean, subject only to the ordinary exceptions and exclusions of the territorial jurisdictions.

“[Full text of Mr. Adams’s paragraph.]

“The United States can admit no part of these claims. Their right of navigation and of fishing is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times, *after the peace of 1783*, throughout the whole extent of the Southern ocean, subject only to the ordinary exceptions and exclusions of the territorial jurisdictions, *which, so far as Russian rights are concerned, are confined to certain islands north of the fifty-fifth degree of latitude, and have no existence on the continent of America.*

“The words left out of Mr. Adams’s paragraph in the despatch of Lord Salisbury are precisely the words upon which the government of the United States founds its argument in this case. Conclusions or inferences resting upon the paragraph, with the material parts of Mr. Adams’s text omitted, are of course valueless.”

Having thus demolished it he proceeded to disintegrate it. He showed that Lord Salisbury’s fragmentary citation and capricious rendering were absurd and impossible. His disjointed illustrations Mr. Blaine took to pieces and put together right, and, thus restored, they maintained our contention and not Lord Salisbury’s. Back and forth across those awful seas and straits

and shores, hand in hand with dead presidents, and the crazed ghosts of slain emperors and Englishmen weary of life, he led the novice by slow, definite stages, and showed him that real knowledge of history and of geography is not superficial but organic. And having swept past and present, near and far, into the scope of his argument, he concluded :

“ It only remains to say that whatever duty Great Britain owed to Alaska as a Russian province, whatever she agreed to do or to refrain from doing, touching Alaska and the Behring Sea, was not changed by the mere fact of the transfer of sovereignty to the United States. It was explicitly declared, in the sixth article of the treaty by which the territory was ceded by Russia, that ‘ the cession hereby made conveys all the rights, franchises, and privileges now belonging to Russia in the said territory or dominions and appurtenances thereto.’ Neither by the treaty with Russia of 1825, nor by its renewal in 1843, nor by its second renewal in 1859, did Great Britain gain any right to take seals in Behring Sea. In fact, those treaties were a prohibition upon her which she steadily respected so long as Alaska was a Russian province. It is for Great Britain now to show by what law she gained rights in that sea after the transfer of its sovereignty to the United States.

“ During all the time elapsing between the treaty of 1825 and the cession of Alaska to the United States in 1867, Great Britain never affirmed the right of her subjects to capture fur seals in the Behring Sea ; and, as a matter of fact, her subjects did not, during that long period, attempt to catch seals in the Behring Sea.

“ Lord Salisbury does not attempt to cite the intrusion of a single British sealer into the Behring Sea until after Alaska had been transferred to the United States. I am justified, therefore, in repeating the questions which I addressed to Her Majesty’s government on the 22d of last January, and which still remain unanswered, viz. :

“ Whence did the ships of Canada derive the right to do, in 1886, that which they had refrained from doing for nearly ninety years ?

“ Upon what grounds did Her Majesty’s government defend, in the year 1886, a course of conduct in the Behring Sea which had been carefully avoided ever since the discovery of that sea ?

“By what reasoning did Her Majesty’s government conclude that an act may be committed with impunity against the rights of the United States which had never been attempted against the same rights when held by the Russian Empire?”

On August 2, Lord Salisbury with splendid courage adventured forth again into the icy Behring. Mr. Blaine at once accepted his challenge.

“Great Britain contends that the phrase ‘Pacific Ocean,’ as used in treaties, was intended to include, and does include, the body of water which is now known as the Behring Sea. The United States contends that the Behring Sea was not mentioned, or even referred to in either treaty, and was in no sense included in the phrase ‘Pacific Ocean.’ If Great Britain can maintain her position that the Behring Sea at the time of the treaties with Russia of 1824 and 1825 was included in the Pacific Ocean, the government of the United States has no well-grounded complaint against her. If, on the other hand, this government can prove beyond all doubt that the Behring Sea at the date of the treaties was understood by the three signatory powers to be a separate body of water, and was not included in the phrase ‘Pacific Ocean,’ then the American case against Great Britain is complete and undeniable.”

Then with the same easy command, the same minute reconstructive knowledge of the events of those distant days, interests, localities, he marshalled not only facts, but the causes and consequences of facts he summoned from papers and magazines of ninety years before, the irrefragable witness of maps, scores upon scores; from dusty archives, — protocols, protests, preambles, treaties, ukases, bank accounts of old fur companies. He showed the Monroe Doctrine pushing its strong young horns into the North-west with the effect of a *sauve qui peut* upon the foreign interests crowding and clouding our North-western horizon. Lord Salisbury’s fractional facts were rounded out and supplied with their true meaning. His most confident assertions were drawn up only to be disproved in general and in particular, and to be disproved by his own evidence. While repeatedly disclaiming all claims to *mare clausum* Mr. Blaine’s citations of England’s course in assuming ocean control

for her own purpose and the incisive courtesy of his comment, touches the very sense of satiric satisfaction. He did not argue the question of territorial inclusion, but jurisdiction of waters extending to the farthest point necessary for shore interests. He did not claim a closed sea, but property rights on the open sea.

Along the main lines of argument, a thousand minor points scintillated. After reading at the conference the memorandum of the Canadian minister, Mr. Blaine coolly remarked that he doubted whether "any arrangement could be arrived at that would be satisfactory to Canada. The proposal of the United States had now been two years before Her Majesty's government, and there was nothing further to urge in support of it," and put upon England the burden of a counter proposal. In the face of this withdrawal, the initiative was left to England. A protest against the action of the United States had been transmitted to the British minister, who had amiably delayed it in hope of another and earlier adjustment. When he could no longer withhold it, Mr. Blaine expressed the President's surprise that such a protest should be authorized by Lord Salisbury, who had for a period of six months "without retraction or qualification, without the suggestion of a doubt or the dropping of a hint, in every form of speech, assented to the necessity of a close season for the protection of the seals;" so that "to have distrusted it would have been to question the good faith of Lord Salisbury;" and had at the end of that time suddenly informed the American government that "nothing could be done until Canada is heard from."

Lord Salisbury in response "does not recognize the expressions attributed to him. He does not think that he can have used them, at all events, in the context mentioned," and thinking it over a little more, solemnly remembered three weeks later, that Minister Phelps had said, April 3, 1888, "With a general election pending, it would be of little use, and indeed hardly practicable, to conduct any negotiation to its issue before the election had taken place."

In response Mr. Blaine quoted Mr. Phelps's report to Mr. Bayard: "Lord Salisbury assents to your proposition to establish by mutual arrangement between the governments interested a

close time for fur seals. And he will cause an act to be introduced in Parliament to give effect to this arrangement, so soon as it can be prepared. He will also join the United States government in any preventive measures it may be thought best to adopt by orders issued to the naval vessels of the respective governments in that region. Mr. Phelps has long been known in this country as an able lawyer, accurate in the use of words and discriminating in the statement of facts. The government of the United States necessarily reposes implicit confidence in the literal correctness of the despatch above quoted." Regarding the election remark he summed up the details of disproof: "I am justified, therefore, in assuming that Lord Salisbury cannot recur to the remark of Mr. Phelps as one of the reasons for breaking off the negotiation, because the negotiation was in actual progress for more than four months after the remark was made, and Mr. Phelps himself took large part in it. Upon this recital of facts I am unable to recall, or in any way to qualify, the statement which I made in my note of June 4th, to the effect that Lord Salisbury 'abruptly closed the negotiation because the Canadian government objected, and that he assigned no other reason whatever.'"

A letter of Hon. E. J. Phelps throws a little light upon Lord Salisbury's mental confusion.

BURLINGTON, VT., July 28, 1890.

I have read with interest and satisfaction your despatches on the Behring-Sea question, and congratulate you on the great success with which you have maintained the argument.

Lord Salisbury, in his allusion to my remark that a treaty could not be concluded by the late administration pending a presidential election (with a hostile Senate), has fallen into an error. I did say so, but it was at a different time, and in reference to a different subject—the fisheries.

It never occurred to me to think, nor to say, that there would have been the least difficulty in respect to the ratification by the Senate of a convention so simple and so plainly necessary, as was that for establishing a close season for the protection of the seal. His lordship and I had agreed upon the propriety of it. The Russian government, through their ambassador in London, had warmly concurred. A draft had been prepared at Lord Salisbury's request which was not objected to, and I expected its immediate adoption. The opposition of Canada alone prevented it. Lord Salisbury hoped to overcome it. I repeatedly pressed the matter, until I became satisfied it was of no use; not because England objected, but because it

could not obtain the assent of the Canadian government. Then I wrote the letter to my government, which you have read, advising decided measures, which appeared to me to be justified. Lord Salisbury is quite mistaken in supposing that I ever suggested any doubt of the prompt ratification of *this* proposed convention by the Senate. Or that the least delay in the negotiation took place on that account.

As to the fishery question, my views were very different. I was opposed, for the reason quoted by Lord Salisbury, to the attempt to make a treaty under the circumstances. I had made much progress in arranging a *modus vivendi* to be carried out by mutual instructions by the two governments, under which harmonious relations could be maintained for the time being and pending mature negotiations, and after the election, I believed a treaty could be perfected and ratified. The original proposal for commissioners was mine, and contemplated only the appointment of practical men to arrange the details of the *modus*. It was afterwards deemed best by my government to elevate the commissioners into plenipotentiaries, and to attempt a treaty. And to this effort I of course gave the best assistance in my power.

The result was what I had expected. The treaty, though in my judgment an excellent one, was lost by a party vote.

Lord Salisbury has in his recollections confounded the conversations upon two very different subjects.

England showed extraordinary agility in slipping from one position after another like a seal off a rock. Some thought she was trying to weary the patience of the administration. Some said plainly she meant to cheat; at least to the extent of giving every Canadian poacher the longest possible opportunity before assenting to any *modus vivendi*. Mr. Blaine did not believe in the necessity of any war on the subject. March 6, 1891, he sent a note to the President:

If we get up a war-cry and send naval vessels to Behring Sea it will reflect Lord Salisbury. England always sustains an administration with the prospect of war pending. Lord Salisbury would dissolve Parliament instantly if we made a demonstration of war. On the other side I am not sure — or rather I am sure — that war would prove of no advantage to you. New York and Massachusetts are steadily against war with England unless the last point of honor requires it. Again, I think you will bitterly disappoint Lord Salisbury by keeping quiet. We would have all the fuss and there would be no war after all. Not a man in a million believes we should ultimately have war.

But he did believe that continued national irritation and ferment might produce war, which no one intends, and he was

desirous to have the source of irritation removed. It was not until February 29, 1892, that a Treaty of Arbitration was ratified. Up to January he had believed that the matter would be adjusted between himself and Lord Salisbury, and need never be brought to trial before the Court of Arbitration. It was, however, so brought, and the arguments presented by the ablest lawyers in the country were those which Mr. Blaine had advanced at the outset *contra bonos mores*. They stood on the same high ground of reason, humanity, civilization, that the laws of society involve our claim of property; that international law is not an eternal and unchangeable deposit, but forms its own precedents and springs from new occasions.

Men who had not been partisans of Mr. Blaine were fain to admit that he had "brought together, in masterly arrangement, every possible reason based on law, humanity, expediency, or right of which the case admitted. We have looked in vain through the arguments of counsel for any point of which the germ, at least, was not contained in his diplomatic correspondence."

The court in session, and its individual members privately, treated Mr. Blaine's contention with profound respect. That a man not a lawyer should have made, on a legal and international question, so able a legal argument, betraying by no sign that he was not a lawyer, was commented on as extraordinary by the foreigners as well as by the Americans in court.

The decision of the court was entirely illogical and satisfactory. It decided that this country had no property right in the seal which could follow it into the sea to protect it there; and immediately recognized the right by making ample regulations for its protection. Our minister in London, Mr. Phelps, would have accepted much less than the Court of Arbitration gave, and if the seal is not protected the fault is not of the court but of our own government in not enforcing the regulations prescribed by the court.

Where there was no spirit of aggression Mr. Blaine was easy to be entreated. On the 14th of March, 1891, the mob in New Orleans attacked and murdered persons who had been tried and acquitted in the courts, but were still in the prisons, under the protection of the authorities. Among them were

three Italians, said to be still subjects of the King of Italy. The Italian minister appealed immediately to the government, and the Secretary of State assured him that the affair should be most thoroughly investigated. Mr. Blaine at once addressed the Governor of Louisiana expressing the President's regrets and his hope that the governor would aid the President in defending the Italians who might still be in peril, and in bringing to justice those who had broken the law. The offence was one especially odious to Mr. Blaine. With no technical federal responsibility, with a structural weakness in the Constitution which no dexterity can remedy, he felt that it was better instantly to make reparation and let the world forget as soon as possible that such a thing had happened. He remembered, moreover, that Italy was to appoint one of the Paris Behring-Sea arbitrators, and he thought it bad policy to let the matter drift.

The Italian government did not readily understand our internal relations, and saw in the necessary constitutional processes only a disposition to delay and defeat justice. Premier Rudini on March 24 instructed the Italian minister with some asperity that public opinion in Italy was justly impatient, and if concrete provisions were not *at once* taken, the Italian minister would be recalled from a country where he was unable to obtain justice. Mr. Blaine could appreciate the Italian misunderstanding and irritation, and neither gave way to it or resented it. If he took advantage of it to divert public attention from the deplorable central fact to the incidental misunderstanding, we sorely needed such diversion. With complimentary reference, he regretted Baron Fava's departure, and endeavored to remove the mistake which had caused it by explaining in detail the constitutional inter-action of our State and Federal governments; that the latter was unable to give the desired assurance of punishment because it had not jurisdiction, and if it had, it could not give such assurance in advance of investigation or trial. It had distinctly recognized the principle of indemnity to those who may have been wronged by violation of treaty rights, and had promised investigation. Beyond this it could not go, and it also felt obliged to add that "in a matter of such gravity the government of the United States would not permit itself to be unduly hurried; nor will it make answer to any demand until every

fact essential to a correct judgment shall have been fully ascertained through legal authority." And if he dwelt more on our constitutional obligations than on our constitutional defects, it was only his duty in addressing another nation.

But conscious of the weakness of our own case, trusting the friendship of Italy, furthered by pleasant social intercourse with the Italian legation, he wanted nothing so much as to pay and be done with it. When it became evident that the Italian government understood that it had acted hastily, had perhaps translated carelessly, had certainly rendered incorrectly, and would be glad to withdraw, the Secretary was ready to consider the incident closed. The President was not disposed to give them too much help in a necessary retreat. But with a friendly nation like Italy, signifying its willingness to receive a proffered indemnity of money for the families of the victims, in return for which it would send a very cordial note that would put us right before the world, and before Italy, Mr. Blaine thought we could not accept soon enough, with or without an Italian minister at Washington. Urging the President to a settlement, he wrote in March, 1892:

They have been fully notified at Rome that we would make indemnity and we can wait their time in sending a minister. . . . I would have completed the matter in the course of twenty-four hours. . . . It can only be done in Italy by making a positive statement, without any "ifs" or "ands" about it, that we recognize the principle of indemnity in this case, and will pay Italy on the arrival of the minister. It is apparent to me that this is far more embarrassing than to pay the money here and have nothing said about it. I do not think we want to have a document in the hands of the government of Italy saying that we have recognized the principle of indemnity in this case. Such a paper would embarrass us in many cases yet to arise. It strikes me that this would be bad policy, and it can be easily avoided.

You had the impression that the language in your message was sufficient to satisfy Italy, and to have her send a minister here. But four months have passed by and no minister is here yet. We have waited eleven months, during which period our minister (Mr. Porter) has been passing his time in Indianapolis drawing \$12,000 a year from the Treasury. I believe he will continue in the same position for months to come, on the basis you have adopted, unless you are willing to give a pledge that the money shall be paid; and I do not think you will do this.

I submit these facts for your consideration, feeling assured that they are entitled to early and earnest attention.

They received both, and the cordial understanding of the two countries was, it is hoped, completely restored. A similar excitement in Chile Mr. Blaine, in the same manner, thought only of composing. On the 16th of October, 1891, some sailors on shore in Valparaiso, from the "Baltimore," were attacked by a mob; two were killed and several wounded. The country was somewhat excited. The United States uniform had been attacked, and where it is a question of insult to the flag there can be but one opinion. Mr. Blaine was disposed from every motive to take a moderate view of the situation. The old troubles between Chile and Peru had not ceased,—there was armed and successful insurrection. Our right of asylum had been disputed. Every disturbance was not only made the most of, but was exaggerated by malicious libels issuing from the British clubs in Santiago against our minister, Mr. Egan. Mr. Blaine would waive no hair's breadth of the right of asylum, and the President refused even to consider the question whether asylum had properly been given until the privileges of the legation were restored, considering that it would be negotiating under duress; but towards a country rent by internal wars, Mr. Blaine believed that every consideration should be shown. He could not learn that there was any official wrong intent. He thought the affair was in the nature of a street scrimmage between sailors and landsmen aggravated by an inflamed state of public feeling, especially by strong suspicion that the American flag had been used to shelter the foes of Chile, but without government instigation or countenance. He thought Chile was too small and our country too large to permit a fierce attitude towards our neighbor even when offending. There could be no glory in any victory of force; and he was exceedingly desirous to win the friendly coöperation and confidence of Chile, not to compel her submission.

He demanded for the Baltimore's sailors open trial and proper representation; but he could not magnify a brawl into a battle. The "row" began, according to the statement of our own people, by a Chilean sailor spitting into the face of one of our men, and this was naturally followed by a knock-down. It was with difficulty that such a circumstance could take on continental dimensions. When the Chilean minister in Wash-

ington had been too communicative and demonstrative, the Secretary of State sent for him privately and made him understand that he was not free to give out paragraphs to our papers, but should refer to our State Department; but he received his explanations with candor and sympathy. Even in the earliest heat he found Chilean despatches "temperate for Chile," and saw, some thought too readily, a disposition in Chile to apologize. "The very fact that the Chileans offer these communications is in effect an apology."

A curious circumstance in view of past reports regarding Mr. Blaine's hostility to Chile, and of the recognized fact that the Latin Americans are born diplomats, was that communication was privately and indirectly made to Mr. Blaine that the troubles could be peacefully adjusted if the diplomacy could be conducted with the Secretary, and also that Chile was willing to accept the arbitration of Brazil. Thus, although she was the only country in the Pan-American conference which refused to vote for settlement of differences by arbitration, she was the first country to propose to take advantage of it. Happily there was no need of mediation. Chile offered ample apology, and the President and the Secretary of State were equally cordial in its acceptance. Mr. Blaine wrote:

17 MADISON PLACE, WASHINGTON, January 29, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I herewith send you a draft of a note to Chile. It may seem to you too cordial, but I believe it to be in the highest sense expedient. I have relied on Chile's good sense for reparation, and I believe we will get it more easily that way than by arbitration.

When we made the settlement with the Spaniards in the *Virginus* affair — a very aggravated case — we took \$2,500 apiece for the sailors, thus setting a price. We followed the same example when we made reparation for the Chinese who were murdered. You remember that I proposed the same for the Italians who were murdered at New Orleans, so that the real money value we would recover would be small. We can afford to be very generous in our language and thus make a friend of Chile, if that is possible. At all events we can afford to venture \$5,000 on it, and that is all we will get for the two sailors.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

And the President replied the same day:

I had, as I promised you this morning, outlined what I thought would be a suitable response, and have now adapted it to your note, a good part of which you will see is incorporated. What I have said, I think you will agree, has rather enlarged than diminished the expressions of cordiality.

The ignoble abandonment of the Peace Congress by President Arthur had brought about so full an explanation of its character and purposes that it had a persistent life after death. In Mr. Blaine's "Political Discussions" men had not failed to observe that long before he entered Congress he had clearly enunciated the principle that "prosperity built upon the calamities of other nations has a most insecure foundation." That a prosperity built upon the prosperity of other nations is the most secure and stable was seen to be but its correlative. While neither party took it up warmly, neither party was willing entirely to abandon it, because of a manifest growing belief in the policy. The Republican President who had slain it put forth a feeble hand towards resuscitation, and the succeeding Democratic President approved a bill passed by Congress in its favor. But it was a languid movement by men who did not fully comprehend it. Not until by the mutations of politics the matter was again relegated to Mr. Blaine, did its spirit return into it. The idea of the brotherhood of nations which lies always, if dormant, in the human heart, and had blindly stirred for generations in the South and in the North, through his insight took on, with enthusiastic cordiality on one side and an equally enthusiastic welcome on the other, the form and breath of life, as the Congress of all the Americas.

On October 2, 1889, in the diplomatic room of the State Department, Mr. Blaine had the pleasure of welcoming the delegates whose assembling marked a new epoch in the history of the Western world.

"Gentlemen of the International American Conference: Speaking for the Government of the United States, I bid you welcome to this Capital. Speaking for the people of the United States, I bid you welcome to every section and to every State of the Union. You come in response to an invitation extended by the President on the special authorization of Congress. Your presence here is no ordinary event. It signifies much to

the people of all America to-day. It may signify far more in the days to come. No Conference of nations has ever assembled to consider the welfare of territorial possessions so vast and to contemplate the possibilities of a future so great and so inspiring. Those now sitting within these walls are empowered to speak for nations whose borders are on both the great oceans, whose northern limits are touched by the Arctic waters for a thousand miles beyond the Straits of Behring, and whose southern extension furnishes human habitations farther below the equator than is elsewhere possible on the globe.

“The aggregate territorial extent of the nations here represented falls but little short of 12,000,000 of square miles — more than three times the area of all Europe, and but little less than one-fourth part of the globe; while in respect to the power of producing the articles which are essential to human life, and those which minister to life’s luxury, they constitute even a larger proportion of the entire world. These great possessions to-day have an aggregate population approaching 120,000,000, but if peopled as densely as the average of Europe, the total number would exceed 1,000,000,000. While considerations of this character must inspire Americans, both South and North, with the liveliest anticipations of future grandeur and power, they must also impress them with a sense of the gravest responsibility touching the character and development of their respective nationalities.

“The delegates I am addressing can do much to establish permanent relations of confidence, respect, and friendship between the nations which they represent. They can show to the world an honorable, peaceful conference of eighteen independent American Powers, in which all shall meet together on terms of absolute equality; a conference in which there can be no attempt to coerce a single delegate against his own conception of the interests of his nation; a conference which will permit no secret understanding on any subject, but will frankly publish to the world all its conclusions; a conference which will tolerate no spirit of conquest, but will aim to cultivate an American sympathy as broad as both continents; a conference which will form no selfish alliance against the older nations from which we are proud to claim inheritance; a conference,

in fine, which will seek nothing, propose nothing, endure nothing that is not, in the general sense of all the delegates, timely and wise and peaceful.

“And yet we cannot be expected to forget that our common fate has made us inhabitants of the two continents which, at the close of four centuries, are still regarded beyond the seas as the new world. Like situations beget like sympathies and impose like duties. We meet in firm belief that the nations of America ought to be and can be more helpful, each to the other, than they now are, and that each will find advantages and profit from an enlarged intercourse with the others.

“We believe that we should be drawn together more closely by the highways of the seas, and that at no distant day the railway systems of the North and South will meet upon the isthmus and connect by land routes the political and commercial capitals of all America.

“We believe that hearty co-operation, based on hearty confidence, will save all American states from the burdens and evils which have long and cruelly afflicted the older nations of the world.

“We believe that a spirit of justice, of common and equal interest between the American states, will leave no room for an artificial balance of power like unto that which has led to wars abroad and drenched Europe in blood.

“We believe that friendship, avowed with candor and maintained with good faith, will remove from American states the necessity of guarding boundary lines between themselves with fortifications and military force.

“We believe that standing armies, beyond those which are needful for public order and the safety of internal administration, should be unknown on both the American continents.

“We believe that friendship and not force, the spirit of just law and not the violence of the mob, should be the recognized rule of administration between American nations and in American nations.

“To these subjects, and those which are cognate thereto, the attention of this Conference is earnestly and cordially invited by the Government of the United States. It will be a great gain when we shall acquire that common confidence on which all

international friendship must rest. It will be a greater gain when we shall be able to draw the people of all American nations into close acquaintance with each other, an end to be facilitated by more frequent and more rapid intercommunication. It will be the greatest gain when the personal and commercial relations of the American states, South and North, shall be so developed and so regulated that each shall acquire the highest possible advantage from the enlightened and enlarged intercourse of all.

“Before the Conference shall formally enter upon the discussion of the subjects to be submitted to it I am instructed by the President to invite all the delegates to be the guests of the Government of the United States during a proposed visit to various sections of the country, with the double view of showing to our friends from abroad the condition of the United States, and of giving to our people in their homes the privilege and pleasure of extending the warm welcome of Americans to Americans.”

The Congress, escorted by Mr. W. E. Curtis, representing the State Department, was received and entertained by the leading Chambers of Commerce, and everywhere with abounding welcome. On the 18th of November it reassembled in Washington and began its deliberations. Mr. Blaine was elected its president, and through its twenty weeks of existence received from it every honor which personal respect, affection, and confidence could give. It was not possible for him to preside over all its deliberations, but whenever its affairs became too involved, he was sent for, and all differences were quickly adjusted. He never forgot that they were guests and not a Congress of American citizens elected by opposing parties; that they were strangers of another race who were to be made acquainted with our ways of thought and speech and life, and in some cases even of language, and to whom the hard hitting arguments of the hall of the House of Representatives were not appropriate. Great topics of international consequence were introduced and ably and fully discussed by the convention. Many important measures were recommended. The Bureau of American Republics became a permanent branch of the State Department and a true intelligence office regarding the Western hemisphere. Regular lines of steam navigation between the principal ports of North



WALKER BLAINE.

and South America, surveys for railroad systems and international banks were recommended; and most important of all, partial treaties of reciprocity, and arbitration instead of war, as the true mode of settling difficulties.

Mr. Blaine's gratification in the fact and the work of the conference was represented in this closing address, April 19, 1890.

"Gentlemen: I withhold for a moment the word of final adjournment, in order that I may express to you the profound satisfaction with which the Government of the United States regards the work that has been accomplished by the International American Conference. The importance of the subjects which have claimed your attention, the comprehensive intelligence and watchful patriotism which you have brought to their discussion, must challenge the confidence and secure the admiration of the governments and peoples whom you represent; while that larger patriotism which constitutes the fraternity of nations has received from you an impulse such as the world has not before seen.

"The extent and value of all that has been worthily achieved by your Conference cannot be measured to-day. We stand too near it. Time will define and heighten the estimate of your work; experience will confirm our present faith; final results will be your vindication and your triumph.

"If, in this closing hour, the conference had but one deed to celebrate, we should dare call the world's attention to the deliberate, confident, solemn dedication of two great continents to Peace and to the prosperity which has Peace for its foundation. We hold up this new *Magna Charta*, which abolishes war and substitutes Arbitration between the American Republics, as the first and great fruit of the International American Conference. That noblest of Americans, the aged poet and philanthropist Whittier, is the first to send his salutation and his benediction, declaring: 'If in the spirit of peace the American Conference agrees upon a rule of Arbitration which shall make war in this hemisphere well-nigh impossible, its session will prove one of the most important events in the history of the world.'

"May I express to you, gentlemen, my deep appreciation of

the honor you did me in calling me to preside over your deliberations! Your kindness has been unceasing, and for your words of approval I offer you my sincerest gratitude.

“Invoking the blessing of Almighty God upon the patriotic and fraternal work which has been here begun for the good of mankind, I now declare the International American Conference adjourned without day.”

Without agreeing on all points, and with the fullest expression of individual opinion, the conference had responded to every friendly sentiment and with touching sympathy, and had been interested in every measure looking to closer communication even where they had disputed or rejected details. The loving-cup which they presented to Mr. Blaine seemed no mere perfunctory tribute, but a token of affectionate remembrance as significant as beautiful, ever bearing witness in its three-fold fellowship, of recognition by the three Americas of his great part in procuring the congress, of his impartiality in its presidency, and of their personal regard and esteem for him as its author and president.

There was no delay on the part of Mr. Blaine in advancing the work. He wrote a letter to the President, submitting the report of the conference in favor of reciprocity, accompanying it with powerful argument recommending it to the nation. This letter the President transmitted to Congress in a special message on the 19th of June, but the work was of surprising difficulty. As ever, the masses of the people seemed to assimilate his idea more readily than did those who are called their leaders. His hardest battle was not with the rank and file, but with Congress. Under the very eyes of the conference considering the subject of reciprocity in trade and closely watching the action of Congress on the tariff, Congress had removed duties on South American products without receiving any concessions in return, thus taking away from the Secretary the very element of exchange. Chile and the Argentine Republic, which in accepting the invitation had expressed the liveliest interest in the question of interchange, saw the House of Representatives increasing the duty on the only things Chile and the Argentines had to bring, and thus found themselves without any motive to reciprocity. Before the

tariff bill was even framed in committee, Mr. Blaine labored to convince the committee that it would be wise to leave to the President the treaty-making power for the advantageous arrangements of reciprocal trade. He protested that they were throwing away the most promising opportunity for increasing our exports of breadstuffs and other provisions, to the enormous advantage of the great agricultural sections.

He watched every detail. Any morning a Member might receive a swift note from the Department of State.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1890.

DEAR MR. MCKINLEY: It is a great mistake to take hides from the free list, where they have been for so many years.

It is a slap in the face to the South Americans with whom we are trying to enlarge our trade. It will benefit the farmer by adding five to eight per cent. to the price of his children's shoes.

It will yield a profit to the butcher only—the last man that needs it. The movement is injudicious from beginning to end—in every form and phase.

Pray stop it before it sees light. Such movements as this for protection will protect the Republican party into a speedy retirement.

Very hastily,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
Chairman Ways and Means.

Singly and in committee, in House and Senate, he pressed every consideration for an amendment of the bill so that the opportunity of securing the admission of our surplus flour, wheat, butter, and cheese, should not be thrown away by admitting sugar free without receiving any concession in return. Some legislators were largely opposed to any principle of reciprocity in the tariff bill, or even to its incorporation into the revenue laws of the country. Others favored it in a modified and general way with fluctuating faith, but without direct opposition. Others were against it, many unwilling to retain the duty on sugar even for a short time. They declared that the people demanded and expected free sugar, and that until they saw some tangible good result from reciprocity they would not consent to be further burdened by this duty. Mr. Blaine was also in favor of free sugar, but his plan gave free sugar as

surely, if not as quickly, as the plan of Congress, with the difference that for every \$100,000,000 consumed by our people on the one plan, we should market \$100,000,000 of the products of American farms and factories, which under the other plan would not be marketed at all. By day and by night, in his own house and before the committee, by voice and pen, he appealed to the House and Senate, to the President and the people, with argument of figures, with storm and stress, he protested against such a sacrifice.

In his letter to the President he gave in abundant detail the advantages accruing; showed, for instance, that a single cargo of the Mail Steamship Company was composed of articles from thirty-six different States and Territories, and ever reiterated that the meditated increase of new markets would be impossible, if Congress gave away the duty on sugar which the conference was willing to pay for.

Fifteen of the seventeen republics with which we have been in conference have indicated, by the votes of their representatives in the International American Conference, and by other methods which it is not necessary to define, their desire to enter upon reciprocal commercial relations with the United States; the remaining two express equal willingness, could they be assured that their advances would be favorably considered.

To escape the delay and uncertainty of treaties, it has been suggested that a practicable and prompt mode of testing the question was to submit an amendment to the pending tariff bill, authorizing the President to declare the ports of the United States free to all the products of any nation of the American hemisphere upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all national, provincial (State), municipal, and other taxes our flour, corn-meal and other breadstuff, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cotton-seed oil, rice and other provisions, including all articles of food, lumber, furniture and other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, mining and mechanical machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars, and refined petroleum. I mention these particular articles because they have been most frequently referred to as those with which a valuable exchange could be readily effected. The list could no doubt be profitably enlarged by a careful investigation of the needs and advantages of both the home and foreign markets.

The opinion was general among the foreign delegates that the legislation herein referred to would lead to the opening of new and profitable markets for the products of which we have so large a surplus, and thus

invigorate every branch of agricultural and mechanical industry. Of course the exchanges involved in these propositions would be rendered impossible if Congress, in its wisdom, should repeal the duty on sugar by direct legislation, instead of allowing the same object to be attained by the reciprocal arrangement suggested.

In the Senate committee rooms he made what the journals of the day head-lined as a terrific attack on the ruinous policy whose vehemence could not be concealed from public knowledge, and which arrested the notice that unwarmed argument escaped. It has been said that no speech in modern times has been fraught with such results as followed its delivery. He declared that the repeal of the sugar duty would be the most inexcusable piece of folly the Republican party was ever guilty of; that he would give two years of his life for two hours in the Senate when the sugar schedule was under discussion. "Pass this bill, and in 1892 there will not be a man in all the party so beggared as to accept your nomination for the presidency."

There even went forth a report that he was over-earnest with his Solons and that he brought his clenched fist down on the bill lying before him with a vigor that sent his hat rebounding from the table. Certainly it rebounded across the country. "Blaine had smashed his hat on the McKinley Bill," and people who did not usually trouble themselves as to what Congress was doing in committee, began to look towards Washington.

He did not antagonize the bill in and of itself; but he thought it was bad policy, ill-timed and disturbing, and in relation to reciprocity, disastrous. He feared that it would be looked upon as an increase of duties in time of peace, not only without cause, but against the tendency of the public mind towards a lowering of duties. He accepted all that was good in the tariff, but he would supplement it—and save it—with reciprocity.

Individual supporters in Congress he found, but the legislative heart was hardened. He went to Bar Harbor, but the battle did not lag. He met the cry that reciprocity was the abandonment of protection with the explanation that reciprocity simply "widens the field of protection"—could only exist under the system of protection. The object of protection is to equalize conditions between Americans and their foreign competitors,

but not to give one class of Americans superior advantages over another class. When this equality of conditions is secured, all that protection is meant to do has been done, and all beyond that is producing inequality of conditions at home. He put himself in communication with business men, millers' associations in Minnesota, grain dealers in Maine. He appealed from the committee rooms to the court of the people. He wrote to Mr. Frye, for all the world to read on July 11:

It would certainly be a very extraordinary policy on the part of our government, just at this time, to open our market without charge of duty to the enormous crops of sugar raised in the two Spanish islands. Cuba and Porto Rico furnish the United States with nearly or quite one-half of the sugar which we consume, and we are far larger consumers than any other nation in the world. To give a free market to this immense product of the Spanish plantations at the moment Spain is excluding the products of American farms from her market would be a policy as unprecedented as it would be unwise. . . . The charge against the protective policy which has injured it most is that its benefits go wholly to the manufacturer and the capitalist, and not at all to the farmer. You and I well know that this is not true, but still it is the most plausible and therefore the most hurtful argument made by the free trader. Here is an opportunity where the farmer may be benefited — primarily, undeniably, richly benefited. Here is an opportunity for a Republican Congress to open the markets of forty million of people to the products of American farms. Shall we seize the opportunity or shall we throw it away?

I do not doubt that in many respects the tariff bill pending in the Senate is a just measure, and that most of its provisions are in accordance with the wise policy of protection. But there is not a section or a line in the entire bill that will open a market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork. If sugar is now placed on the free list without exacting important trade concessions in return, we shall close the door for a profitable reciprocity against ourselves. I think you will find some valuable hints on this subject in the President's brief message of June 19, with as much practical wisdom as was ever stated in so short a space.

Our foreign market for breadstuffs grows narrower. Great Britain is exerting every nerve to secure her bread supplies from India, and the rapid expansion of the wheat area in Russia gives us a powerful competitor in the markets of Europe. It becomes us therefore to use every opportunity for the extension of our market on both of the American continents. With nearly one hundred million dollars' worth of sugar seeking our market every year, we shall prove ourselves most unskilled legislators if we do not secure a large field for the sale and consumption of our breadstuffs and provisions. The late conference of American republics proved the existence of a common desire for closer relations. Our Congress should take

up the work where the International Conference left it. Our field of commercial development and progress lies south of us.

These rapid and repeated blows told. The people always listened to him, listened for him, and they began to find out what was going on. The voice of the farmer and the manufacturer was heard. Stubborn Congressmen began to waver and the half-hearted to gather courage. July 17, six days after Mr. Blaine's first letter to Mr. Frye, the President wrote hopefully :

I have been thinking over the sugar question and have a suggestion to offer. When I get it tested at the Treasury Department, I will send it to you for your opinion. Things have gone so far that I do not think we can avoid free sugar, but if my plan will stand criticism, as I believe it will, we can still hold the string in our hands. I am in negotiations for reciprocity.

July 29 Mr. J. W. Foster despaired of the Ways and Means, and thought "the only hope there is is in the influence of the sentiment of the party in the country which is strongly with Mr. Blaine." By August 9 it was reported that all Republicans on Finance Committee of the Senate except one, favor some sort of reciprocity, and the President was working with Ways and Means to bring them in. August 11 a rabid opponent of reciprocity on Ways and Means admitted that "Blaine's plan had run like a prairie fire all over my district." Others complained that Mr. Blaine had "destroyed whatever advantage the Republicans might have gained from the Tariff Bill and made its passage by the Senate unimportant. People had gone crazy on it." By August 23 it was discovered that "three out of four Republicans were in hearty accord against the obnoxious bill which yet was forced through the House against the judgment of the majority and in the teeth of the protest of the country, and the only salvation is to throw open the gates to commerce extension." "Since the publication and consequent agitation of the plan proposed by Secretary Blaine, the proposition has grown in public favor to such an extent that some legislation will probably be enacted." By September 1, one of the stubborn opponents on the Committee on Finance from Wisconsin declared that reciprocity had come to be a popular craze and the committee would have to go with it. The Iowa papers warned

their representative on the Ways and Means that before he voted against reciprocity he "better come home and see the folks. The mails are too slow and the telegraph wire is too small to convey to him a proper idea of Iowa sentiment on that question." The Produce Exchanges, Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, were set in motion, and resolutions began to pour in. In Nebraska they talked with great concentration. At a political convention a speaker attacked Mr. Blaine's motives in the movement, whereupon every other man in the convention stood on his chair and yelled "Blaine" for twenty minutes, till the unhappy speaker left not only the platform, but the hall.

"The people out West have all gone crazy on the subject," cried one Independent in Congress, and protested that he would never consent to the proposed amendment of the Tariff Bill. It was a dramatic exhibition of the magnetic man. It was a move to keep himself before the people. He was posing as a friend of the farmer and manufacturer, as the apostle of a new doctrine in politics. There the remnant that would not join the procession and offer up incense to Blaine began to consent to modify and amend the bill, "for political reasons; the people had gone so crazy over the idea that if it were rejected and hard times came on, every fool in the country would lay it to the failure of Congress to adopt Blaine's suggestions." They did "not believe there was anything in it, — all buncombe, — but the tide was sweeping that way and Congress must go with it." Mr. Blaine spoke in Waterville, and the speech was issued as a pamphlet which men asked for by the hundred. "I read with interest and gratification your very strong, clear speech at Waterville," wrote the President, "and on the whole I think the temper and disposition of our people both in Senate and House better than it was a few weeks ago." Cresson, September 10, he wrote: "The result of your Maine election was very gratifying and is already giving courage to our people in other States. . . . You will have noticed that the Reciprocity Amendment passed the Senate with only two Republican votes in the negative. The House Committee will, I think, readily accept it, if the difference as to free sugar can be adjusted."

October 1 the Tariff Bill with the reciprocity clause became a

law. It was not so wholly gracious in form as Mr. Blaine would have chosen. It had a slight flavor of retaliation, at variance with that sentiment to which he had appealed in the conference, and to which only he wished to appeal in the nation — that sentiment of good-will and common benefit to which our Southern neighbors so readily respond, from which reciprocity springs, and which caused it to be said that whatever an intercontinental railroad might do for humanity, the desire and project of it would do more.

For immediate political effect the Tariff Bill had unhappily yielded too late to the sweet reasonableness of reciprocity. The elections were on before the people felt sure that the Tariff Reciprocity fight was off. What they were sure of was that "Blaine had smashed his hat on the McKinley Bill." A Republican majority of thirty-four in the House of Representatives had become a Democratic majority of one hundred and forty-eight. Nine Republican States had elected Democratic governors.

" . . . How glad I am," wrote Mr. Whittier, "that Mr. Blaine stands out clear of the wreck of the Republican party at the last election. He is stronger than ever. I was convinced in the outset that the Tariff Bill was a great blunder. We have had quite too much of that."

Nov. 8, 1890, Mr. Blaine wrote to a friend: "I confess I do not look forward with confidence to the fate of the Republican party. The power was in their hands after the victory of 1888, but patrimony has been wasted as a spendthrift throws away his fortune."

But the Tariff Bill was law, with a reciprocity clause, which, if not everything that could be desired, was yet a good working clause, and it was assiduously worked.

On the 5th of February, 1891, Mr. Blaine had the happiness to see a proclamation by the President of a convention between the United States and Brazil agreed upon by Secretary Blaine and Señor Mendonca, for securing reciprocal trade between the two countries — a measure which was considered and characterized as the most important step in the commercial development of the country that had been taken in many years. The scope of the treaty was so large as to reach the remotest corner of

the country in its stimulus of the export trade. It was especially gratifying to conclude the arrangement with Señor Mendonca, who had long deplored that "The two great nations of America live as two great strangers, instead of two great friends with common interests, supplying to each other almost all they need to import." On May 19, 1889, from Rio de Janeiro, he had hoped for "a treaty made under the views of the United States Senate, just when Congress will have on hand the tariff subject, to do good and rapid work, and change the commercial condition of our relations, improve them, increase them. . . . The idea is very popular in Brazil where a few Conservatives, afraid of the great Republic, are the only opponents."

The work was not so rapid as Señor Mendonca hoped, but it was as good — so good that free-traders made especial efforts to belittle it, and Englishmen sent from Brazil to the English press mendacious and brutal abuse of both governments, but could not check the tide. The Brazilian treaty was followed by others both in South America and in Europe and in the islands of the sea. The barrel of pork and the barrel of flour were a thousandfold realized to the farmer. Germany with her beet sugar as a basis, Cuba and Porto Rico and Spain were all ripe for a skilful reciprocity. Mr. Reid in France, Mr. Phelps in Germany, Mr. Foster in Spain, Mr. Grant in Austria, pushed hard and well with the administration, and though the fight for the American hog was long and sometimes direct and ugly, and sometimes indirect and with deadly civility, the barriers against him were at length taken down, and he walked into the markets of Europe, sanitary, free, and profitable. Ultimately some twenty treaties of reciprocity were negotiated, while the Louisiana sugar interests, on the border-land of sugar produce and therefore always endangered, were protected by a bounty law, so that without disaster to any, the statistics of success were innumerable, and Mr. Blaine saw not only the clear and definite beginning, but the orderly and beneficent development of his policy of peace, of mutual benefit, of practical human brotherhood.

Europe heard the "triumphant shouts of victory coming from the United States, our transatlantic rival. To-day," said

the Frankfort Zeitung, December 10, 1891, the leading commercial paper of Germany, "let us look at the American policy of commercial negotiations and compare it with the system introduced by Bismarck. . . . The commercial ideas of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine's, are entirely original. They are contained in Article 3 of the famous McKinley Tariff. . . . This article was inserted by Mr. Blaine, a friendly opponent of Mr. McKinley, and has in the latest commercial negotiations proven its eminent wisdom most brilliantly. . . . Mr. Blaine's idea has secured for the United States treaties with Brazil, Cuba, and with others of the South American States, and thus brings Mr. Blaine's great Pan-American scheme nearer realization. . . . Mr. Blaine's idea has already forced Germany, Denmark, Austria, and France to repeal their prohibitions of American meat, and Italy is on the point of doing the same. But the documents we reprint to-day constitute Blaine's masterpiece. The Central European tariff union has been rendered ineffective with reference to the United States. The German tariff on agricultural product was to be reduced only in favor of Italy and Austria, and to be retained against Russia and America because the latter nations do not enjoy 'the most favored nations' privileges.' . . . Mr. Blaine, however, has completely upset these calculations, and made the new tariff on agricultural products apply to the United States as well. . . . These reductions will greatly reduce the cost of provisions and food, and the victory of the United States is therefore the victory of the poor man."

And it was asserted, not by partisans but by critics, that this victory of the poor man glittering in the magic word "reciprocity" embracing his "Pan-American plan of commercial union, at first in 1881, coupled with the arbitrament of the United States in South American disputes and the building of an Andean railway, was the most comprehensive scheme of statesmanship propounded in this hemisphere," and that it was gained by no fanfaronade of costly commissioners and deputations, but was based upon "the most accurate knowledge of the needs and resources of the South American republics ever possessed by an American statesman," and was obtained "by employing and developing the trained instincts of business."

It would be impracticable to give even a list of the subjects which engaged Mr. Blaine's attention and action during those busy years. Whether it were a nation, a project, a man or a woman, from ready and apparently inexhaustible resources, he derived an opinion, overflowed with information, despatched business. Asked, with other absent members of the Cabinet, for a written opinion regarding an extra session of Congress, he wrote the President, from Bar Harbor, August 25, 1889:

. . . It must also be remembered that there is a superstitious feeling in the public mind against extra sessions. The extra session of 1797 was the first step in the ruin of John Adams's administration and the ultimate extinction of the Federal party. Madison, who ought to have been a strong President, left the record of being a weak one, and the result was largely ascribed to the two extra sessions which he insisted on calling, against the better judgment of the war party, then headed by Henry Clay. Van Buren began his administration, in 1837, with an extra session and stumbled on to the end, which was his political destruction. Tyler's defection and break-down and the fatal wound of the Whig party dated, in the popular mind, from the extra session of 1841, which was called by your grandfather.

I do not desire to detain you with a political history, but I doubt if from the foundation of the government any solid advantage has ever been gained from an extra session except in two instances: that in 1803 which Jefferson called to provide the money for the Louisiana purchase, and that of July 4, 1861, when Lincoln was preparing for the suppression of the Rebellion.

Writing to the President from Bar Harbor, August 10, 1891, he said:

In regard to the purchase of the Danish colonies, St. George and St. Lucia, my prepossessions are all against it until we are by fate in possession of the larger West Indies. They are very small, of no great commercial value, and in case of war would require us to defend them, and to defend them at a great cost. At the same time they lack strategic value. They are destined to become ours, but among the last of the West Indies that would be taken. . . .

I think there are only three places that are of value enough to be taken that are not continental. One is Hawaii, and the others are Cuba and Porto Rico. Cuba and Porto Rico are not imminent and will not be for a generation. Hawaii may come up for decision at any unexpected hour, and I hope we shall be prepared to decide it in the affirmative.

On September 2, 1891, he wrote the President:

I make reply to your enclosure about Mackey's projected cable to San Domingo. In an unguarded moment, or one in which the government of Brazil failed to appreciate the importance of the question, a Frenchman was given the exclusive right to land cables from the United States, for the paltry sum of \$75,000. He began 1,200 miles above Rio at Para, and laid a cable to San Domingo. It is simply a cable beginning at Para and ending in the West Indies, and requires a land service of \$1.95 a word from Para to Rio — vastly more expensive than the European line.

It would be an immense help to this cable to get into the United States, and John Mackey wishes to lay one to San Domingo, and though the extensions do not join, despatches may be handed from one office to the other. This is a mere pretence of not being an extension of the Para line. The reason I am opposed to granting it is that it gives no through route to Brazil, and does not essentially increase our telegraphic facilities, for we already have a cable through the West Indies *via* Florida and Cuba. But Mackey's projected line will insure the West India line permanently, and prevent a direct line from New York to Rio, because it will absorb the local business which a direct line would have at special points that it must touch. We greatly need a line to Rio direct, and I do not believe the Frenchman can permanently hold his privilege. When he gives it up will be our time, and we would be working against ourselves to give away all the local business in advance to Mackey. We have at present a Brazilian service *via* England and France, at 8¼ francs per word. Whereas, the projected line to Brazil, by Mackey's cable, to San Domingo, would cost as much as or more than \$3.00 a word, the land service alone being, as I have stated, \$1.95. This in brief is the ground I took during your absence on the Pacific coast. I am satisfied it is correct, and it will be seriously compromising the country to contribute to the monopoly of Mackey and the Frenchman. Our policy has always been not to allow the landing of a line which was not connected freely with other lines. Therefore the pretence is made of a division at San Domingo, and Mackey assumes to have an independent line, avoiding by a ruse that inhibition. I wish you would not touch the thing until I can see you in person.

September 5, the President replied that he would "of course hold the whole matter over until we can consider it together."

The company failing to carry the point with the Secretary of State took the matter before a committee of Congress, where Mr. Blaine also appeared and argued the question with such force and fire that his position was adopted by the committee without a dissenting vote.

On September 23, 1891, Mr. Blaine wrote the President:

It is of the highest possible importance in my view that there be no treaty of reciprocity (with Canada).

They will aim at natural products, to get all the products of the farm on us in exchange for Heaven knows what. They certainly will not give us manufactured articles, as that will interfere with their own and break down their tariff. This might be pushed by our friends against the natural products, but I would not put the subject to risk by saying we will take the tariff if you will throw in the manufactures, because when the Liberals come into power they will agree to that.

I would cut the whole thing up by the roots, and I think J. W. Foster, an Eastern Republican, say of Pennsylvania, and a Western Democrat among the farmers, would be a safe commission to leave the subject to.

I think it would be one of the worst things among the farmers in a political point of view we could do, and we cannot afford to lose a vote now until after the presidential election. They have got it into their heads that we did something for them in the McKinley tariff, and giving away natural products by reciprocity would end the whole matter. It would be considered a betrayal of the agricultural interests. The fact is we do not want any intercourse with Canada except through the medium of a tariff, and she will find that she has a hard row to hoe and will ultimately, I believe, seek admission to the Union.

The poor showing that Canada made in the late census was a revelation to the Canadians themselves, and if we do not grant them reciprocity they will make a poorer showing ten years hence. We are tending to have the great majority of the farmers with us. Let us encourage them by every means we can use and not discourage them by anything. We will break the alliance before six months if we steadily maintain this policy.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed)

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A woman whose cause he upheld through prolonged complications in foreign companies said that his questions gave her confidence, though often she did not see their bearings till revealed by developments months afterwards, and when her cause was triumphing over painfully prolonged and bitter contention she found grief keener than joy, because he who had done so much to bring about her triumph was not here to witness it.

The condemnation of an American woman, Mrs. Maybrick, by an English court of law came in the summer of 1889. The President supposed her guilty, she being condemned according to the forms of law in a constitutionally governed land. Mr. Blaine, no doubt, would have believed the same, but that his son, confined to his room by an accident, had amused his enforced leisure by reading the trial in the English daily papers. When he had completed the judge's charge, he threw down

the paper exclaiming, "That judge ought to be impeached, and if he were in this country he would be." Naturally Mr. Blaine lent himself gladly to the effort of Mrs. Maybrick's family for a rehearing or release. After Walker's death the cause took on an added interest. In consultation with high legal English counsel, he took extraordinary personal measures for her relief, but always within the strict limits of international courtesy, never assuming authority or presuming interference. The President gave full countenance to his measures, and Mrs. Harrison, with the President's consent and coöperation, signed a petition for the release of the prisoner—a prisoner pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice of England wrongfully convicted and wrongfully detained.

The interposition was not successful. The English government could not force the American Secretary of State into yielding England supremacy of the seas or of the markets of the world, but they could keep in prison, against the protest of their own Chief Justice and without investigation, an American woman whom Mr. Blaine desired to release to her mother and to her infant children, and they did. She remains in prison to this day.

All these, and a thousand other important matters, personal and national, whose records pile the shelves of the State Department, Mr. Blaine prosecuted with undiminished energy, but with an aching heart.

When he established himself in Washington a second time as Secretary of State, he leased and afterwards bought the Rodgers house on Lafayette square—an old-fashioned structure standing four-square to the sunshine, fronting the beautiful park and opening wide windows to the Treasury columns, to the White House curves, to the Potomac, and the green hills beyond. It was an airy, sunny, ample, and delightful home. Perhaps never in his life was he happier, more radiant with satisfaction, than when, with all his family around him, he opened that house to his friends in the winter of 1889-90.

On January 10, Walker leaving a friend's house, met his mother entering, joined her, reëntered, made the visit and drove home with her, went to his own room, lay down upon his bed, and never left it except as he was carried from room to room to

assuage the mortal restlessness of pneumonia. On Wednesday, January 15, he died.

The day after the funeral Mr. Blaine sent for Mr. Hitt, who answered the summons with dread. To his surprise he found Mr. Blaine calmly waiting to read to him for consultation one of his most important Behring-sea despatches, which he was then preparing. Presently Mr. Hitt took a certain exception. Mr. Blaine looked at him steadfastly a moment, then threw down the paper, "One week ago to-day, Walker made to me that same criticism. When I came home from his funeral yesterday, I wanted to lie down and die. I knew there was nothing to save me but work, and I took up this."

His daughter, Alice, had been far from well, but she came home with her husband and two little boys to attend her brother's funeral. On the evening of the 29th of January, while the Pan-American Conference was in the drawing-room, her father was hurriedly summoned to her room where she was feared to be dying. She rallied, and her husband, who had started for his military post, returned in season to receive her last sigh, but no smile of recognition. She died on the 2d of February. No hush fell on the beloved names and no forbidding aspect was permitted to grief. Sunshine and the dear faces of friends were not for one moment banished. Emmons, broken with his own loss, stood guard over his father and brought the double solace of his happy home as often as possible to the desolated house; but the world was changed.

As Mr. Blaine went on in his work from strength to strength his friends gathered about him with the old hope, the old purpose of flinging his name to the front; but he could no longer bear it. It was not simply that he was unwilling, — he could not tolerate the thought.

The popular determination that Mr. Blaine should be the next President was proof against every form of opposition. It involved no censure of the President, and was coupled with approval of his administration. It was the culmination of a movement that had been growing for twenty years and now saw itself on the eve of triumph. It could not be created by the National Republican Committee, but it was ascertained and urged upon Mr. Blaine by that committee whose authority and

whose reputation depend upon the accuracy with which it discovers and the skill with which it enforces public opinion.

The results of the researches of the committee throughout the United States may be summed up in one composite paragraph from hundreds, perhaps thousands, of reports.

There is widespread and deep-seated dissatisfaction in the West. Any Republican candidate who cannot carry the Western States cannot be elected. We must have a national standard-bearer whose name would arouse the old-time enthusiasm. He must in and of himself represent something. He must be the embodiment of some great principle in American politics. President Harrison, if nominated, could not be elected. If he is renominated, the party will be defeated. It is impossible for him to carry Ohio, Indiana, Illinois. As the time for the convention approaches, Mr. Harrison will see the wishes of the Republicans, and he cannot help but advise his own retirement. It is idle to talk about the wise and patriotic administration the President has given us, as to which there is no controversy, so long as the fact remains that he has no hold on the affections of the people. The people want Mr. Blaine, and he owes it as a duty to his party and his country to let the people have their way about it. If he will take the nomination he can have it without asking for it, and he can be both nominated and elected with a whirl. If he is nominated, no more attention need be paid to Ohio. At the Convention of League Clubs in Cincinnati at least seven out of every ten delegates and Republicans were for Blaine. He can take Illinois from any man, and he is more popular in Indiana than Harrison. Nineteen counties visited in New York are unanimous and enthusiastic for Blaine, and unless he himself prevents it, he will have all the country delegates from Michigan. Kansas has but one man, and that is Blaine. Blaine is the choice of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Republicans of California. At a conference in Chicago of forty-two leading men from Ohio to Nebraska representing nine States, every man was for Blaine, and reported the tide to be irresistible, and Blaine himself could not stop it. He is the only man that can carry Wisconsin. The sentiment in the North-west is overwhelmingly for him. The feeling is stronger and more earnest than ever

before. This is especially true of the younger element of the party, as well as among those who have hitherto opposed him. Added to his dash and brilliancy is the well-grounded belief that he is the ablest and safest American citizen we have in public life. Reciprocity will bring back to us the farmers of this great North-west. The feeling of a very large portion of Western Republicans is, "It looks like Blaine and victory; if not, then Harrison and defeat." Blaine can have the nomination by acclamation if he will allow it. He is the only man the Republicans can surely elect. Harrison is the only man who cannot be elected at all. Blaine has the entire credit of the reciprocity argument, and it meets with favor everywhere. It will bring back to us some of the Mugwumps, and give us many Democrats who are business men. Catholics desire to see the Burchard blunder corrected. His course in the State Department has absolutely contradicted the lies about his intentions when Garfield was President. The sentiment of New York is overwhelmingly for Blaine. There are two Blaine Irishmen for every one in 1884. The Chile business has exploded the "Jingo" accusation. The State Department's magnificent administration has slain the slanders of 1884. The renunciation of 1888 has killed the cry of personal ambition. The reciprocity and the Pan-American Congress will conciliate many, will stir enthusiasm, and appeal to the imagination.

A leading Republican of New York wrote on August 24, 1891:

The stalwarts of this State, who were disaffected towards you in 1884, except the few who went over permanently to the Democracy, will be not only your loyal but your ardent friends if you are nominated in 1892.

On January 15, 1892, the chairman of the Republican National Committee wrote to Mr. Blaine:

It must be very gratifying to you to see Europe, which always gives praise grudgingly, plainly conceding the superior scope of your statesmanship. . . .

All the Republican business men are attributing prosperity and large business very largely to Republican legislation, and to the developments of reciprocity, etc. . . . The business world . . . will make the

political world recognize it. I base all our chances for success on this one great fact, and on the growing popularity of reciprocity, which will bring new markets for the American farmer, enlarged trade for American merchants, increased employment for American labor, and good for every class.

As you represented this in the creation, so will the people look to you only for the enlargement of it as it shall develop, and for protecting it against the counteracting legislation with which other countries will try to overthrow it. The Germans who were weak as to you in '84 are now the strongest advocates of reciprocity, and they are coming back to you by the tens of thousands, and you are to-day the most popular man with this element. I could give you scores of other good reasons; but I want you to think over these very powerful and sufficient reasons which I have here enumerated.

Very truly yours,

J. S. CLARKSON.

P.S. You are the only man, too, who can draw from the Farmers' Alliance the necessary votes to keep the party in power in the North-western States.

Another prominent Republican wrote Mr. Blaine, January 30, 1892:

I have a letter from General Clarkson to-day in which he says he had been over the same ground with you that he and I went over in your room, but that while you are feeling well in health and spirits you are inclined the same way as then. *Is it not possible to change your views on this?* If so we will all join in the prayer that it may come to pass.

I was down in Alabama and Florida last week, and find through all that country administration men are at work for delegates to the next national convention. A common feeling pervades the whole of that country, that black and white all want you. Of course I have very many friends there and elsewhere, but I state to you the one sentiment is, that all desire you, not especially in antagonism to President Harrison, but simply a wish of the people, that what you have so fairly earned should come to you.

Notwithstanding this, and in full view and recognition of it, Mr. Blaine wrote as follows:

WASHINGTON, February 6, 1892.

HON. J. S. CLARKSON, *Chairman of the Republican National Committee:*

MY DEAR SIR: I am not a candidate for the Presidency, and my name will not go before the Republican National Convention for the nomination. I make this announcement in due season.

To those who have tendered me their support I owe sincere thanks, and am most grateful for their confidence. They will, I am sure, make earnest

effort in the approaching contest, which is rendered specially important by reason of the industrial and financial policies of the government being at stake. The popular decision on these issues is of great moment and will be of far-reaching consequence.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A fortnight afterward, Mr. Blaine in declining an invitation wrote:

17 MADISON PLACE, WASHINGTON, February 20, 1892.

GEN. RUSSELL A. ALGER, DETROIT, MICHIGAN:

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that I cannot be present at your club meeting on the 22d. Official engagements forbid. But I cannot refrain from sending a word of good cheer on the prospects of the Republican party. On all leading measures relating to the industrial and financial interests of the people we are strong and growing stronger. On the contrary, our opponents are weak and growing weaker. They are divided; we are united.

If we do not win it is our fault. We shall be justly censurable, if with such great issues involved every Republican does not feel that he is appealed to personally, and that victory in the election depends on him.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

But the movement went on like the irresistible force of natural phenomena. Probably it had never stopped. It was checked by Mr. Blaine in 1888, but only for the time. Each achievement as Secretary of State increased its momentum. Great hope had been cherished of a cleavage of the party from him on the McKinley bill, but Mr. McKinley himself had been one of the earliest converts to reciprocity, and Mr. Blaine had given especial help to Mr. McKinley in his election, and now reciprocity which the builders had rejected had become the head of the corner. Political argument and personal attack having thus failed, the opposition to him centred on the question of health. To this his traits and his experience lent some countenance. His worst vice was a mind hospitably inclined to illness. It must be admitted that a drug and a doctor had irresistible, even hereditary, charms for him. In his intense life perhaps it may be pardoned him if he loved the shelter and seclusion of illness. His most skilful treatment was a judicious admixture of badinage and nursing. Mr. Hale used to say



EMMONS BLAINE.

that all that saved his life in a long brisk walk with Mr. Blaine was the latter's pausing till Mr. Hale should come up, to ask "Hale, how do I look?"

In spite of the badinage, there must have been some occult cause. His splendidly sound physical organization had never been weakened by dissipation. He indulged sparingly in wine, used tobacco in no form, and could outwork all his private secretaries, although they were loyal to him with an unselfish devotion. But although work seemed never to weary him, never prevented sleep or was followed by reaction, seemed not work, not ploughing up details, but the realization of a vision and therefore a gratification and not an exhaustion, there was with all his strength a delicacy of organization that could not with impunity be violated. Slander and abuse never ceased to be a shock, the impact of something foreign to his nature. By what process who shall say, but once surely, giving no outward sign till the catastrophe came, every physical and mental power, even to consciousness, went down under it. Use bred the man to habit, and this never occurred again — but it may well be that the strongest outposts were never wholly renewed. An hereditary gout was subdued largely by natural correct living, but even suppressed gout has its revenges. A peculiar debility, to which, especially in his later years, he was subject, appeared — in short, fever, sometimes slight, sometimes severe, sometimes alternating with chills, always without apparent adequate cause, followed by general prostration, local weakness, and slow tedious recovery. The two severest attacks were in Milan in 1888, and in New York in 1891. The latter was after an intense and prolonged — one might also say fierce — work in enforcing his reciprocity theory upon an unwilling Congress; but the other was in the midst of a long holiday. Neither was attended as was the first with collapse, and only the second by even the slight delirium of fever; but probably after each attack he never wholly recovered the lost ground, although his work would not bear such witness, and he certainly never recovered, if he ever possessed, confidence in his own health. This fact added itself as a ready and real reason against anything to which he felt himself disinclined. After his illness in New York, May, 1891, he returned to Maine, where he remained until October,

receiving the kindest consideration from the President, who never urged work upon him, but always desired his consultation and coöperation.

With a whole presidential campaign turning upon the state of his health, Mr. Blaine received more than poetic justice for whatever sanitary weaknesses he may have yielded to. He was at intervals of a few days supplied by the press with pulse, temperature, appetite, color, gait, smile, and the corresponding sensation, and only a sense of humor saved him from extreme annoyance. "Good morning, Mr. Secretary," said one of a group of reporters at the door of the State Department; "particularly glad to see you. If you had not appeared to-day, we were going to give you a typhoid fever." "I know nothing about my health," he said to an inquirer, "until I read the New York papers."

On a visit to New York in the winter of 1892, he indulged in the little jest of admitting all reporters who called, and all at once, — between twenty and thirty. "I am just as you see me, no better, no worse."

Mr. Frye called upon him about two months before the convention. "You an invalid? I never saw a woman look handsomer. Pink lips, white face, bright eyes, sitting up. I'd keep sick if I were you, and send for everybody to come and see me. Now you can take back that letter. You can trust me. You know there have been times when I was for your nomination, and times when I was against it. This I think is your time. You can be nominated and elected. Even Massachusetts is all for you. You need not mind the campaign. We don't want anything of you in the campaign. Go to England if you want to." But he could not be moved.

When Mr. Hitt was leaving, shortly before the convention, he had occasion to call on Mr. Blaine. He put both hands on Mr. Hitt's shoulders and said to him earnestly, "Don't involve *your* future."

The Canadian Welland Canal Commissioners were in the State Department, and he was sparkling with the exhilaration of the interview. "My doctors tell me to work, and I feel this morning equal to doing anything. I have been hacking those fellows in there for two hours with great delight." And Mr.

Foster said it was wonderful how he ran them down, "so quickly I could hardly keep track of him myself sometimes. He would put a question and follow it out till they were all wound up."

He occupied himself too at this time with plans for the International Silver Conference, a work requiring much skill and delicate negotiation.

The pressure gained force and volume. "Whoever, in my judgment," wrote a prominent politician, on April 4, 1892, "is elected President on the Republican ticket this year will be a man who can get the Farmers Alliance and the Knights of Labor vote. Whoever cannot get that vote ought not to be nominated, because his election is not sure. You are the only Republican leader who can command this support. Both the Knights and the Alliances are anxious for your nomination, and will support you, if nominated. If any other Republican is put at the head of our ticket, there will probably be a third ticket, and the election may be thrown into the House of Representatives.

"Your friends, who are legion, do not feel like offending you by crowding the nomination upon you, in spite of and in disregard of your inclination and wishes. But if it were believed that you would stand it, nothing even now can prevent your nomination. In other words, James G. Blaine, and he only, can prevent his being the next President."

This, and the following letter, under date of May 28, 1892, from a gentleman who had been a delegate from New York to the Republican Convention of 1884, and again in 1888, urging the importance of Mr. Blaine's accepting the nomination, are but two specimens of innumerable letters received at this time, while the personal pressure from day to day was enormous.

"The people here are unanimous for him. Until the past few days there has been a quiet pervading the ranks of the Republican party amounting almost to indifference. . . . I do not think there has ever been a time when Mr. Blaine was as strong with the people as to-day, and if Cleveland is the nominee of the Democratic party I believe there are thousands of Democrats in this State who would support Blaine. Two or three of the Hill leaders have so stated to me. . . .

"Since the papers have again begun to discuss the possibility

of his candidacy, the people are wide-awake and enthusiastic. The rank and file of the people are all for him. . . . A gentleman who represents prominent manufacturing works of Dunkirk, and who travels all over the country and meets laboring men in similar institutions, informed him that it was surprising the number of Republican workingmen who declared they would not vote for Harrison if nominated. I do not believe that he could possibly carry this State, and I feel confident that Mr. Blaine would carry it easily, and they would not steal the State from him a second time either."

Here the pen fell from the fingers thus far guided by a great brain, a faithful heart, and an inflexible conscience.

A humbler and less skilful hand merely puts together the notes and memoranda left upon the writer's desk.

H. P. S.

Mr. Blaine had now accomplished the great purposes which led him to accept the post of Secretary of State. In a little over three years he had settled a larger number of important questions, and to the national advantage, than had been settled in all the years since the close of the Civil war. Much of the work had been done with vivid enjoyment; but the greater part of it under a cloud of sorrow. There was no longer any especial reason for remaining in public office. His position had grown unique. He had passed through the slander-belt and come out in the clear light as the greatest American, the greatest statesman, of his day; for if the effort of Bismarck — the only man of far-reaching policy to mention with him — had been to centralize the German States, it was to despotism; but Mr. Blaine's effort had been to centralize all the Americas to freedom. Suffering a continual apprehension regarding his health, he had also been subjected to a fatiguing strain of harassment and vexation. His sympathetic nature made him keenly responsive to the atmosphere surrounding him; and at last, entirely exhausted with the absence of cordiality and with

the daily friction in his official relations, he resigned his portfolio.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 4.

To the President :

I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of Secretary of State of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on March 5, 1889.

The condition of public business in the Department of State justifies me in requesting that my resignation may be accepted immediately.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

JAMES G. BLAINE.

To this the President briefly and curtly replied, accepting the resignation.

"Mr. Blaine has done right," said Mr. Whittier, who in his younger days and before his fame as a poet was so wide, was known to be a sagacious politician. "In his position I would have done the same."

On the 7th of June Mr. Blaine left Washington for Bar Harbor, staying a few days in Boston on the way. The news of his resignation flashed over the country like an electric signal. Now, his friends declared, he is at liberty again, and he belongs to us. The urgency to use his name, which more than any other name stood for all the ideals of the life of the Republican party, the name of a leader commanding enthusiasm, of a man followed by multitudes with self-forgetful fervor, the name of a man who was a living force, vitalizing other men, became irresistible.

For himself, even under this urgency, he was indifferent. He was too thoroughly tired and grieved to be interested. His resignation had no relation to anything whatever but rest. Time, however, had narrowed to such a point that it was necessary to think and act precipitately; and so urged, so assured, and knowing a measure of his own power and popularity and the depression and danger of the party, he had not the heart at first to refuse as positively as before the salvation prayed for. He may have remembered his old feeling when he once said, "I would like to give this country one administration. I could do it. It would be an era that she would be proud of." But he

twice telegraphed during the session to the convention at Minneapolis that his name should not be brought forward. As well try to extinguish a prairie fire by telegraph. It required an army of office-holders to tread out that fire.

An extract from the speech of Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, a delegate to the national convention in Minneapolis, 1892, page 54 of Official Proceedings, contains the following: "I hold in my hand, Mr. Chairman, a list of one hundred and thirty odd office-holders, who are delegates to this convention, nine-tenths of whom live in States where there is a hopeless Democratic majority. The trouble in this committee as to these delegates comes not alone from these men, but it comes from a pressure of between two and three thousand government office-holders, who swarm the corridors of the hotels, and fill these galleries, and haunt the delegates, who ought to be in Washington and elsewhere attending to their business." This was never refuted.

Mr. Blaine's name was presented to the convention with ringing eloquence; but Mr. Harrison received a majority of the votes of the delegates, very nearly one-half of his votes being thrown by delegates from the Southern and other States where there was already a "hopeless Democratic majority."

When the vote on a preliminary point had been given, forecasting the vote on the nomination, Mr. Blaine, then in Boston, saw that his supporters were overpowered, and requesting a member of his family to take the telegrams, he retired early and was asleep at once and soundly.

The result of the balloting in the convention, under the circumstances, was not a surprise to Mr. Blaine. His only regret was that his name had been used at all; having been used, a larger vote would have been flattering, but he received the announcement with no apparent emotion and no outward sign beyond the sad smile which spoke of his consciousness of misapprehension and misrepresentation. He was in reality profoundly indifferent. Before leaving for Bar Harbor he gave to the "Boston Journal," for publication, a summons to his followers, and the trumpet-call at Roncesvalles did not ring truer.

The resolution, energy, and persistence which marked the proceedings of the convention at Minneapolis will, if turned against the common foe, win the election in November. All minor differences should be merged in

the duty of every Republican to do all in his power to elect the ticket this day nominated by the National Republican Convention.

(Signed)

JAMES G. BLAINE.

If Mr. Blaine himself experienced no disappointment, the disappointment of his friends throughout the country was extreme. Yet there are few men fearless or reckless enough to throw off the yoke of party discipline; nor would any have received from him the slightest encouragement to do so. But the Republican campaign opened without interest and ended with defeat.

All events of a public nature were, however, presently lost in the darkness of another great affliction. On the 18th of June, Emmons, Mr. Blaine's elder surviving son, died suddenly after an illness of a few days, at his home in Chicago. Every effort had been made to reach his father with an intimation of his threatening condition, but it had been impossible to open telegraphic communication, and the blow fell like a thunderbolt out of clear sky. The attachment between father and son had always been very close, and since the death of Walker the bond had become doubly tender, Emmons striving in every way to fill his brother's place and his own too. Never had a father more reason to mourn a son, not only in the loss of his devotion and support, but in the loss of his noble and beautiful personality. The tragedy was the deeper that he was taken still in his early manhood, with all men his friends, from the midst of more than common success and usefulness, and from a home where his happiness with wife and child was complete. It was a dark and dreadful journey the father and mother took to bury their dead.

It could not even be a consolation to know that the heart of the whole nation without reserve melted in pity. The Democratic convention, then in session, paused in its work, and passed a resolution extending its cordial sympathy. And it was in the softening of all asperity that a few weeks later during a Democratic meeting in the auditorium at Chicago, a speaker incidentally mentioning the name of Mr. Blaine, the whole vast audience rose with long and uncontrollable applause. When he could be heard, the speaker exclaimed, "Blaine seems to have

more friends here than he had at Minneapolis!" and a voice from the crowd replied amid renewed cheers, "We are all his friends here!" All his friends, indeed! For even outside and beyond the feeling regarding his continued bereavement, was the sentiment that Mr. Blaine had become the ideal representative of the love of country; for in the House, in the Senate, in the State Department, a generation of men had seen him defend Democratic measures and use Democratic agents whenever he approved the one, or thought the country could be best served by the other, and they had largely ceased to think of him as a Republican or a Democrat, — rather as an intense American.

But although with his warmly human temperament, Mr. Blaine could not but be touched by the expressions of sorrow that came to him from every side, those expressions did not lift the inner gloom where the stricken father sat among his broken idols, turning only the more tenderly to those that were left him, — a gloom which not all the splendor of sea and sky at Stanwood could lighten.

Still even through his grief he could hear the call of his country; and on September 3, 1892, he published a letter naming the three issues on which he thought the campaign should be fought — tariff, reciprocity, and a sound currency. He spoke of the great advantages already gained and yet to be gained from the McKinley tariff with reciprocity engrafted on it.

"What would have been the result to the United States if every article, before it was put on the free list, had been made the subject of inquiry to see what we would get in exchange for it?

"We omitted to do so for many years, and that neglect has cost the government advantages in trade which would have amounted to tens of millions of dollars. This is the whole of the reciprocity scheme. It is very plain and very simple."

In a few racy sentences he turned the guns of Jefferson upon the Jeffersonian Democrats. "Towards the close of Jefferson's administration the revenue from the tariff on imports produced a considerable surplus, and the question was what should be done, — should the tariff be reduced or should this surplus be maintained? Jefferson pointedly asked, 'Shall we suppress the imposts and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manu-

facturers?' For himself he recommended that 'the imposts be maintained,' and that the surplus created should be appropriated to the improvement of roads, canals, rivers, and education. If the Constitution did not give sufficient power to warrant these appropriations Jefferson went so far as to recommend that it be amended. This presents the strongest condition of affairs upon which a protective tariff can be justified, and Jefferson did not hesitate to recommend it. The Democrats of the present day, it is needless to say, are the direct opponents of the policy thus outlined and adhered to by Jefferson." He concluded with a lucid statement of the evils of the State bank system.

"With all its calamities, the war brought us one great blessing, a national currency. There are many who will say that it was worth the cost of the war to bring about so auspicious a result to capital and labor. Prior to the war we had the worst currency system of any enlightened nation in the world. The State banks, with some exceptions, were thoroughly irresponsible. They existed by thousands throughout the United States. Whenever one of them failed, the result was a large loss and great distress among the people. No one was responsible for their bills, and they were generally found in the pockets of the laboring man, to whom they were a total loss without any redemption whatever. Of the State banks it was often and truly said that their debts were the measure of their profits. They have caused an aggregate loss of hundreds of millions of dollars among the poor. Since the close of the war all this is different. Every paper dollar that circulates among the people has the United States behind it as a guarantor. All the banks that exist are under the control of the national government, and if they fail as financial institutions, the government has taken care that their bills should be paid by securities deposited in government vaults. Under these circumstances it is a matter for extraordinary surprise that the Democratic convention should deliberately pass resolutions for the revival of State banks. The palpable effect of this policy, if carried out, would be to cheat the poor man out of his daily bread. If State banks be adopted and their circulation attain a large issue, no device could be more deadly for the deception and despoilment of all the commercial and laboring classes. . . . I have heard the argument

adduced that we would keep the money at home if State banks were instituted. But we should keep it at home because it would be so worthless that nobody would take it abroad. Were the system of State banks revived, we would again have discounts at the State lines, large charges for drafts on financial centres, and general suspicion of every bill offered in payment, with a liquidation every few years that would be a destructive loss to the innocent holders of bills and a corresponding profit to the parties owning the banks."

This letter was a strong document, and afforded material on which to fight a whole campaign. It was followed, towards the middle of October, by a powerful speech at Ophir Farm, the residence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, before an audience of all sorts and conditions of men, assembled on the lawn. Here again Mr. Blaine showed his store and command of facts and figures:

"The opponents of the Republican party always represent New York as a commercial city and not a manufacturing one, and yet the product of the manufacturers of this city alone is \$700,000,000. Anything that would cripple that great interest would cripple the metropolis seriously and to a very hurtful extent. More men in New York get their living from pursuits protected by the tariff than from any other source. I know New York is the centre of our commerce, the great entrepôt of our trade; but all the men engaged in commercial affairs in and about New York are smaller in number than the men engaged in manufactures."

The speech, which was entirely spontaneous, closed with a word to the Irish voters:

"This year it is one of the mysteries of politics that a question which interests England so supremely, which is canvassed almost as much in London as it is in New York, should have the Irish votes of Great Britain. If the Irish voters were solidly for protection, they could defy all the machinations of the Democratic party for free trade, and throw their influence on the side of the home market of America against the side of the foreign market of England.

"I know this appeal has been frequently made to the Irish voters, but I make it with emphasis now, for I am unwilling to

believe that, with light and knowledge before them, they will deliberately be on the side of their former oppressors."

Before the date of this speech Mr. Blaine had prepared an article for the November number of the "North American Review," upon "The Presidential Election of 1892," a very calm and clear paper, distinguished by the magnanimity of its treatment of Mr. Harrison. In these pages were given certain valuable statistics concerning the advantages of the reciprocity established so largely by his own endeavor.

"But it is in the island of Cuba that reciprocity has done the most; and no footfall of a Democratic campaigner ever disturbs the silence which hangs over Cuba when reciprocity is under censure. No Democratic objector asks the millers of the country who send flour to Cuba what have been the results. Statistics in the State Department show that for the first half of 1892 we sent 337,000 barrels of flour to Cuba, making for the whole year 674,000 barrels. During the same period of 1891 we sent only 14,000 barrels, or an average for the year of 28,000 barrels. Considering the small quantity we had previously sent, and that the duty was \$5.75 a barrel, amounting to nearly the value of the flour delivered in Cuba, and operating, except under peculiar conditions, as a prohibition, the sagacity of Democratic silence must be conceded! A trade of \$4,000,000 in flour, where we had not more than \$175,000, is not a bad showing for the first year of reciprocity.

"For the year ending August 31 our total exports to Cuba were \$19,700,000, and for the same period the preceding year they were \$11,900,000, an increase, it will be observed, of 65 per cent. Another year will show still greater gains. This large increase of exports can be made more strikingly significant by a presentation of facts which must convince the most sceptical that it is due entirely to reciprocity. An examination of treasury statistics will show that the annual amount of exports from the United States to Cuba during the fifteen years from 1877 to 1891 did not greatly vary; and the average for the whole period was 11,700,000 per annum. The exports for 1891 were slightly higher, therefore, than this average. The increase of \$8,000,000 in 1892 represents, therefore, not only a gain of 65 per cent. over the year 1891, but a gain of 67 per cent. over the

average annual amount of exports for a period of fifteen years previous. Moreover, of this gain of \$8,000,000 nearly \$4,000,000, as I have before said, were in flour; and nearly \$2,000,000 more were in bacon, pork, and the various articles which are classed under the head of 'provisions.' Three-fourths of the increased exports to Cuba were, therefore, the products of the farm. The same is true, in equal or greater ratio, of the increase caused by reciprocal treaties with the islands and countries of America, and particularly by the treaties made with European countries."

If these utterances had not all of the enthusiasm, the swing and vigor of former days, they were yet marvellous productions for a man on the springs of whose life-currents had already been placed the seal of death, whose heart was half broken with sorrow, and whose wise forecast told him that the defeat of his party was a foregone conclusion. There was no excitement whatever about the election. After the results were known Mr. Clarkson said openly that the Republican party had met defeat chiefly because for eighteen years the majority had been denied, repressed, and overruled from the one man whose leadership it enthusiastically preferred. He affirmed that during the whole period, at least seventy and at times eighty and ninety per cent. of the party had desired Mr. Blaine, that every nomination had been negative except his, and that the same "remnant" which defeated his nominations had defeated him at the polls. This may have been the partial estimate of a friend. But when the lists were closed, Mr. Harrison was more than 40,000 behind his own vote in New York four years before, and 7,000 in his own State of Indiana. In spite of 125,000 Republican votes in six new States he lost 265,000 on the popular vote.

Later in October Mr. Blaine's family joined him in New York, and it was perhaps not without some inner premonition of the immediate future that he saw the Monument dominate the landscape with its lance of light, and the white cloud of the Capitol dome soar above the spot where he had fought his gallant fights and won his noble victories, as he approached Washington for the last time.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. W. Phelps :

BERLIN, October 15, 1889.

I wonder if you and Mrs. Blaine know what a gem that was — the speech which so delighted me that I had to telegraph you ?

This morning my New York papers came and I have the scene in the diplomatic parlor, even to the shears with which you called to order. It was a good send-off. Last night I was at the first royal party. Count Bismarck sought me out, in fine spirits : “ I was looking for you. I wanted to tell you the good news. I have a despatch from Washington. Mr. Blaine has instructed your consul, too, that Malietoa is to be recognized and made the king. So the three consuls have the same instructions, and that settles it. I knew your Mr. Blaine would find some way to fix it right.”

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. W. W. Phelps :

BERLIN, December, 1889.

I hope the Pan-American Congress is producing as good an impression at home, and doing as good work for us, as foreigners think it is. They have had great dislike and suspicion of it from the start, and were dazed by the opening speech, so masterly, so persuasive, and yet without a single peg on which they could hang a complaint, or a flaw into which they could thrust a sneer. I took great delight and felt great pride in that speech.

As it looks to us here, the Brazilian revolution ought to help the purposes of the Congress, and give profound stimulus to the desire for closer connection and greater coöperation between kindred republics. It also has startled people over here, but they are ready with explanations. They say that the emperor was too good and unworldly, that he perhaps wished the Republic himself, and that if not, he was certainly unwilling to lift a hand to defend the existing order. Some of them profess to believe that in a few years Brazil will break up into a number of petty, rival States, that public obligations will be repudiated, and that the best part of the country will either become a German colony in an independent German State, or a new State in the Argentine Confederation. Of course, this is not the talk of French Republicans, but it is the talk one hears in diplomatic circles, and among reactionary French.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Jno. A. J. Creswell :

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 17, 1890.

I wish I could say something to lighten the crushing affliction which the unexpected death of your oldest son has brought upon you ; but at such a crisis we all know how powerless are words, though charged to the full with sympathy, to alleviate the sorrow of a stricken soul.

My intimate acquaintance with your son, formed during our association as joint counsel for three years and a half before the Court of Alabama claims, enables me to appreciate justly the proud satisfaction with which you regarded him. He was, without doubt, one of the most promising and efficient young lawyers whom I have ever met. So untiring was his industry, so keen and exhausting his research, so sound and clear his application of facts and principles, and so ready and discriminating his power of delineation and expression, that he would surely have attained, had he lived, to the highest honors of his profession, by right of established merit. But to these gifts and attainments there were added in him a bearing so gracious, a personality so attractive, and a manhood so true, noble, and complete that he seemed constituted to fill a father's breast with the strongest affection and the brightest aspirations.

Alas! alas! how trifling and evanescent is the best estate of this our life! When death has robbed us of our beloved, there are no more faithful guides for the sorrowing than Memory and Hope; and to them I commend you, if you would find a genuine consolation.

No. 75 WEST 71ST STREET, NEW YORK,
Sunday, February 2, 1890.

DEAR BLAINE: On learning that your Alice had died this morning, I telegraphed messages of sympathy and inquiry. I cannot manifest my profound respect for you and your sorely afflicted family by coming to Washington as I should, but my Lizzie will come, and I know that Alice loved her as a friend and sister. I also know that Alice reposed in her a confidence of the purest nature, and found here in our home a welcome second only to that of her father's roof.

To-morrow, Monday, I must assist in the inaugural ceremonies of the installation of Hon. Seth Low, as President of Columbia College. The next day, Tuesday, is promised from early morning to midnight to the ceremonies designed by the Bar Association of the United States to honor the Supreme Court; indeed the whole week is parcelled out almost by hours to some public occasion, and I am often warned that I am very near the limit of years promised to man on earth of "three-score and ten," and that I must not presume on apparent strength, but put on the brakes for the steep grade at the end.

You are ten years my junior, and yet I feel concerned about you personally, lest you allow the sad afflictions which have recently befallen your family to unnerve you, and unfit you for the high office you hold. No man in America better comprehends the questions which concern the people of this continent than you; no man is better qualified to give them expression. Stand to the helm in fair weather and foul. Ships are rarely wrecked in stormy seas like Cape Horn, because the captain and crew take ample precautions, but in fair weather by carrying too much sail, or by neglect.

Same of the ship of State. We are now on the high tide of honor and prosperity with a fair wind, but carrying too much sail. Now is the time

for you to stand by your post of duty. Walker and Alice are lost to you, but a large family and troops of friends remain.

What would you have thought of me in 1863, when my Willie died at Memphis, had I faltered in the great movement then begun, which resulted in the end of war in America?

This may be all superfluous, but I know that you will construe me aright as one of your oldest friends, who is as proud of James G. Blaine as his warmest panegyrists. I confess to little faith in words, but if you will ever indicate how I can manifest my sincerity by acts I believe you will receive prompt response.

Affectionately your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

To Mr. Blaine :

AMESBURY, March 3, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND: I read with more satisfaction than I can express thy noble address at the opening of the International American Congress. It seemed to me the herald of a new era of "Peace on earth and good will to men." If, in the spirit of that address, the conference agrees upon a rule of arbitration which shall make war on this hemisphere well-nigh impossible, its session will prove one of the most important events in the world's history, and I would rather be in thy place as its president than in that of the President of the United States. The whole world will honor the statesman who lifts from it the intolerable burden of war.

This letter would have been written before had I not hesitated to intrude on the great sorrow of thy late bereavement. I join with all in sympathy, but I can see that thee must feel as the English nobleman did when consoled with on the loss of his son, and would not exchange the memory of the dead for any living son in Christendom.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To Mr. Patrick Ford:

STANWOOD, BAR HARBOR, ME., September 23, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FORD: I have no doubt that you consider me a negligent correspondent. I have no plea in defence save that I have been in sad and sorrowful mood since my afflictions of the past winter. My oldest son and my oldest daughter were taken from before my eyes as it were in a moment, and I was left to the soreness of deep grief. Walker was to me as my right hand. He was as affectionate and as dutiful as a young child — and able enough and wise enough to be my most trusted adviser. He was my constant companion, and beside being a son he was my most intimate and my most constant friend.

My daughter's loss rent my heart; she was a dear child — child always to me though she had two children herself. She had with great devotion and piety connected herself with the Catholic Church, and left behind two

interesting boys who, according to her wishes, shall be brought up in their mother's faith.

I ought not to rehearse these sad facts, but I give you a thought of what is constantly in my thoughts—I can find relief only in earnest and constant work, and so I devote myself constantly to the severest tasks of my office. I want you to understand that nothing in my mind permits the thought of neglecting you. I look upon you as one of the truest and most sincere friends I have. I trust you regard me in the same light.

I see a great sorrow impending over Ireland. Would to God the island might be free and prosperous! But I need only implore freedom, for prosperity would surely follow.

If I had not so often been disappointed in my prophecies concerning Ireland I would say that her oppressors had gone mad. The arrest of Dillon and O'Brien seems to be the rioters' wantonness of power. What in God's name will be the end?

If you raise some money for the poor people who may need bread I shall want to throw in my mite. Being at the head of our foreign affairs I must of course be personally quiet in all my expressions, but I have deep sympathy with those who are staring famine in the face, and I wish simply as a Christian man to help those that are in need, but of course I do not want a trumpet blown about it.

Always, my dear Mr. Ford,

Your friend,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

To Mr. Blaine, from Rev. R. S. Storrs:

BROOKLYN, February 11, 1891.

. . . I beg you to accept my tribute of admiration for the clearness, vigor, and commanding power with which you have presented what I cannot but accept as the just view of the grave questions under discussion. It will certainly take rank among the ablest, I trust among the most controlling State papers which our records have to show. As an American citizen, I am proud to be so worthily and brilliantly represented in the correspondence with Great Britain.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1891.

. . . Your father got off this morning—a steamer trunk, his large bag, two overcoats, and four books. The boys drove with him to the Navy Yard, and I enclose his letter sent back with them. Please bring it. He may be gone a week. The British Minister had been notified when T's telegram arrived, and what is of much more consequence Mr. Lincoln has been written to, to bring to Lord Salisbury's attention the case of Mrs. Maybrick—whom the larger part of the American people think to be innocent of the crime, the punishment for which is slowly killing her. I had yesterday a letter from her mother imploring me to use my influence with your father in her behalf. She is only twenty-seven years old and of a delicate physique.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1891.

. . . The State Department is overrunning with business of consequence, and your daddy dearest is winning praise in unexpected quarters. . . . Your father will not be on at the "Tribune" anniversary. He is up to his ears in work. . . . Conor sidled up to me last night while I was reading the "Star," and asked me in an awe-struck whisper, what was the news from New Orleans.

To Mr. Blaine, from Hon. Seth Low :

NEW YORK, April 27, 1891.

. . . May I avail myself of this opportunity to express my admiration for the letters on the Italian question which have lately proceeded from your pen? They have been good reading for all Americans.

From Mr. Blaine :

WASHINGTON.

. . . Have had a hard day. Diplomatic day at State Department and did not reach lunch till 2.20, and yet I reached the Pan-American and presided from 3.15 till nearly six, and then rode up to Speaker Randall's to inquire about him. He is insensible and very low. . . . Mr. Carnegie is here to remain till the Pan-American winds up, say middle or last of next week. We are getting on rapidly and well. I think the entire record will be admirable and lasting in good results.

To Mr. Blaine, from Rev. O. B. Cheney :

LEWISTON, December 10, 1891.

I am seventy-five years old to-day, and as the hours of the day pass, please allow me to take a half of one of them to write you. I recall the year you came to Augusta — your interest in my work at an early date, and mine in yours. . . . The hope given me that my work would be a success because of your frankness in expressing that desire. I thank you for the one thousand dollars you gave me in Washington some years since, and for the one thousand dollars you gave the dear college here. . . . Now, it would seem weak in me to claim that I have done anything for you worthy of mention — for you, the greatest statesman in the world. All I claim is that I have been a true friend of yours, and as such have been able at times to speak a good word in your behalf as one who knows you as neighbor knows neighbor. . . . I went through the West last fall. There is but one opinion there, and that is that you must be the Republican candidate for President. With you we can win. Without you, there is much doubt. The Lord give you health, strength, and a right decision.

From V.:

WASHINGTON, June 6, 1892.

. . . Let not your heart be troubled. The God of this world is so determined to do things his own way that I have greatly ceased to be troubled if they are not my way. In the first place, the realization of your desires is not certain enough to demand your anxieties, and if it were certain your anxieties will do no good and are not demanded. If you and I, and he and his, had been pushing forward the nomination, planning for it, urging him to plan for it—we should have done very unwisely and would have no right to fall back on God-fate—the hidden force—the unseen Ruler. But we did nothing of the sort. You may have desired it, but the state of things has come about of itself, so far as we are concerned. Your father has kept his health well to the fore front. As he said to the reporters, “I am just as you see me, no better, no worse.” He has told everybody of his unwillingness, his inability, and the reply has been that they would rather have *him* dead than any one else alive. Now, his health is in the hands of God, and if it fails, it is God who does it—in that arrangement of things in the world which we do not make. So about the nomination itself—he did not want it. He never lifted a finger for it—he hated it. Now that the game is on, of course he would be glad to win, but we are such puppets outside of our own little string that I am not anxious. We are puppets with sensibilities, and therefore I think the string will be gradually lengthened, and the play has dignity, but because this one stage is a small one, let not your heart be troubled.

What I want now is that he shall go on and win; but if I had the ordering of events I would have had him in long ago, when he was young, strong, fresh, and could have given himself with all his force to the work. I would not have frittered away his strength in fighting beasts at Ephesus, — snakes, hyenas, and such small deer, — but in conquering real political forces for humanity. It seemed otherwise to God. It seemed best to God that the greatest political genius, the surest political insight, the sweetest human nature, the simplest human heart, delicacy and strength and simplicity combined, should, for years, be flung against fierce coarseness and selfishness and falseness. It seems to me a waste of material, but God is so much greater than I that I *have* to suppose He knows what he is at. I frankly confess I do not, but I will not pay Him so fulsome and foolish a tribute as to pretend I do. I believe He is wise because I see many things that imply wisdom, the marvellous invention of the family, for instance, and that the worlds swing around so beautifully and so regularly, but I don't see it in this. I am light-hearted because I believe in God, not because I can see through Him. If there were no more in a granted prayer than its curse, God would be pretty mean; but that is impossible — so we must look behind. God is not mean, He is friendly, only I should think He might show Himself a little clearer. Well, dear, your father seems very well, a little gouty to-day in his toe, but not much. He is calm;

last Wednesday and Thursday he was in the depths for the situation into which he had been pushed. Since then he has been more like himself. Q. is here. Your mother tranquil. None of us over confident of the nomination. I am hopeful because it is my temperament; confident in God, but trying to keep my religion to myself lest it exasperate other folk, as nothing to the purpose. And it is nothing to the purpose you have in hand, but very much to your own comfort if you can embrace the purpose of God.

Understand, if we get the nomination, I don't think your father any more likely to lose his health than if we don't. Likewise with the presidency. He may be ill, but they will in no wise be cause and effect, judging from the past. His worst illness was his first when he was in the prime of life. His best work has all been done since then. He has too much life in him to lay himself on the shelf for its lack. He is justified before God to my view in using it "as men use common things with more behind." If I seem to talk God a good deal, it is because He is the background of all my own living and thinking.

From Prof. James E. Welling :

WASHINGTON, June 11, 1892.

The outcome of the Minneapolis convention defeated my aspirations and disappointed my hopes. It could not defeat any "aspiration" of Mr. Blaine, for never did mortal man put the aspirations of ambition so pertinaciously behind him as Mr. Blaine when, four years ago, he renounced the presidency, and when, a few months ago, he turned his back on it again.

BAR HARBOR, June 12, 1892.

It is one o'clock and the watchman cries "All is well!" I being the watchman, also the *vis-à-vis*, the *tête-à-tête*, the *pis aller*, the eye-glasses, — he has broken his, — and the encourager and defender of the faith; not like Henry VIII. falsely so called, but a true believer in the faith that all things work together for our salvation. Well, we had a most comfortable journey — at 10 to bed — Portsmouth — at 12 a voice from the opposite section calls, "Mother." I reply, "Reid is nominated," that is all. From Brunswick to Bangor I know nothing nor does he. At Bangor we have sent in by our butler a cup of coffee and crackers. After two hours' delay we leave Bangor, but it is now only 7. Before we reach Ellsworth I am up. He only when we reach the ferry. The "Sappho" takes us around the glorious bay much more so than Saturday morning, and at 10 we are at Bar Harbor. We stop at Western Union and send off telegrams to A., M., and Whitelaw Reid. At the house is home. José on the lawn, and a sea and sky triumphant. . . . How can one be petty when he sits beneath a canopy not of the creation's making, and looks on the sea which has outlasted all that we have of knowledge, communing with one's own heart, not head? Whitelaw Reid's answer came back in two hours, tender and affectionate. I think Mr. Blaine's to him had relieved an anxiety.

AT LAST.

AT the door of the chamber of death the world pauses and treads lightly. There were three weeks of brightness and cheer, a lifting of the cloud, in the balmy Indian summer weather that he so enjoyed; pleasant walks and drives in the sunshine, and twilights beside the wood fires, and talk of Southern California for the winter. Never was Mr. Blaine gentler, more genial, more sympathetic, more interested in affairs; never did one see in him more vividly that swift instinctive comprehension and that delicate imaginative sensitiveness which were so chief a charm. On the Sunday before election he attended the Church of the Covenant, taking communion there, and walking home across the square with the President, who gave him much-needed reassurances concerning the probabilities of the election. Old friends and neighbors were in and out. A child's voice made the air sweet. Those whom he loved the most dearly were with him. "No one could be more wise and kind and loving than W. to Mr. Blaine," wrote one who was in the household. "He played to him and walked with him, and was attentive and deferential and companionable and natural, not servile or afraid of him. He is a genius himself, and so appreciated genius and was not overawed by it."

All things seemed to have mellowed and softened with the mellowing year. Abuse had become praise; foes had become friends. Those who had once wronged him were now his lovers. That he grew weaker during these pleasant days was hardly perceptible in the subdued joyousness of his manner, that soft brilliancy which Homer calls the "blaze of excellence that neighbors death." Those about him were already realizing to the full the meaning of the words written later concerning this marvellous organism that had both the force and the fineness of the sunbeam, the prescience born of sensitiveness, the flashing intelligence that was at once intuition and judgment.



LA FAYETTE SQUARE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

“His susceptibility to influences; the acuteness of his senses; his far, clear sight; his high enjoyment of taste and hearing and smell and touch, of all that was fair and fragrant, beautiful, joyous, and musical, — was a make-up of refinement, and hence life to him was sweeter and brighter and more costly than to the average man. The landscape glowed for him with unusual lights. He saw on the sea and in the sky, in surrounding life and the currents of human history, that which only the extraordinarily gifted can see.”

And suddenly the frost fell. He had been driving one day with his younger daughter, and coming home he lay down to rest. The next day he did not rise, and the high temperature, the extreme languor, were alarming. It was soon apparent that organic disease had been subtly at work and the whole system was undermined. A wave of sorrow spread wide and far when it was known. He was understood at last; and there seemed to surge up an all but universal regret for this man every fibre of whose great being had been inwrought with belief in the high future of his native land, every act of whose public career had been in the service of her best and broadest life, every drop of whose blood was warm with his devotion to her. Friends came from every quarter begging to do what they might. A messenger was sent by the authorities of one of the great Roman Catholic centres offering with delicate and considerate kindness the last offices of his mother's church; Mr. Blaine recognized the messenger and kindly and decidedly declined his services. Letters and tokens of affection poured in in untold number. “What a life he has lived!” one friend wrote. “How full and complete! And yet what grief has he not borne? No man ever breathed who was sweeter, truer, tenderer, nobler than he. How men have loved and worshipped him!”

Through it all Mr. Blaine was perfectly himself. Books were read to him at first, and the newspapers every day till near the last. But his strength steadily declined. He slumbered lightly the greater part of the time, but was perfectly conscious when aroused. “Father,” said his wife, bending over him, “did you know it was Mr. Gladstone's birthday?” He looked up with his swift smile and answered, “That is so. Gladstone is eighty-three to-day.”

"Mr. Blaine's pulse had been so low and so fluctuating that it seemed life must ebb. He spoke very little, but when C. H. said this morning, 'You had a hard night, didn't you?' he spoke up cheerily, 'No, I didn't.' When I went in it was almost as great a surprise as life from the dead. I had thought he must be so nearly gone that it would be painful to see him. On the contrary he lay there calmly, easily, with warm touch, soft color, bright eyes, not even looking emaciated, and as I went up to him he stretched out his hand to me with a firm grasp. It is an infinite comfort to feel he does not suffer. To have had these last weeks with Mr. Blaine! He is so gentle and loving and sweet; like a little child, yet fully intelligent. . . . His great vitality seems to enchain the spirit. His illness is almost as exceptional as his nature and his life."

Surrounded by his family, and conscious to the end, of all their tender offices, he lay with resignation and without agitation. And in the full sunshine of the morning of the 27th of January the light slowly receded from the splendid eyes, and the great soul was gone.

As one looked at the dead man before his burial, lying on a woven mat of roses, the very waste and overflow of love, still with such evidence of mighty manhood in repose, it was not possible to understand the purposes that chose to darken that great, sweet, strong power of life just as it reached the top of its meridian where it could throw more light and warmth than ever before.

"AH, LAUNCELOT, THOU WERE THE HEAD OF ALL CHRISTEN KNIGHTS. AND NOW, I DARE SAY, THERE THOU LIEST, THOU WERE NEVER MATCHED OF EARTHLY KNIGHT'S HAND; AND THOU WERE THE COURTEOUST KNIGHT THAT EVER BEARE SHIELD; AND THOU WERE THE TRUEST FRIEND TO THY LOVER THAT EVER BESTRAD HORSE; AND THOU WERE THE TRUEST LOVER OF A SINFUL MAN THAT EVER LOVED WOMAN; AND THOU WERE THE KINDEST MAN THAT EVER STRUCK WITH SWORD; AND THOU WERE THE GOODLIEST PERSON THAT EVER CAME AMONG PRESS OF KNIGHTS; AND THOU WAS THE MEEKEST MAN AND THE GENTLEST THAT EVER SATE IN HALL AMONG LADIES; AND THOU WERE THE STERNEST KNIGHT TO THY MORTAL FOE THAT EVER PUT SPEARE IN REST."

